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THE VALUES OF LIFE

THE VALUES OF LIFE

By
E. J. URWICK

Edited
With an Introductory Essay
on His Social Philosophy

By
JOHN A. IRVING

1948
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

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Preface

For several years after his retirement as Head of the Department of Political Economy and Acting Director of the School of Social Work in the University of Toronto, the late Professor E. J. Urwick was engaged in writing a series of essays on "Values" which he planned to publish eventually in book form. Although he had not completed the series at the time of his death, it was felt that enough had been done to warrant publication. In February, 1947, I was invited to edit the manuscript and to contribute an introductory essay on Professor Urwick's life and social philosophy. The title of the work as a whole was chosen by myself in consultation with the Editor of the University of Toronto Press, Dr. George W. Brown, to whom I am greatly indebted for advice at every stage in the preparation of the volume for publication.

The original manuscript included only the first ten chapters of the present volume. While I was editing the essays in the spring of 1947, Dean Harold A. Innis gave me two unpublished papers by Professor Urwick, entitled "Capitalism and Value" and "Labour and Value," which have been included in the book. Professor V. W. Bladen informs me that these two essays were written several

years earlier than the others, probably in the late thirties, for use as special lectures in an advanced university course in economic theory.

The book is incomplete. Professor Urwick must have intended to write additional chapters, for as it stands the argument of the first ten essays stops short of a well-rounded synthesis and conclusion. There can be no doubt that if he had lived he would have discussed this material with such colleagues as might be available, and would have clarified many points, developed certain arguments, expounded the reasoning implicit in certain conclusions (possibly even changing some of the incidental judgments), and tightened up the whole presentation. Clearly no such action is possible for an editor. In preparing the manuscript for publication I have tried to be as unobtrusive as possible. Several of the references in the last two essays to the depression of the thirties, and in the first ten to the Second World War, are quite clearly dated, but to have recast them would have interfered unduly with Professor Urwick's style.

My grateful acknowledgments are due to Mrs. Urwick for certain biographical facts; to President Walter T. Brown, Dean Harold A. Innis, Professors V. W. Bladen, Irene M. Biss (Mrs. Graham Spry), C. B. Macpherson, Mr. David Smith, and Mr. Ralph R. Ireland for discussions of various aspects of Professor Urwick's life and philosophy; to Professor Agnes C. McGregor, Miss Elisabeth Wallace, and Miss Sophie Boyd for lively accounts of his contri-

bution to the training of social workers; and to Professors Northrop Frye and Joseph Fisher for stylistic suggestions. Mrs. Spry also read the proofs and made valuable suggestions. My wife, Molly Irving, herself a professionally trained and experienced social worker, helped me in the interpretation of Professor Urwick's philosophy of social work. Special mention should be made of Miss Eleanor Harman and Miss Anne Morris for their painstaking work in seeing the book through the press.

JOHN A. IRVING

Victoria College
University of Toronto
May 25, 1948

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The Social Philosophy of E. J. Urwick

BY JOHN A. IRVING

EDWARD JOHNS URWICK was born at Hatherlow, Cheshire, England, on June 20, 1867, the son of a Congregational minister, the Reverend Dr. William Urwick. He was educated at Uppingham (then in the great days of its famous headmaster, Edward Thring) and at Wadham College, Oxford. In 1890 he was placed in the first class of the School of *Literae Humaniores*. Shortly after going down from Oxford, he began in London a long and notable career as a social investigator and social philosopher by immersing himself in the various forms of social work of that period. Resident for a year at Oxford House, Bethnal Green, an East End settlement which he had helped to found during his university days, he subsequently served for five years as Sub-Warden of Toynbee Hall, where he lived from 1897 to 1903. During these years he held such varied posts as Charity Organization Society Secretary in

Hackney and Hampstead (1893 to 1897), Secretary of the Children's Country Holidays Fund (1897 to 1902), Poor Law Guardian in Whitechapel (1896 to 1902), and Member of the Port of London Immigration Board (1897 to 1903).[1] As a worker and Board Member in the Charity Organization Society, he was also actively interested in housing and other forms of community planning.

While resident at Toynbee Hall—the first university settlement in history—he was deeply influenced by his friendship and association with its founder and Warden, the Reverend Samuel A. Barnett (afterwards Canon of Westminster Abbey) to whom he refers in several chapters of the present book. In Mrs. Barnett's massive two-volume *Life* of her husband (a unique source book for the early history of social work) she has related something of Urwick's pioneer contribution to the ideals and efforts of London social workers early in this century.[2] In turn, his early experiences of the full and pulsating life that centred in and around Toynbee Hall have given to Urwick's writings on social philosophy a texture which it is difficult to find elsewhere. One

[1]Unless otherwise stated, the references that follow are to books and articles by E. J. Urwick; references to quotations of less than fifty words in length from his works have not generally been included. I have drawn, for certain biographical facts, upon brief necrologies which appeared as follows: Agnes C. McGregor, "Professor Urwick" (*The Social Worker*, Vol. 13, No. 3, April, 1945, 16); H. A. Innis, "Edward Johns Urwick, 1867-1945" (*Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, Vol. 11, No. 2, May, 1945, 265-8). See also, H. A. Innis (ed.), *Essays in Political Economy* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1938), v-vii, where the Honourable and Reverend H. J. Cody expresses an appreciation of Urwick's work at the University of Toronto.

[2]See Henrietta Octavia Barnett, *Canon Barnett, His Life, Work, and Friends* (London: Murray, 1918).

feels that he is always prepared to support his theories by the facts of social experience: his illustrations are usually based upon personal episodes: his knowledge of the actual functioning of the social process, in strong contrast to the approach of more strictly academic social theorists, is remarkably realistic. In his discussions of social problems, he inevitably emphasizes the *human relationships* that are involved in the situation; and, in an age when the arguments of social philosophers revolve more and more around straw men, he is intellectually honest in his effort to discuss the problems of living people, rather than imaginary types, out of his own intimate knowledge of them.

Having served on a great many boards and committees with such varied groups of people, Urwick realized keenly that social changes are not achieved overnight. The democratic process is always of slow growth, and one must develop a certain patience when confronted with the clanking gears of the minds of others, even though one sees a ready solution to problems of which they are only dimly aware; one must have sufficient understanding to wait for them to work out the same solution by a more circuitous route. Practical participation in early forms of social work in London also made him readily sympathetic to the complex but still far from perfect organization of social agencies in Canada in his later years, and gave him a generous understanding of the problems of students who were training for a professional career in social work.

But, most of all, his experience as a social worker must have confirmed his tendency to emphasize the primacy of the individual over the state or even the community. For the social worker, who has had experience other than that which is given by a purely executive position, is always faced with the problems of the maladjusted or the underprivileged *individual*, even though his own mind may be teeming with larger ideas of social, political, and economic reform. And never again can the social worker regard any actual or proposed form of organization as something *divorced from the individuals participating in it.* Urwick's earliest writings, including *Studies of Boy Life in Our Cities*, which he published in 1904 under the auspices of the Toynbee Trust, were perhaps overinfluenced by his practical concerns, in that his contributions tended to have only a contemporary rather than a more lasting significance. In later years, however, as the scope of his work broadened, and as his early experiences became absorbed in an increasingly rich consciousness of the social sciences, he was able to consider the great problems of social philosophy in their deeper and more general aspects. But the knowledge of life he had acquired in Whitechapel continued realistically to permeate his later writings, and this tendency is perhaps especially apparent in the present volume.

At the age of thirty-six Urwick became actively engaged in university teaching and administration, in which he remained, with the exception of a short interval after he came to Canada, for some thirty-

seven years. In England, he held positions as Director of the London School of Sociology and Social Economics from 1904 to 1910; as Tooke Professor of Economic Science at King's College, London, from 1907 to 1914; as Professor of Social Philosophy at the University of London from 1914 to 1924; as President of Morley Memorial College from 1903 to 1923, and as Director of the Department of Social Science and Administration in the London School of Economics from 1910 to 1923. It was during the first half of this period that Urwick made an enduring contribution to education for social work. In addition to his heavy duties in London, he helped to establish courses for the preparation of social workers at the Universities of Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham, and Glasgow—before similar courses were instituted even in American universities. He maintained that the training of social workers should be soundly based on the social sciences, a principle now generally accepted. Of Urwick's contribution to the foundation of schools of social work an English authority has written: "He has done more than any other individual to shape the development of standards of training in London and throughout the country."

During the first quarter of this century the University of London included in its various schools and faculties an unusually large number of outstanding social scientists who were also social philosophers. Urwick's alert mind was greatly stimulated by the presence of such colleagues as Edward Westermarck,

J. A. Hobson, Graham Wallas, L. T. Hobhouse, and, in later years, R. H. Tawney and Morris Ginsberg. They were a great group of social investigators who have not only made unparalleled contributions to their special fields but have also, for our generation, rescued ethics and the theory of value from the epistemological nihilism of Wittgenstein and Carnap. Their empirical and constructive approach, coupled with his own strong practical bent, prevented Urwick from frittering away his intellectual energies in that arid linguistic analysis so characteristic of many writers on ethics during the past fifty years. Although his education had been primarily in classics and philosophy, Urwick acquired during this period a broad knowledge of economics, political science, anthropology, and sociology. It is not surprising that the years of his greatest productivity as a writer coincided with his life at the University of London.

In 1924 Urwick retired from academic work in England and came to Toronto mainly with the hope of finding a more satisfactory climate in which to carry on his writing. He had scarcely been in Canada a year when Professor R. M. MacIver induced him to be a Special Lecturer at the University of Toronto. Two years later when Professor MacIver went to Columbia University, Urwick was appointed his successor as Head of the Department of Political Economy, a position he held until he retired, for a second time, at the age of seventy in 1937. Under Urwick's administrative supervision in the broad department of Political

Economy during those ten years were included Economics, Political Science, Commerce and Finance, and (at first) Law. In 1928, owing to the illness and consequent retirement of Professor J. A. Dale, Urwick became acting director of the Department of Social Science (now the School of Social Work of the University of Toronto). Shortly afterwards, he was active in helping to establish the Committee on Sociology in the University, and served as its first Chairman. Even after his formal retirement he continued for another three years to give lectures in sociology until he moved to British Columbia in 1940, where he died on February 18, 1945.

To his greatness as a teacher generations of students testify, and the insight into the nature of the social and historical process that he gave them will never be forgotten. When he began to lecture their attention was immediately attracted by his vivid personality. "I can still see him," one of his students has said, "standing in front of the class with his piercing eyes, his snow-white hair, and his walrus mustache. His charming voice and simple mode of expression made us feel quite relaxed about his course and, before we knew it, we were reading Hobhouse and Westermarck and Tawney. He had a grandfatherly wisdom that won all our hearts. We were especially impressed by his courtly manners. I have never known anyone who could tip his hat like Professor Urwick—in what I imagine was the cavalier fashion of the seventeenth century, it seemed to go down to his waist. We all felt that he

liked people. He gave me a new understanding of the Golden Rule: 'Do good in as many different ways as is possible for a person.' I don't mean to imply that he was a fanatical reformer, out to save the world—he was too much of the philosopher for that."

In every course that he taught Urwick's approach was primarily that of the social philosopher, but a happy knack of making difficult problems seem fairly easy or fairly obvious enabled him to catch off their guard even those students who were most resistant to philosophical considerations. His emphasis on the basic worth of the common man led him to stress the importance of social movements in the interpretation of social history, and students were entranced by his discussions of the great reform movements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England. "He was," another student has recorded, "against dates in history, and the names of the men he wished us to remember were leaders of the common people." As it was difficult for him to mention a practical problem, by way of illustration, that was not a social welfare problem, students speedily became familiar with the burning questions in their immediate social environment. To Urwick the educational process seemed to consist fundamentally in the development of the individual's capacity to relate the knowledge derived from books and courses to the problems of contemporary civilization and culture. His attitude to final examinations grew out of his educational ideals: he would pass around a list in class inviting

suggestions for examination questions; among those that appeared on the final paper a student might recognize some which he had submitted to the professor. The student was therefore given an unusually wide scope; the final examination, instead of being a horrible ordeal, gave him a chance to show what he actually knew rather than what the professor expected him to know.

One especially lovable characteristic, to which Urwick himself would not wish any reference made, was his gracious generosity to needy students during the decade of the great depression. Many serious scholars, both undergraduate and graduate alike, would have been unable to continue at the University had he not provided sizable loans (for which he charged no interest and seemingly kept no records) to tide them over a difficult time financially. A number of such students, some of whom now occupy prominent positions, have suggested rather strongly to the present writer that they would wish to pay a tribute to a great professor's memory through their friendly insistence that no account of his life would be complete without mention of the personal financial help he gave them.

During Urwick's years as Acting Director of the School of Social Work, he deepened its roots in the University, raised it to graduate status, and shared his wide knowledge and experience with almost a generation of its students. Perhaps his greatest contribution consisted in his provision of a philosophy of social work. Owing to American influence,

there has been an insistent clamour in Canada for new and ever newer "techniques" in social work. Urwick was always calling social workers back to basic realities and principles: it is significant that one of the most recent trends is a return to his position. To many social workers across Canada, Urwick's introductory course on the history and principles of social work was the most vital experience of their whole programme of training. In his advanced course on the philosophy of social work he undertook the difficult task of explaining the service of philosophy—in general and in detail—to those engaged in the profession. Among the topics he discussed were the relation of social work to science and art, to idealism and religion; the nature of the purposes and aims of social work, and their harmony with other vital purposes; the interpretation of institutions and associations with reference to the ideas which they embody; the problem of interference with the lives of one's neighbours, and the imposition of the social worker's purposes upon them; the meaning and tests of progress; the scheme of values implicit in actions and the tests of right actions; the ultimate value of the individual, and the subordination to this of all groups and group activities.[1] It is no wonder that ten years afterwards one still hears in Toronto references to Professor Urwick as the "soul" of social work. His former students will find in the present volume, which might not

[1] I am indebted for this information to Professor Agnes C. McGregor, who obtained it from the Calendar of the Department of Social Science, University of Toronto, 1933-34, 14 and 16.

inappropriately have been entitled *The Philosophy of Social Work*, the fruits of his most mature reflections on those values of life which he was wont to discuss with them.

During his sixteen years' residence in Toronto, Urwick made significant contributions to the life and thought of the larger Canadian community, serving as committee and board member of several organizations, notably as Chairman and Member of the Board of the University Settlement, as Vice-Chairman of the Lieutenant-Governor's Commission on Housing Conditions in Toronto, 1934, as Vice-Chairman of the Housing Centre, and as Chairman of the Welfare Council of the city. Of his enthusiastic participation in social welfare activities in Toronto, Miss Agnes McGregor, herself a distinguished social worker, has written: "Perhaps the Welfare Council lay closest to his heart because its breadth of agency and citizen participation was in accord with his philosophy of prevention and social progress, though he never forgot the individual in distress. In the Welfare Council of Toronto . . . Professor Urwick will be remembered long and gratefully, not merely for his brilliance and vigor but for his unfailing sympathy and kindness. It is true that none could be more intolerant than he of sloth or greed—yet even his intolerance was well disciplined by his understanding of human vulnerability to personal or social pressures. Words which he once wrote in appreciation of a colleague of his London days serve better than our own to bespeak

the memory which his friends will cherish: 'Another characteristic added both to his power and to his lovableness. He was always young, and met every change of condition, every new combination of circumstances, with the vigor, freshness and elasticity of youth. . . . He was progressive as naturally as some people are conservative.' This was singularly true of him despite his gathering weight of years. . . . Perhaps his own dearest wish would be that through the Council which he helped to found, and through all forms of social work the unremitting search and struggle for 'the social good' will be carried on. It was this search—this quest—which was the vital force in his long and arduous life of service."[1]

From 1932-34 Urwick was of valuable assistance to an important Commission of the United Church of Canada on "Christianizing the Social Order," both in criticizing its work and in bringing to its attention the latest developments in the social sciences and in professional social work.[2] He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and as President of the Canadian Political Science Association in 1932-33 he gave an address on "Freedom in Our Time."

In his publications, as in his teaching, Urwick

[1]Agnes McGregor, "Philosopher and Social Pioneer Passes" (*Social Survey*, Vol. 2, No. 1, April, 1945, 1-2).

[2]See *Christianizing the Social Order*, a pamphlet issued by the Board of Evangelism and Social Service (Toronto: The United Church of Canada, no date), 3. Section II, 9-24, of a supplement to the Board's report is entitled, "Modern Industry—A Short Analysis of Some Outstanding Dangers in the Present Situation," and is written by Professor Urwick and Miss Irene Biss.

appears primarily as a social philosopher. In addition to the book already mentioned, he published *Luxury and Waste of Life* (1906), *A Philosophy of Social Progress* (1912), *The Message of Plato* (1920), *The Social Good* (1927), as well as numerous articles and reviews. He disliked intensely the obscurity and jargon which have become so characteristic of writing in philosophy and the social sciences in our time. While his style is distinguished for its clarity, he never ignores a qualification or over-simplifies a subject for the sake of literary elegance. When he argues in favour of a philosophical position he generally foresees, emphasizes, and attempts to answer the various objections which may reasonably be made to it. As has been suggested previously, his books and articles are sprinkled with apt illustrations from his practical experience which lighten the burden of many a difficult argument and help to fix a doctrine in the reader's mind. Although he shuns the brittle brilliance of epigram and never strains after humour, it would be difficult to name a writer who is more capable of deflating pretentious fallacies by pointed thrusts.

During Urwick's student days at Oxford the dominant philosophy was that adaptation of Hegel known as British idealism. Bosanquet and, to a lesser extent, Green influenced his general approach to philosophy, but he was unquestionably much more under the spell of Plato, whose writings formed so integral a part of "Greats," and whose position

was not at all uncongenial to the current philosophical temper. Urwick's devotion to Plato was such that, although he admitted his lack of qualifications as a commentator, he undertook, in his *Message of Plato*, a re-interpretation of the central doctrines of the *Republic*. For many Platonists, as for many British idealists, philosophy eventually becomes a way of life, or even a religion. The uniqueness of Urwick's interpretation of Plato consists in the effort to show—without, it must be admitted, a sound basis in scholarship—that the *Republic* can only be adequately understood in terms of the religious thought of ancient India, more specifically in terms of Vedantism. He was convinced that the great commentators of his time—Grote, Jowett, D. G. Ritchie, Adam, J. A. Stewart, and even Bosanquet himself—had attempted to interpret Plato too narrowly in terms of the dominant interests of nineteenth-century epistemology, metaphysics, ethics, or politics. For Urwick, the *Republic* was a "super-philosophic" rather than a philosophic treatise, and "is really [Plato's] supreme attempt to show us how the human soul can fit itself for that realization of the divine Good which is the goal of every soul's life." In the *Message of Plato* there are two large assumptions (both of which may be seriously challenged): that there was in pre-Alexandrian times a fairly direct contact between India and Greece; and that the influence was profoundly felt by Plato. While preparing the book, Urwick was indebted for

his knowledge of the spiritual philosophy of Vedanta to a number of Indian writers and teachers, including Vivekananda, Swarupananda, Sri Ramanathan, Harendranath Maitra, Babu Bhagavan Das, and Ananda Acharya.

Plato's philosophical quest, then, was twofold: his doctrines had an Eastern as well as a Western ancestry. Of the two different elements in Plato's thought, "the one [is] really new and original, representing the early effort of the mind of Western civilization to grapple with the difficulties of rational speculation and scientific method; the other [is] very old, an inheritance from the ancient East, which had filtered through and had become the possession of a few minds only, but in those minds had produced a profound result, and emerged in the form of a transcendental philosophy, totally different from the original but very limited speculations of the native genius of Greece. The mind of Plato seems to have combined, as no other mind did, both these elements. Side by side with the flashes of purely Greek thought, expressive of new analysis of intellectual concepts in politics and ethics and metaphysics, there shines out also the reflection of the ancient wisdom, with its mature and settled view of a spiritual universe explaining adequately and at all points the phenomenal universe and man's place in it; with its elaborate philosophy, also, the outcome of hundreds of generations of acute thinkers applying minds no less subtle than those of the Greeks to the

eternal problems of life and knowledge and reality—but, unlike the Greeks, always with the 'spiritual idea' deeply rooted in their thought."[1]

The "argument" of Plato, whenever it becomes most meaningful, most significant, invariably culminates in the development of a religious philosophy: "His life-search was for the knowledge which saves the soul, for the truth which reveals God, for the reality which makes goodness real, makes virtue unshakable, *realizes* the perfection of the soul's relation to all existing things." The political or social interest in the *Republic* is based upon Plato's hope that it might not be impossible for humanity to realize, as a social whole, the impossibly exalted pattern of the good life in which his religious idealism culminates. No matter whether he may be discoursing of education, art, government, or social policy, Plato keeps his gaze constantly fixed on the vision and the ideal which it reveals: "Then, thinking of society and its ills, he tells us again—still looking to the ideal—that this and no other is the good life for society. He shows us the path of wisdom, in all its fulness, for the individual to follow; he does his best for society by holding out to it the conditions of that path, modified just so far as he dares to modify the absolute good. Caring for both the individual and society, he 'legislates' for both; but

[1] *The Message of Plato* (London: Methuen, 1920), 230. It is noteworthy that in *Mysticism in Religion* (London: Hutchinson's University Library, 1948), the Very Reverend W. R. Inge comments favourably on "Urwick's excellent book *The Message of Plato*, in which he shows the close resemblance between Indian thought and the Platonic tradition."

his interest is not in the laws, but in the goal which is his vision."[1]

It is maintained, therefore, that Plato is best understood as a disciple of Pythagoras, and Pythagoras is best understood in terms of Vedantism. Nine of the twelve chapters of the *Message of Plato*, accordingly, are devoted to a detailed analysis of the *Republic* with the object of showing Plato's debt to ancient Indian philosophy. In this stimulating and often brilliantly written re-interpretation of the *Republic*, Urwick considers that Books I to IV treat of the preparation of the soul and give an account of what the Vedas call "the lower path"; Books V to VII treat of spiritual realization, or of the Path of Religion; and the last three books discuss the dangers of the lower path. Throughout the elaborate analysis of Plato's greatest dialogue, attention is constantly drawn to parallel conceptions and doctrines in Vedic literature until, were it not for certain insuperable scholarly difficulties, one would almost be prepared to concede Urwick's central theses that Plato modelled his doctrines upon the ancient Wisdom-literature of India, and that the message of the Vedanta is also the message of Plato.

The significance of Urwick's study of Plato consists, however, in its dynamic affirmation of religious idealism rather than in the success or failure of the attempt to establish inter-relations between Indian and Greek philosophy. He was too much of an

[1] *Ibid.*, 38.

artist to care about the careful verdict of learned commentators or the weight of erudition, and too much of a realist not to see clearly that the experience, the common sense, the science, and even the religion of the modern Western world were in fundamental opposition to the supreme spiritual values he had discovered in Plato and in the Vedic literature. A reassessment of contemporary values was much more important than a formal defence of his position, and in this reassessment Urwick reviewed and found wanting, to a greater or less degree, modern man's belief in Christianity, science, progress, and civilization.

The pure religion of Christ, by becoming "institutionalized" in a Church which was combined with a State, lost, very early, that utter unworldliness which is the essence of true religion; it was not accidental that Aristotle, and not Plato, became the accepted fount of philosophic wisdom for such a Church. "But Protestantism restored the loss, some think, bringing back religion to its pure source and its true meaning, making it once more a matter for the individual soul, concerned only with the relation of the soul to God, and so raising it from the degradation of mixture with a political institution."[1] In the present age, unfortunately, Protestantism has tended to be replaced by the exaltation of science and the passion for human progress. The latter is not incompatible with true religion but it must never become a substitute for it: "The care for human

[1] *Ibid.*, 225-6.

progress *in the right place* is so closely bound up with the practice of true religion that there is not very much to be feared from a closer linking of the two. The only danger lies in the fact that we are inclined to identify *all* religion with the good conduct of the lower path (with *its* Dharma or religion), and so forget that every individual soul has its own upper path to tread—alone. For even in the modern world it is not true to say that, though we may seek God in the desert, the God we find must be the God of the city. Now, as at all times, the God we find will be *our* God, of solitude and city alike."[1]

Much more dangerous to religion than the passionate belief in progress is modern man's exaltation of science, and this mainly because religious leaders have made the tragic blunder of opposing science on its own ground—that of the lower path. "They have not fully understood what a gulf separates the province of Nous, the faculty which can see God in the spiritual world, and the province of intellect, the faculty which can see order and causation among phenomena." In their confusion they have set to work either to "disprove" science or to "harmonize" it with religious beliefs. Obsessed by a quite unnecessary fear of science and a quite unnecessary respect for its dogmas, they have failed to realize that truth lies far deeper than the scientific intelligence can reach. Indeed, certain leaders of Christianity, compromisers between the spiritual and the earthly, have themselves become the greatest

[1] *Ibid.*, 226.

sceptics in regard to the greatest spiritual truths. The only escape from the materialized religion which has resulted from the impact of science consists in a return to Plato's way, the Eastern way, religion's way everywhere and at all times.

Urwick is careful to point out that this way does not imply mysticism, as usually misunderstood: "Plato was a mystic, of course; but it is necessary to remember that he was a *pure* mystic, by which I mean that there is nothing mysterious in his teaching: it is merely difficult to grasp because it is so alien to our ordinary conception of 'generally accepted goods.' In that sense all true religion is mystical. . . . There is nothing occult or mysterious about the spiritual purpose of the universe: it is only its mechanism and mode of working which are mysterious, and a knowledge of these is not necessary or even useful for salvation. Yet we are always hankering after revelations; we think we could be so much better and do so much more if only a sign were given and an obvious illumination vouchsafed to us. But we have got all revelation within our reach; the light is everywhere, on everything; it is only we who are dark. We fail to see that we must *grow* to knowledge and light; must purify ourselves from the scales of darkness, and so make our own revelation, win the sign we want, light our own torch of illumination."[1]

In their antagonism to the worldly standards of value of contemporary Western civilization the spiritual teachings of the *Republic*, of Krishna, and

[1] *Ibid.*, 234.

of Christ are at one, and Urwick pleads for the recognition of the universal element in all the great religions. The essence of religion everywhere consists in just knowing God: "It cannot matter in the least whether a man draws his inspiration from the way of the Cross of Christ or the Eightfold Path of Buddha or the way of realization of Vedanta. The one thing needful is that he shall understand that nothing short of a Calvary, a desert, or a wilderness, is the beginning of the way, by each of which his *self* is crucified or starved to death or lost never to be found again; and that the way itself is a dying daily to the world and the flesh—not to the bad world and the bad flesh only, but to the good world and the good flesh too. That is why the way is so narrow, and so cold. So lonely, also; since none can go abreast of others, but each must tread alone his path to his God. . . . If anything is clear in Plato's writings, it is his intense belief in this 'gospel,' and his uncompromising statement of it."[1]

An account of religion which makes it always an intensely individual concern seems to be in conflict with the Greek emphasis on the social aspects of experience. But in the interpretation of Plato it is very easy, in view of the tightly articulated corporate life of the Greek city-state and the emphasis in the *Republic* on devotion to the community, to neglect his treatment of the problem of individuality. For there is a certain aloofness of the individual spirit which Plato admires; and the importance for

[1] *Ibid.*, 236.

religion of this quality of aloofness is rightly stressed by Urwick. In the West it seems natural to emphasize the social side of religion, but neither Plato nor the Indian Vedantin can understand such an emphasis: "Plato's view, like the Vedantin's, is quite different. He is intensely interested in the social reactions of religion: is not the Philosopher destined to save the world? But the social processes by which the soul is influenced are not, and cannot be for him, more than preparatory processes, belonging to the 'lower level' of religious life, leading the soul up to the entrance to the higher path. And there nothing social enters at all: there is only the individual soul—and God."[1]

The path to the goal of Platonic or Vedantin aloofness is the path of self-abnegation or "desirelessness"; and its achievement depends upon its gradualness. "The spiritual process, like the natural process, does nothing by leaps. For every change there must be slow and patient preparation, and the preparation is usually unseen, and leaves the outer and visible life unchanged. In the spiritual changes of the human soul, these conditions hold absolutely. The process of unwinding ourselves from the meshes of worldly interests needs many years of patient effort; and it must take the form of a slow but very sure change of attitude or of estimate, which will leave unchanged all the outer activities which we rightly call the healthy and necessary conditions of a vigorous life."[2] In its essence the ultimate religion of

[1] *Ibid.*, 249. [2] *Ibid.*, 253.

Jesus carries the same teaching, for is there not a piercing insistence on a change of heart, on utter unworldliness, on the reversal of all popular estimates of the values of life? In the attainment of such a life the human spirit passes into the realm of the infinite and the eternal: "This is the growth in wisdom which Plato describes as the foundation of all righteousness and the creative source of all good; it is the growth in freedom which the old Hindu philosophers describe as the condition of liberation from the wheel of births and deaths, of the passage from a life which is always running down to death, to a life in which there is no weakening and no decay; it is the growth in grace which the Christian truth proclaims as the beginning of life eternal, and the victory over death."[1]

We have considered *The Message of Plato* at some length because this book makes it clear that Urwick had passed through the purifying fires of a rare spiritual experience; and there can be no doubt that an appreciation of that experience is essential for an understanding of his social philosophy. Indeed, his books and articles seem elusive unless one is aware of the ultimate foundation of his philosophy: as Dean Innis has written, "He was one of those released from the cave who returned to those still in chains and tried to persuade them to see the light."[2] The cave is none other than Western civilization, and Urwick's social philosophy, considered in its

[1] *Ibid.*, 255.

[2] "Edward Johns Urwick, 1867-1945" (*Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, Vol. 11, No. 2, May, 1945, 266).

most general aspect, is a running critique of that civilization in terms of the ultimate moral and spiritual values he had discovered in Platonism. But, although himself released from the cave, he never ceased to realize keenly that he was a product of the West, in whose historic mission and work he firmly believed.

The critical approach to our civilization was already apparent forty years ago in his *Luxury and Waste of Life*, a book which may be described as a contribution to the economics of welfare rather than to technical economics. In this study, which is still referred to by leading economists, Urwick discusses the moral, economic, and social aspects of luxury. A new analysis of these problems seemed necessary for two reasons: although economists had, for more than a century previously, almost unanimously agreed that expenditure upon luxuries is unproductive and wasteful, and therefore bad, in the long run, for industry and trade alike, yet their verdict had been persistently rejected by the large majority of the population on the grounds that such expenditure is "the direct means of giving a livelihood to the poorer people who work for them" or is "good for trade"; and the economic arguments against extravagant expenditure needed to be restated in terms of contemporary knowledge and conditions. The treatment of both these problems must be primarily ethical, "because all our satisfactions react upon the satisfactions of others, and upon the possibilities of a satisfactory life throughout the community." Any

so-called "social problem" may be approached from three different points of view: as a problem of suffering (individualism); from the point of view of fairness or unfairness (socialism); and as a spiritual problem. Individualists and socialists, usually in conflict, may reach a large measure of agreement as far as the question of the ethic of luxury is concerned: the solution of this problem must be *individualistic* in the sense that "all real reform must have its counterpart in changes of the individual will and conscience," and it must be *socialistic* in the sense that the rich will be awakened to such an awareness of their social responsibilities that they will gladly surrender their claims to unbridled expenditure upon luxuries, not to avoid public confiscation of their wealth, but to advance the welfare of humanity. The spiritual solution of the problem of luxury and waste is more fundamental than the individualistic and socialistic solutions; it underlies both in that it raises the ultimate question, "*How* are we all to find and seize and make our own the things that matter to the soul's growth?" All reform and change must be inspired by a realization of what constitutes the "true life" of man.

An absolute external standard of luxury may be given in terms of the average income per head or per family for the whole population. In the England of 1908 the average was £200 per family, and Urwick therefore defines luxury in terms of "all consumption of goods and use of services, or all satisfaction of wants, which involves an expenditure normally

incompatible with life on an income of £200 per family per annum."[1] This definition of luxury has a triple connotation: psychological, economic, and moral considerations are implied.

In its psychological aspect luxurious expenditure is concerned with the satisfaction of desires, a satisfaction which is subject to the principle of "diminishing returns" in that it becomes less and less from each unit of expenditure as the total amount of outlay increases. As all luxury on the part of any one involves a corresponding deprivation on the part of some one else, the satisfaction obtained by such luxury is less than the satisfaction which might have been obtained by an equal expenditure by a poorer man. Luxurious expenditure is therefore a waste of possible satisfaction for others in the community. Considered from the point of view of economics, luxurious expenditure entails a direct waste either of goods and services available for immediate use, or of material and labour-power which might be applied to the production of other goods and services: "All excessive expenditure or luxurious consumption (unless justified on other grounds) must be regarded as a wasteful using up of life; it uses up a portion of life which might be better used in satisfying others whose needs are greater."[2] The wasteful use of the products of labour-power and nature-power is *not*, as is often argued, good for trade and industry; those who are now engaged in the luxury trades could easily be

[1] *Luxury and Waste of Life* (London: Dent, 1908), 15.
[2] *Ibid.*, 215.

transferred to more productive enterprises without serious economic dislocation. Further, the role of luxurious expenditure in encouraging new inventions, enterprise, art and science, is much less significant than it has been in the past. The moral aspects of waste are much more difficult to analyse than the psychological and economic aspects in that such varied and complex judgments are involved. But, in general, it can be asserted that "wanton or riotous expenditure or consumption may be specially condemned on account of its dangerous tendency; and the reckless consumption of obviously necessary goods such as food may be considered specially wrong because it implies wantonness, but not simply because the goods differ in kind from other goods."[1] Neither on psychological, economic, nor moral grounds can *unscrutinized* luxurious expenditure be defended.

As regards the limits of individual expenditure, a man, to be perfectly moral, ought to obey the Kantian imperative of all duty—"So act as that thy conduct may be taken for a universal law for all others"—and not go beyond the level of satisfactions accessible to all. Perfect morality, however, is scarcely attainable, so Urwick, in a spirit of realism, concedes that absolute equality of expenditure cannot be set up as an ideal, and that "moderate degrees of luxury are justified—for the right people." In any final assessment, "the deserts of each, the requirements of each individual's efficiency, the differences

[1] *Ibid.*, 218.

of customary position, and the differences of capacity to use and enjoy, must all be taken into account."[1] A conscientious man of great wealth ought to transfer his surplus income, or claims, "to the community or to some section of it, in order that the general needs of the community, as determined by itself, may be more fully satisfied."[2] Luxury can never be a matter of indifference to the community; it always has a moral significance, and no social progress can be made unless this principle is recognized.

But the appeal to the sense of social duty and the desire for social progress are not final criteria for the condemnation of luxury. Ultimately, the arguments against luxury and waste depend upon the religious conception of life, a vastly different conception than that offered by social morality and moderate altruism: "Not increased satisfactions, but a complete carelessness in regard to satisfactions, is the religious ideal; not the constant elaboration of new desires, but a gradual detachment from all ordinary desires, is the root of true progress; not wealth or the power to gain satisfaction, but poverty or the freedom from the temptations of this power is the condition to be aimed at—*not merely* in order that injury may not be inflicted upon others who are deprived of the means of living decently, but much more in order that each one of us may be prepared for the path of the better life, the very entrance to which demands the abandonment of all burdens of desire and all attachment to possessions. . . . Was

[1] *Ibid.*, 219. [2] *Ibid.*, 220.

it not for this reason that Plato stripped his ideal state of all wealth and left it poor and meagre—the only fit nursery in which could grow up the true lovers of the Good?"[1] But with all his vision of the transcendent Good, Urwick knew that the "lower level" of social morality must suffice for the mass of mankind: for them a moderate altruism and the desire for social progress would long remain the sovereign masters of thought and action.

He returned to the problem of the relation between the social and spiritual aspects of human experience in his *Philosophy of Social Progress*, where he attempted to develop both a new approach to social philosophy (as distinguished from sociology) and a new philosophical conception of social change. Certain characteristic later positions were first elaborated in this book: he criticized severely the claim of scientific sociology to provide an adequate account of the social process; and he denied the paramount importance of intellect as the directing faculty in human affairs. The influence of Bergson's *Creative Evolution* was now very apparent; but Urwick argued, as against Bergson's voluntarism, that "the life-impulse upon which, from moment to moment, society's choices depend, is itself dependent upon the spiritual element which every individual must be assumed to possess." This spiritual element is the *reality* of the individual and the clue to each individual's character. Three factors (two of which are always unknown) are involved in the determination

[1] *Ibid.*, 223-4.

of the conduct of the individual and of society: vital impulses expressing partly-conscious response to new needs; conscious purposes, in which intelligence functions; and "the promptings of a much deeper faculty whose influence we could only know if we had complete knowledge of each individual concerned." The limitations of the intellect constitute also the limitations of the social sciences; but, at the same time, Urwick admits that there is a certain "scientific" knowledge of society which is important for the social philosopher, provided it is clearly understood that the social sciences cannot give the same kind of objectivity as the natural sciences. Consequently, as prediction of the direction of social change must be speculative, rather than scientific, the discussion belongs to social philosophy. Writing in 1920, Urwick urged that the brushing aside of the "intellectualists" during the First World War confirmed his view that the basic factors in social development are irrational: "In the great crises we realize the fact—equally valid in all moments of small and unnoticed change—that we do not *know* what to do nor what we are doing, but we do what we feel we must do, believing or hoping that it is also best."[1]

In the effort to formulate a philosophy of social progress, Urwick differentiates clearly between the interests of the social reformer and the interests of the social philosopher: the reformer is concerned to *change* society, the philosopher to *understand* it.

[1] *A Philosophy of Social Progress*, Second Edition Revised, (London: Methuen, 1920), viii.

The complete understanding of society involves knowledge of five different universes, each with its own conditions of existence: society may be considered in terms of the forces and laws of the physical world, or of those of organic life, or of the laws of mind, or as an ethical structure, or, finally, in terms of the spiritual element. The scientific sociologist must confine his investigations to the first four of these five universes, and from him the social philosopher may learn much to his advantage; but the philosopher must eventually go beyond the range of the sociologist for an adequate understanding of the meaning and aim of the social process. In discussing the five universes, Urwick tries faithfully to meet all comers, and to develop in various practical and theoretical directions a constructive, positive doctrine.

Although sceptical of the claims of sociology, Urwick presents social phenomena as belonging to an orderly system, and the changes of these phenomena as belonging to an orderly process. Both system and process must be interpreted as dominated by a purpose or end from which the whole significance of each is derived. The various stages of this purpose or end are traced from the natural to the consciously purposive, and the characteristics of social life in the fourth, or ethical, stage are examined. His lengthy and complex analysis makes it possible to detect the probable form and even the direction of further social progress: "If there is to be true progress, there must be an increasing effort to harmonize

conflicting purposes, a growing movement towards greater unity of aim and effort, accompanied by more, and more willing, subordination to the common social good of all individual and sectional purposes. . . . Just as the ethical stage implies willing subordination of individual aims to the accepted dominant purposes of any group to which the individual belongs, so also the good citizenship, which alone harmonizes with the ethical stage, implies willing subordination of all social activities to the conception of the common good. And this reacts upon institutions of all kinds, such as family and property, as a 'socializing' force, altering the content of each—altering, that is, the duties and activities belonging to each institution, in regard both to the way in which they are done, and to the purpose for which they are done. And the alteration follows the lines which are dictated by an ever-growing realization of the partnership of society in all our social concerns, of the interest of society in all our interests, so far as these have a distinct social bearing."[1] But it does not follow from these considerations that the good citizen *ought* to bow to the common good or the general social aim of his society, or that he *will* be led to bow to any good except what he, mistakenly or selfishly, persuades himself is really the common good. Further, neither the *origin* of social purpose nor the operation of this idea as a factor in social change can be adequately understood as long as we remain merely at the ethical level

[1] *Ibid.*, 172.

of discussion. These difficulties cannot be overcome unless we assume the existence of the conception of an ideal future which determines what ideas shall originate, and how far they shall be allowed to grow in influence. "Whence then the ideals? And whence the will of idealism?" We cannot answer these questions unless we realize that there is a spiritual principle at work in our social life.

Without the recognition of such a spiritual principle we can never understand the true nature of the individual. A human being is not merely a physical thing, or a biological organism, or a mind, or a social unit: he is essentially a soul. As a soul, even the humblest individual can enter, through faith and vision, into a spiritual universe which is incomparably the most important reality and influence in human experience. This individual is essentially "supra-social," and his most significant characteristic is "his persistent antagonism to the society to which he belongs." That antagonism is "an antagonism, not of a more or less narrow self to other selves, but of an eternally distinct individual to a society to which, as an individual, he is eternally alien"; and this "eternally distinct" and "eternally alien" individual may be transformed into a social philosopher or a social reformer whose social optimism scarcely knows any limits.[1]

As a supra-social individual, man must turn away from the limitations and self-seekings of society; only then can he, by a kind of intuition, assure him-

[1] *Ibid.*, chap. viii.

self with a certainty beyond anything that science or philosophy can give, that there is a real end, ideal, or good for man, no matter what may happen to society. "Our ideals are drawn from a non-social source, inspired if you will, by something beyond this world." Such ideals, empty though they may be of social content, are no mere objects of mystic or quietistic vision; they vitalize the will, and vitalize it so overpoweringly that neither the philosopher nor the social reformer can rest until he has done his utmost to bring society nearer the ideal. The true individual, "the kernel of spiritual power" which is in every man, is "God-seeker but not self-seeker"; the true individual "aspires but does not desire," and this aspiration is strong enough to drive him to the "intensest activity" in social service. If such a reforming individual is frustrated by a stupid and heedless world, he always has the consolation that *his* feet are still planted on the bed-rock of moral certainty: "The good man knows that no social events need necessarily be important to any of us." In his treatment of the relation of the individual to the social process, Urwick was obviously profoundly influenced by the great British idealists, Green and Bosanquet; and there is, in addition, a strong flavour of Stoicism in his assurance that the human spirit is not to be quenched by obstacles.[1]

In spite of the difficulties that are involved, Urwick believes in the possibility of progress, for he has "faith in his vision of a kingdom of heaven upon

[1] *Ibid.*, chap. ix.

earth, in the light of which every wise and good man interprets all social facts, and the whole system of facts we call our social life." His philosophy of social progress is ultimately based on religious faith: "Progress comes from visions and the faith in them." In his social philosophy there is involved a strong conception of a master aim and master plan of our life; a fervid idealism is the core of it; its essence is to lay hold of a dream of a City of God, and to make all its meanings, all its linkings of effect to cause, all its groupings of change under the laws of sequence and causation, dependent from beginning to end upon the spirit and purpose of the dominating ideal.[1] It is the final task of the social philosopher to teach the social reformer that his is always a religious work, though seldom recognized as such by others or even by himself: "What is of importance is not the reform, but the will that prompts it; not the improvement of social machinery, but the resolve that machinery shall be improved until all are helped by it; not the results achieved by our devices, but the effort to achieve something good for the use of our fellow-citizens. If the reformer dislikes this doctrine, let him remember that it is after all but a corollary from the assumption which we took as our foundation, namely, that the supreme purpose of human life, whether individual or social, is a spiritual purpose, even as the sole interpretation of its significance is a religious interpretation. For this means that all actions derive their value from the part they play in

[1] *Ibid.*, chaps. i, x.

the working out of the spiritual process, not from their immediate or apparent effects upon the social process."[1]

In his *Philosophy of Social Progress*, as in *The Message of Plato*, Urwick focusses our attention essentially upon the extra-social and supra-social activities of the soul. He now undertook, in *The Social Good*, to redress the balance "by dwelling entirely upon the *social* good or happiness of the individual, and by insisting upon the intimate relation of this social good to any ultimate good, whether this latter is to be regarded as social or non-social." But, although *The Social Good* was written during a period of great new experiments in mass-movements and the formation of mass-attitudes, the old emphasis on individualism remains: "The individual citizen is the *causa causans* of all change, and ultimately of all social weal and woe; and . . . therefore we shall best understand the conditions of our well-being if we devote more attention to the individual and less to the group."

To a generation obsessed by State-worship, Urwick shows that the worship of guilds or other associations provides no remedy; and he slays, once again, that hydra-headed monster of the psychologists and sociologists, the Group Mind. He gives short shrift, also, to the idealistic doctrine of the "moral organism," for here again the individual is absorbed, albeit in a subtler form, in the community: "You and I—and God; that is the final analysis of

[1] *Ibid.*, 240.

all that is real in human society. And it is enough. When I say that society is progressing, I mean that the relations between us three are better than they were: just that and nothing else. When I say that all is not well with society, I mean that there is disharmony in the relations between us three—and nothing else. Turn where you will, you will find no completer account of social good and ill than that. And you will see it all the more clearly when you have swept away the fiction of society as a real being with a mind or soul that has any reality at all."[1] Individualism, he correctly insists, follows from the Platonic philosophy: "It is as a follower of Plato that I take my stand against every elevation of Society over the individual, starting, like him, with the great assumption that the individual souls alone are real, and that Society, whether regarded as a system of mental forces or as an organization of moral forces, derives all its quasi-reality from the individual souls, and is subordinate to them, not they to it. . . . The philosophers who exalt the 'moral organism,' like the psychologists who exalt the social mind, lose the individual in the community just because they do *not* return to the Republic of Plato, but only return to that social and political part of the Republic which shows the *citizen's* subordination, and omit entirely the profounder part which reveals the essential individual above and beyond society, and, in the end, above and beyond the whole 'cave' of changing human life."[2]

[1] *The Social Good* (London: Methuen, 1927), 63-4. [2] *Ibid.*, 62-3.

The Social Good may now be defined: happiness is the good, the *social* good of course, but *for* individuals; and happiness, in turn, is defined as harmony between the whole of our consciousness and reality. There are five components or essentials of happiness—Work, Interests, Friendships, the Pursuit of an Ideal, and the enjoyment of satisfactory Physical Conditions. It is an important task of the social philosopher to show how much and how little progress is hastened, or is likely to be hastened, by various methods of reform advocated today. By progress is meant "simply the nearer approach of you and me to the attainment of happiness, together with its indispensable social condition, the improvement of the vital relation between you and me."

Contemporary proposals for social reform, or the achievement of the social good, fall under five heads, according as they refer to the reconstruction of the material environment, to the better ordering of the social structure, to the better ordering of the economic structure and activities, to the better ordering of social activities, or to the improvement of education. With a wealth of facts from the special social sciences at his disposal, and a dry humour, Urwick examines various contemporary movements including Socialism, Eugenics, Psychoanalysis, and Progressive Education in the attempt to show how much—and how little—they tend to promote the social good. The great merit of his treatment of these movements consists in the demonstration that man and all his works are in a vast setting of tendencies and "real-

ities" entirely outside the range of vision of narrow fact-collectors, and that only an inclusive philosophical approach can give a genuine understanding of social phenomena. The impact of the various movements he considers, insofar as they promote the social good, would appear to be due mainly to the existence of emotional factors such as social sympathy and the "awareness" of social life in modern man. Unfortunately, the whole argument of *The Social Good* is vitiated to a marked extent by his uncritical (and unwarranted) acceptance of the old contrast between social and anti-social tendencies, and this leads to the somewhat doubtful assertion that modern man is definitely becoming more of an individual self-seeker than ever before. He also seems to feel strongly that the anti-social tendencies of individuals will impede progress in all but the very smallest communities; he distrusts organization of any kind except insofar as it reflects the life of the individual; and he is rarely sympathetic to "tendencies," for almost any tendency can become an incrustation on the free life of the individual. Urwick realizes that, in the world of the twentieth century, he is fighting a losing battle all along the line; but this does not discourage him, for the free man will feel, at all times, that it is better to be out of the roaring current of so-called "progress" than in it!

Ultimately, the social good, or happiness, depends upon two elementary conditions: individuals should possess the capacity to live well; and they should, as citizens, co-operate to provide for one another

certain apparently simple requirements. These conditions will never be achieved until it is realized that society is essentially a spiritual organization, whose mainspring is *will*. "Every part of it, its structure, its movements, its quality and significance, depend upon the wills of us citizens, who, by our lives and activities, make it *a society* . . . this is tantamount to saying that every one of us is really the possessor of *some* pattern of goodness, and is motived by this pattern in all his considered actions (apart from passionate outbreaks); and further, that society itself derives its qualities of good or evil from the sum total of these patterns."[1] The social good depends upon all citizens *willing* the good life. The *individual* must therefore furnish his will with the best possible pattern of the good life; and he must, by his willing, infuse this pattern into the whole of social life. From the individual flow all morality, all idealism, all the conditions of social good.

Throughout his writings, Urwick takes the individual for granted, as something given and understood, who needs no further explanation or discussion. At the same time, he is constantly deploring the whole tendency of modern civilization to enslave the individual more and more, however extensive his freedom may be in theory, to an environment of ever-growing complexity from which there is little prospect of release. He returned again and again to this paradox of the individual and his society,

[1] *Ibid.*, 237-8.

especially in several later papers.[1] What are the philosophical principles underlying the modern demand for freedom? Absolute freedom, he agrees with Rousseau, could only exist for the individual if the conditions of life are absolutely simple. An increase in the complexity of life necessarily demands a continual increase of authority, order, and restraint, to which progress, adjustment, and freedom seem to be eternally opposed. The problem is clarified considerably if we substitute more neutral terms like stability and change for order and progress, for then we realize that the antithesis is not absolute. Freedom is the lever of change, and it cannot operate without the fulcrum of stability, and therefore also of restraint. "The demand for freedom [is] a demand for an implement of change. . . . The right to freedom must be considered in relation to the result of the activity for which the freedom is claimed; in other words, the quality of change advocated."[2] The term freedom, as used both by the exponents of change and the defenders of stability, is always relative, and is not to be confused "with the true principle of freedom, namely, complete subordination to good law in a good state." It is impossible to establish either an absolute social principle of freedom or an absolute social principle

[1]Cf., "Freedom in Our Time" (*Papers and Proceedings of the Canadian Political Science Association*, Vol. V, 1933, 62-75); "Liberalism True and False" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, Vol. VII, No. 3, April, 1938, 289-97); "Concerning Economic Orthodoxy" (*The Commerce Journal*, University of Toronto, February, 1936, 3-7).

[2]"Freedom in Our Time," 72.

of change: "Change does indeed require freedom of action and of utterance; and stability does indeed require restraint of both action and utterance. But neither change nor stability has any quality whatever of goodness or badness; consequently, freedom and restraint are equally devoid of quality. As advocates of one or the other, we do, of course endow them with quality; but that is simply because we have already, in our thoughts, chosen to give an arbitrary quality to some particular change or to some existing element of stability. And the battle for freedom is nothing more than a phase of the recurrent battle for change, in which the protagonists are doing nothing more (and nothing less) than exhibit the impulses and instincts which emanate from the depths of their social experience, giving them both an exactly equal right to say: 'We represent the true sense of need of our Society.' "[1] Urwick's liberalism was the liberalism of an ethical theory rather than of a political or economic doctrine, and his discussion of freedom is therefore more akin to the philosophy of Green or Bosanquet than to the doctrines of J. S. Mill or the Manchester School.

The task of social philosophy is twofold: it must be concerned with the problem of ultimate social values; and it must provide a "philosophy of the social sciences." Although Urwick served as a professor of economics in London and as head of the largest university department of political economy in Canada, his scepticism regarding the social

[1] *Ibid.*, 75.

sciences is, at first sight, amazing. In his general approach to economics, he was influenced chiefly by Hobson, Marshall, and Pigou. Like Hobson, Urwick found it well-nigh impossible to accept any statement in economics that was devoid of ethical implications; and like Hobson also he frequently argued against a theory because he supposed it to have no ethical content (when it should have!), or because he assumed it to have an ethical content when none was intended by its author. Consider, for example, the doctrine of "marginal productivity": as expressed by contemporary economists, it is simply a *description* of an equilibrium position, and has no ethical connotation.[1] Both Hobson and Urwick, perhaps influenced unduly by earlier expositions of the doctrine, argued at length against it probably because they supposed that it did have an ethical connotation.

On the whole, Urwick seems to have adopted (though not slavishly or uncritically) a Marshallian approach to economics. Pigou influenced him also, but he was not prepared to accept Pigou's fine measurements of marginal quantities. Here, again, it was Pigou's emphasis on welfare, rather than his mechanistic approach, that interested Urwick. Neither the thought nor the judgments of the true economist can be tied down to science and the proper subject-matter of science. In economics, "the data are scarcely respectable according to scientific standards, and truth, if to be found at all, is found by a process of combined feeling, intuition, and impulse

[1]See Frank H. Knight, *Risk, Uncertainty and Profit* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1935).

which, *sub specie scientiae*, is positively disreputable. . . . Like the true philosopher, he [the economist] will need also a new faculty of knowing by which he shall be able to press beyond the *mera palpatio* of our muddled strivings, and penetrate to the real knowledge of real truth which . . . lies far beyond our present reach. . . . Economics is a science, but subject to the limitations which exclude all science from the deepest movements of human life; since, as Eddington has told us, 'intimate knowledge will not submit to analysis, or rather, when we attempt to analyse it the intimacy is lost and it is replaced by symbolism.' And finally, economics is not an art, but only the hope of an art."[1] It was Urwick's conviction that all the so-called "uniformities" in economic science have been developed by distilling what is "really living" out of people; under provocation (*i.e.*, when confronted with a ruthless "scientific" economist), he would sometimes push this view to an obviously exaggerated position, for, on occasion, he would also admit that economics has elucidated at least some uniformities.

His attitude to sociology is even less flattering: "I do not believe that there is or can be any science of social life; nor do I believe that sociology is or can be a science." It cannot be a science, apparently, because by its scope and method it is voluntarily shut out from that conception, faith, or vision of the Good in which social phenomena can alone find their adequate explanation. The sociologist

[1] "The Ethics of Competition" (*Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, Vol. 3, No. 2, May, 1937, 263).

may observe, he may generalize, he may analyse the social structure and process with all the aids offered by various other abstract social sciences (in addition to his own techniques and jargon), and he may synthesize the results into a so-called "scientific unity" until doomsday, but he is inevitably foredoomed to failure. He fails not because he has attempted too much but because of the fatal limitation of scientific method which makes him so content with mere "facts" that he "closes his eyes to the end, the good, the ideal, the things that are not of this world, the things that are God's, which (although the sociologist does not know it) are the only things that seriously matter ultimately."[1]

It is, however, easy to be misled by Urwick's criticism of the social sciences—and many exponents of the pure humanities have seriously misunderstood him. He was not really opposed to what may be called (to use a neutral word) social "studies," and he frequently acknowledges the debt which the social philosopher owes to the sociologist, economist, or social psychologist. But it was his life-long contention that the practitioners of these subjects ought not to ape the methods and techniques of the natural scientists. The view that man and society cannot be understood scientifically was based, as he grew older, more and more upon Bergson's philosophy of Creative Evolution, and less and less upon

[1]Urwick states his attitude to sociology throughout *A Philosophy of Social Progress*, and in a later review article, "Is There a Scientific Sociology" (*Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, Vol. IV, May, 1938, 231-40). See also, "Some Difficulties in Connection with Criminal Statistics" (*Crime and the Community*, The Welfare Council of Toronto, 1940, 24-6).

Platonism and idealism. Bergson raises, of course, a deeper and more general question than one that is concerned merely with the nature of the social sciences: what is the role of Intelligence in man's understanding of reality? In answering it, Bergson confines himself (except for certain casual side-glances in *Les Deux Sources de la morale et de la religion*) to the natural sciences and psychology. Urwick develops the implications of the Bergsonian answer for the broader field of the social sciences.

In discussing the possibility of a scientific approach to society, Urwick's main assumption, which he takes over uncritically from Bergson, is that the only sphere in which Intellect can function appropriately is that of static existences: "The first condition of its working is that all its subject matter shall be completely dead." Man's intellect is limited to the analysis and construction of mechanisms, in which no life or change can enter. That the scientist is merely playing chess with the universe is clear when we consider his three great principles, the Uniformity of Nature, Causality, and Objectivity. "The first of these simply assumes that the whole universe really is as dead as your chessmen; that nothing can move except as it is pushed by outside forces; the second means that nothing in the universe really means anything at all; and the third means that there isn't anything *in* the universe which can mean anything."[1] Biologists and physiologists, to be scientific, must proceed on the assumption that

[1] "The Role of Intelligence in the Social Process" (*Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, Vol. I, No. 1, February, 1935, 66).

their animals are dead, for the significant cause of movement in living creatures is always immanent.

The various social sciences, especially economics and sociology, *insofar as they are scientific*, must likewise abstract the life from the people with whom they are dealing; that is, these sciences must deal with data that are also dead and meaningless. The science which intelligence furnishes can never really give us knowledge about the social process. "Science and Intellect are outside life; but we are within it, and our knowledge of it comes wholly from within, and is due to the simple fact that only life can know life." The social sciences are not destroyed entirely by this approach; they are merely put in their place. They belong not to science but to the area of intelligent *discussion*, that is, to philosophy: "The place of discussion . . . in the social process is much more certain than that of intelligence itself working at its chess-boards." In discussion, reason is, and must always be, as Hobbes insisted, the servant of the emotions. But the forces propelling the movement of life are not entirely blind and irrational: "Life moves, and moves by its own immanent force, into an unknowable future. It moves by its own will, that is, the whole of itself past and present poised on tiptoe for each new step. Even human life, for all its cleverness, has no knowledge of even the safety of the next step. Progress is an endless adventure, into an uncharted world. But the impulse to take the next step is not therefore blind. It has behind it all that life has learned, and all that life has

dreamed. The whole of this is embodied in the *feeling* which at each movement inspires my will—or society's will. And, if you consider, you will see that we need nothing more. We don't want to know. We only want to be sure that the whole determining force of movement is our own, in us, the real essence of our being, ours not only to use but by our consciousness to purify and make good in the light of the experience and the dreams and the visions which are always at our disposal for the improving of our will. But there is no guarantee of rightness anywhere. Whether this is true for the *individual* life is a question which I need not attempt to answer. But that it is true for society and its life and movement, is an inevitable conclusion."[1] In this moving passage, so full of Bergsonian undertones, Urwick is barely saved by his earlier Platonism from the acceptance of a complete metaphysics of the irrational. It is the closing paragraph of his last significant publication (apart from book reviews) before his death, and as such may appropriately stand at the conclusion of our discussion of his social philosophy proper: for here Urwick has disposed also of the other important question in the philosophy of the social sciences, the question whether the knowledge these disciplines give us can be used by humanity for purposes of social control.[2]

That Urwick, in spite of these strictures, nevertheless appreciated the importance of the social

[1] *Ibid.*, 76.

[2] For a somewhat different approach to the philosophy of the social sciences see the present writer's "Education for an Enduring Peace" (*Queen's Quarterly*, Vol. LII, No. 4, 1945-1946, 400-407).

sciences is perhaps best illustrated by his philosophy of social work. For him the task of the social worker was threefold: alleviative and remedial work on behalf of handicapped members of society; organized prevention of adverse or dangerous forces in the community; and, most important of all, the development of social intelligence, or intelligent social interest, among the citizens generally. It is essential that the training of the social worker should be adequate to these duties and responsibilities: "There must be, first, a combination of emotional and of practical elements: an education of sympathy side by side with a study of the practical and even the technical requirements of skilled work. There must be, secondly, a careful study of social causation, particularly in the field of human conduct. And . . . there should be much study of the significance of activities and institutions in relation to the real well-being of the individuals who are society."[1] He was anxious, above all, that a school of Social Work should send out first-class *persons* of character and responsibility, rather than people merely trained in techniques. Social workers must therefore understand clearly the true relation between the social sciences and social philosophy, and the reference of both approaches to their professional activities.

In an article written in 1940, and addressed specifically to social workers, Urwick discusses again in a fresh, delightful, and humorous fashion the controversial question of the respective limits of the

[1] "Foreword" (*Training for Social Work*, University of Toronto Press, 1940, 7-8).

social sciences and social philosophy.[1] He takes an unequivocal stand for humanity, moral quality, purpose, ideal principles and values as against scientific "techniques." The social sciences, especially sociology and psychology, are concerned too much with man's intelligence and not enough with man's heart. In considering the example of a chemist who says that one explosive is "better" than another, Urwick comments: "In the view of the philosopher you cannot say anything of the sort until you know whether the explosive is to be used in making smooth the rough places of the earth or in blowing human beings to bits."[2] When trying to arrive at the truths of value, man must think with his blood as well as his brain, that is, with the whole man. He criticizes severely the scientist's assumption that choice and freedom of the will are irrelevant. In fact, along with birth and death, consciousness of choice is the third great fact about human beings. To social philosophy belongs the field of human conduct, and to the social sciences the field of behaviour. This latter field is much larger than is commonly supposed, for attendance at lectures, going to church, entering a university, or getting married may all be classified merely as behaviour if their *significance* in terms of idealism is not considered. The determinist he ridicules as unrealistic.

The marks of the good citizen as well as of the good society will be universal trust in the goodwill

[1] "Social Philosophy and Social Work" (*Training for Social Work*, 44-56).

[2] *Ibid.*, 48.

of all. Social workers whose aim is, in essence, the building of a new Jerusalem, must let their minds dwell on the idea of the good life rather than concentrate on mechanical techniques and methods.[1] Significant case work can never be carried on without the image of the good individual before one. The social worker must not attempt to become a human dynamo and fill her life so full of action that she has no time for meditation. She must constantly revive in her mind the ideals of philanthropy and charity, and realize always that she is a crusader. "Idealism is the most practical thing in human life" is his final advice to social workers.

In another article, entitled "The Building of the Community," Urwick makes a strong plea for idealistic planning on the part of social workers and suggests that they tend to become too bogged down by immediate practical problems and so leave their imaginations no time for the making of "little Utopias." Although consideration of the family unit must come first, planning should go beyond to the total environment on which the development of the individual family depends. He even advocates communism, but in the original sense of a community of spirit, when sharing with others is recognized as a virtue and felt as a joy. Plans for spending money on the social welfare of people must be in harmony with this sense of community. Lavish spending may do as much harm as niggardly thrift.

Urwick also makes a suggestion which would

[1] *Ibid.*, 52.

still, twelve years later, cause heated controversy in any gathering of social workers: he recommends that clients share in policy planning and states that the best board with which he ever worked was one which "had among its most valued members some of the former beneficiaries of the agency."[1] Youth's solutions to problems, and not merely those offered by the more seasoned members of society, should also be given consideration. He deplores the division of public and private social agencies and hopes to see established a "League of Agencies" where the case work spirit would be all-pervasive. Urwick knew, and in a very realistic manner, what everyone was "up to," but he wanted always to inform social action with an idealistic concern for ultimate values.

It was Urwick's happy destiny, as a philosopher, to spend his life among social workers and social scientists. To them, and they were the people who knew him best, the outstanding characteristics of his personality were magnanimity, generosity, humanism, and humility. He had luminous and sparkling brown eyes, a keen sense of humour, and an almost incredible youngness and flexibility of spirit. One of his colleagues treasures a picture in which, well over the age of sixty, Urwick is hanging by his heels from the branch of a tree at a country place. While living in England he had raised pigs and won many prizes at the local fairs: he attributed his success to the fact that he fed them cod-liver oil! Always gay and spontaneous, he derived no inconsiderable pleas-

[1] "The Building of the Community" (*Social Welfare*, Vol. XVI, No. 4, September, 1936, 106).

ure from inspecting the endless array of gadgets to be found in the household-wares sections of the great department stores of Toronto.

His mind was singularly fresh and elastic, always ready to grasp new ideas and to consider new developments on their merits without preconceptions or prejudices. Few men can have been as free of ruthlessness, pride, or egotism: in his relations with others, he often hesitated to press his own views at the expense of overriding theirs, so chary was he of hurting their feelings. His humility approached that of sainthood. To members of the younger generation he gave the feeling that their values and attitudes were important; and he had an enormous capacity for stimulating them to think about the *significance* of things instead of merely playing about with an imposing array of desiccated facts. Many who knew him well have remarked that he was fundamentally the kindest and best person they had ever met. He used to comment on the importance of working at friendship, and not merely taking it for granted. There is universal agreement that he lived his philosophy and carried his high spiritual ideals into daily practice.[1]

Urwick spent the last years of his life, while the Second World War was at its height, in Vancouver where he lived in the West End near English Bay. This old district of a new city, rich in unexplored sociological material and close to natural beauties of

[1]For a poetic appreciation of Urwick's philosophy and personal qualities see Lilian Le Mesurier, *A Book of Verse* (London: Murray, 1935), 35-6, and 39-40.

sea and mountain, seems a singularly happy choice of residence for a man of his particular interests and appreciations. Less than fifty years ago the West End of Vancouver had barely established itself as an exclusive residential district when the city began to expand rapidly in that very direction, and before long small places of business, boarding houses, and apartment blocks became increasingly frequent. Many men of property sold their houses and moved farther out to newer areas, so that a West End address no longer necessarily implies wealth or social position. True, there are many handsome homes there today, but hardly a street is without its quota of families well known to social agencies, and many of these dwell in one or two shabby rooms so that already existing problems are often accentuated by lack of space. Urwick's intense concern for a just appreciation of the values of life may well have been stimulated anew by the sharply contrasting social conditions existing near his own home while he was writing these essays.

But the natural beauty of this part must have given sheer delight to a man of his keen sensitivities. Always there is the wide sweep of English Bay from Stanley Park to Point Grey, from Kitsilano to the North Shore. Sometimes calm as a lake in the setting sun with the jagged peaks of the Coast Range beyond softened to deep evening purple, sometimes storm-tossed and grey with whitecaps breaking over the small boats at anchor, it is always a source of wonder to those who live near by. In days of peace

ships from all the oceans of the world sail by to the First Narrows to make port in Vancouver. They pass the same evergreen forest in Stanley Park that Captain Vancouver himself marvelled at when he journeyed in these waters over a century and a half ago and the Salishan Indians were the only inhabitants of the land. This natural environment, which no work of man could ever make mediocre, and which surrounded Urwick while he was writing *The Values of Life*, has been fittingly described as "geodynamic"; something of its primitive beauty seems to have become a part of his last vision of man and society, and this is what gives to his farewell essays their challenge and their charm.

THE VALUES OF LIFE

Introduction

I AM undertaking the perilous task of expressing judgments concerning some of the accepted values of life. If any reader puts the fair question, "How do you know what values are true and what false?" I must of course answer, "I do not know; I am not wise enough or good enough to know." Like most people, I rely in part upon the very definite judgments expressed by the great teachers of humanity, some of whom are called religious and some not; and in part also upon convictions confirmed by my own experience, interpreted in those moments when I felt most free from the deceptive mists of desire and self-interest. It is clear, therefore, that anything I say must rest upon sundry assumptions; and in fairness to the reader I will try to make clear at once the most important of these assumptions.

First, as to the test of vital values. I assume there is one plain test of the excellence of any activity or purpose or end, namely the extent to which it leads us away from self-centred satisfactions and unites us with the ends or purposes of others, or with some reality which, for the time being at any rate, quite overshadows the self. In accordance with this principle I venture to affirm that the really good ruler or statesman is the man who has so little desire for

power or patronage or fame that he has to be induced against his will to take office; that the really good husband or wife is the one who has forgotten that marriage involves any sort of claim upon the partner, and remembers only that giving without limit is the final proof of love; that the only really good neighbour is he who has nothing in his life or in his home which he is not eager to share with others; and that the only really happy man is he who has found his soul by losing his self, and has won equanimity, fearlessness, and simplicity by clearing the decks of the lumber of desire.

The underlying principle here, of course, is that of disinterest, but only in the sense of devotion to the interests of others rather than of oneself. In this sense it is the accepted principle of most religious ethics, and of most ethical theories which can be called idealistic. Wherever conduct takes the form of self-sacrifice, we respect and admire the agent—unless we happen to be hedonists or rationalists. William James did not greatly exaggerate when he said that "a man is nothing if he is incapable of sacrifices; on the other hand, evident though the shortcomings of a man may be, if he is ready to give up his life for a cause, we forgive him everything." I am therefore making the simple assumption that we human beings are capable of turning our backs upon our selves, or our self-interest, and aiming at goals which are in a very real sense free from the taint of self; and further, that in proportion as we do this, both our conduct and our goals acquire a real quality of goodness.

But the principle of disinterest also appears in an extreme form in the ethic of some Eastern religions, particularly in the purest doctrines of Hinduism and Buddhism. In these it is exalted into complete dispassion, aloofness from all desires, even annihilation of the desiring self. Now it is probably true that wars will not cease, nor strife nor hatred nor misery, until satisfaction of desire—of our particular desires—is no longer the determining motive of all our activities. But complete dispassion is certainly not compatible with normal life and activity as we understand them. If we are to combine well-being, happiness, or a good life with the active pursuit of good ends, if indeed we are to point to anything valuable for full-blooded members of a society forever straining towards new goals, then we must anchor ourselves to some principle more positive than sheer cessation of desire. The concept of love at its best may, as we shall see, supply such a principle. But even love, to be perfect, must be combined with, perhaps even restrained by, the true element contained in the principle of disinterest.

There is a further reason why the ideal of dispassion exalted in the Eastern religions cannot serve us in the West as an ideal of goodness. Not only do we insist upon regarding our present life as an adventure in and for a social world which we intend to make better if we can, but also we are, as the psychologists would say, conditioned to a different concept of life. The Christian ethic, to which we are at least nominally wedded, is emphatically an ethic for neighbours living

together on earth. Consequently we cannot but see goodness as a flame whose supreme value is that it warms the hearts of our neighbours and raises *them* to higher powers of life. Perhaps we may put it thus: for all active members of society, the energy of "I want this" must be present all through life. But for the good members of society the check of "You need this" will never be absent, and always "I want" must wait upon "You need." This means that our desires must become less and less exclusive. "I want this for myself" must grow into "I want this for myself and you," or "I want this only if I can share it with you—with any of you who are my neighbours."

It may be objected that, even if the principle of disinterest furnishes a fair test of the goodness of our activities, it cannot be applied to the ends or goods which we are striving to gain for ourselves or others. The answer is that no end can be separated from the activities which lead to it. No achievement or possession or state of consciousness has any true quality of goodness apart from the long sequence of efforts which leads up to it. This is obviously true of any kind of goodness as an end. It is equally true of the other two members of the familiar triad of values, namely truth and beauty. The excellence of truth is bound up with the disinterest of the seeker for truth; the excellence of beauty is part and parcel of the disinterested devotion of the artist or lover of beauty. And neither truth nor beauty is found without this disinterest. In another way the principle also comes into play. We shall find that, in the case of all goods

which may be regarded as possessions of the individual, the quality of excellence is closely related to the degree to which the possessions can be and are shared with other people: are, as it were, made part of the good of the society of neighbours. Exclusive goods are never among the highest goods. They are like treasures in a private museum, or a light under a bushel. Their power for good is cramped and thwarted.

My second assumption is harder to explain. During the past century and a half the world has been falling more and more under the domination of the scientific intellect. Since the dawn of the Age of Reason, triumphantly proclaimed in the eighteenth century, Rationalism, or its more subtle successor, Intellectualism, has become the creed of ever-increasing numbers of people who want to live intelligently. We are told that what the world needs is more science, more intelligence, more logical and systematic thinking: this is the constant exhortation of our scientific leaders. There are, of course, some voices raised in revolt against the fashionable creed, apart from the defenders of dogmatic religion. Not a few have been made uneasy by the example of modern Germany, where what was probably the most intelligent and certainly the best educated people in Europe has shown itself capable of an idolatry on a level with that of the followers of Father Divine, of a cruelty which really deserves the name of sadism, and of a devotion to that train of distorted values which are the inevitable concomitants of a lust for domination,

Satan's favourite prize. No wonder Mr. Charles Chaplin, in his "Great Dictator," sums up his criticism in the statement, "We think too much, we feel too little." And in spite of the fact that we are often forced to assert that most people feel too much and think too little, Mr. Chaplin is not far from the truth. His plea is in harmony with the trenchant question asked by Mr. Bernard Shaw: "How much better would the world be if it were all knowledge and no mercy?" But the relation of thinking to feeling, and of knowledge to emotion, cannot be expressed as a mere antagonism. It is far too complex for that. At the moment I am only anxious to point out the limitations of the scientific intellect, and the role that must be played in all conduct by that part of the mind which is not scientific, nor in a strict sense rational.

Rationalism is always attractive, especially to young people who want to be on the side of progress. It is satisfying (perhaps gratifying is a better term) until one comes to the end of the road and finds that there is nothing there. It really does cut a way through the jungle of absurdities which seem to stifle intelligence, especially those absurdities which cluster round mythical religion. One cannot but welcome the critical rationalism which saves its votaries from the dangerous imbecilities which many millions of apparently sane people accept as their guide in life. But it must be remembered that the logical scientific reason which is the instrument of rationalism is completely negative. It leads to no goal of faith, no moral purpose, no ideals of conduct. It is as neutral

as mathematics. It merely clears the field of weeds. Goethe's interpretation of the allegory of Dr. Faustus illustrates the danger. It was only after he had "studied through" the intellectual exercises of science and philosophy and theology that Faust promptly went to the devil. Of course this merely means that the scientific intellect cannot carry us beyond its own proper sphere. It lays bare the processes of nature, and furnishes us with the tools of knowledge and of power to be used as we will that they shall be used. But to those of us who believe in the reality of beauty or the eternal existence of goodness, the scientific intellect neither gives nor refuses justification of our faith. Indeed, a very little thought will convince us that the scientific mind is not concerned at all with good or bad conduct or good or bad aims. Its great virtue is that it is always impartial. For science and for scientific thought there is no such thing as quality in the sense of quality of beauty or quality of goodness. Its sole interest is in truth, and its sole test of truth is conformity with all observed facts. Nor is it at all interested in purpose, at any rate in the purposes of human endeavour. For purpose is always related to ideal ends, to imagined future conditions; and the only facts which exist for science are past facts; the only evidence upon which scientific logic can work is the evidence of what has already happened. All its premises, all its causal conditions, are behind us; they are not even in the present, for the present is only a point dividing past and future, and the moment

we try to use a present fact as evidence it has already become a past fact. But human conduct, when it is really significant, is always anchored to the future. Its causal purposes are ideal conditions yet to be realized. Whether we call it desire or aspiration, the force that leads us on is the thought of some better state which does not yet exist, has indeed no real existence except in our imaginations. In other words, our significant conduct is determined from in front, and not from behind; by ideas, and not by facts.

Now the assumption which I wish to make is just this. The human mind or intellect has two different aspects and two different functions, which are best indicated by distinguishing the scientific intelligence from the purposive intelligence. This of course does not mean that we possess two different faculties of intelligence, any more than the assertion of free will means that we possess a separate faculty of will. The mind which is the man is one and indivisible. But when its processes are dissociated from our own particular purposes and from the pull of conscious desire, it is functioning as scientific intelligence; and when its processes are closely tied to our purposes and preferences or our striving after ends, it is functioning as purposive intelligence. As scientific intelligence, our mind is, as has been pointed out, always impartial: its sole wish is to submit to nature, to follow facts and evidence wherever they may lead. And these facts, or what may be called the great "It is" of nature, compel the recognition of all sane observers. Scientific laws of nature emerge from the observed

facts, when the latter are passed through the crucible of logical intelligence, and, when fairly stated, these also compel the assent of all thinkers. But when our mind functions as purposive intelligence it is never unbiased; its thought is always, in a sense, "wishful" thinking, even though the wish may seem to be entirely dissociated from any idea of self-interest. It is the purposive intelligence which is at work in everything directly related to conduct, our own or other people's; in everything closely connected with purposes or aims or concepts of well-being or the reverse, with estimates of things good or evil, worthy or unworthy. In relation to this purposive intelligence the famous dictum of Thomas Hobbes is certainly true: "The reason is and must always be the servant of the emotions." And since emotions include most of the elements which make up the character of any agent, we may go a step farther and assert that the work of the purposive intelligence is only to be trusted when its possessor is really "good" in the sense suggested by my first assumption, namely, that he has little care for his own satisfactions but great care for the satisfactions of others.

The distinction which I have drawn is of course not a new one. In rather different forms it has been familiar to philosophers for many centuries. Aristotle distinguished the theoretical from the practical reason; so did Plato, not explicitly, but with an even deeper significance. Kant's distinction between the pure and the practical reason, and between the phenomenal world of science and the noumenal

world of morality, is, of course, very close to the distinction which I have tried to make clear. And among quite modern philosophers I would appeal particularly to Benedetto Croce, who has insisted that judgments of good or evil (that is, judgments of value) are quite different from judgments of truth (that is, logical judgments). These judgments of value are, of course, the chief concern of the purposive intelligence. In considering ends or goods or values, it is the purposive intelligence upon which we depend. And when, as so often happens, people plead for more intelligence in order to achieve a better life, it is obviously the purposive, not the scientific intelligence to which they must refer. For it is upon this that the rightness of conduct depends: more persistent thought about all our attachments and aims, in order to generate that combination of right feeling, right attitude, and right estimate, of which I am sure Socrates was thinking when he insisted that virtue is knowledge.

Ends, Goods, and Values

WE ARE setting out to consider the goals of our activities, the ends of our endeavours, the goods which we hold to be desirable, the values which we want to make our own. We shall also try to discover some satisfying reasons why many of the things we might try to do or get or be are supremely worth while. But first we must make it clear just what we mean by these goals or ends or values or goods, and what is their significance in relation to the conduct of life. I shall begin with a very simple and elementary explanation.

First about our activities generally. We are doing something nearly all the time, doing many sorts of things, from dressing in the morning to working at a job, reading newspapers, going to church or the pictures, talking and talking, even thinking occasionally. Does most of it mean anything? Is it really significant, and if so why? Again, we go through life desiring things and trying to get them. The object of our desire is always a changed condition of things as they are; that is the most general description. The activity which follows the desire is aimed at

producing the new condition. That is true, whether we are hungry and desire food or are soul-starved and desire God. How are we to assess the importance of either the desire or the changed condition?

Obviously many of our activities are quite trivial; they possess no moral significance. But any activity may become significant with a change in the desire which prompts it and in the end to which the desire is related. If I realize that I am too hot, and open the window, that is a trivial action. The opened window was desired only as a means to an end which has no moral significance. But if I had desired, not comfort for my body, but a cooler room for my wife who was likely to come in hot and tired, then there is a beginning of significance. And if I had chosen to open the window in order that someone I disliked might take a chill and die, then the significance becomes tremendous. It is clear, is it not, that the goal of the desire, if consciously presented and deliberately chosen, is the determinant of the quality of the action? That is why it is so important to make sure of the quality of our ends, for they reflect back all quality of value upon our activities, and therefore also upon us and our characters.

I am now committing myself to two momentous assumptions. First, that significant conduct is significant because it involves choice and will. And secondly, that morally significant conduct can and must be carefully distinguished from behaviour. Both assumptions run counter to the accepted scientific view. Most psychologists follow Freud in deny-

ing the existence of will, and I think all psychologists and most sociologists consider behaviour to be a satisfactory and all-inclusive term to describe all human (and many animal) actions. In their view everything is behaviour, from an infant's first cry to a saint's last prayer. Further, the behaviour of the organism is always a response to stimuli; even the finest act of heroism or sacrifice must be so described. But, in the view of science it is nothing else. It is simply natural process, inevitable movement of a conditioned organism in response to some other movement within it or without. There is no difference in kind among the movements and responses: a hiccough and a prayer are the same in kind. And they are all instances of behaviour. If you are a consistent scientist (which fortunately no one has ever been, not even a behaviourist), you will not attempt to differentiate any bit of behaviour from any other bit, as being better or worse, except in the sense that some kinds of behaviour give rise to disorder or pain or dissatisfaction, while other kinds give satisfaction.

Now if we are going to use the word "good" at all, the scientific view of our activities is inadequate. You and I may, indeed must, be quite willing to admit that a very great many of our activities are neither good nor bad, have no particular quality, are morally insignificant. This is for two reasons. Many acts are of course merely responses to natural stimuli, and involve neither thought nor will. Many desires are merely appetites which, as Aristotle said, bite us and compel a response—again with very little deliberate

choice. There is a good deal of truth in the statement that, in most of our behaviour we are about as human as iron filings around a magnet. And further, even those acts and ends that appear to involve deliberate choice do, in most cases, involve nothing of the sort. Our thought and will and choice are, more often than we know, not ours at all, but determined for us by the society which surrounds us. Channels and grooves and ruts lie everywhere in front of us. We follow them because it is the easy and natural thing to do; and, since most of our neighbours are taking the same course, we are sure to have their approval and company. It is very lonely to be original. For this reason we must rule out from our consideration a great number of actions and ends of desire which on the surface seem to be important. I am afraid this applies to many of our activities which are commonly called good or bad. The regular church-goer, the industrious apprentice, the thrifty housewife, the prudent business man, may be, and often are, just following patterns of behaviour which happen to be traced for them by the society in which they live. I do not suggest that our activities must be original if they are to be worth while. I merely wish to point out the obvious fact that many of the actions for which we are praised or blamed have really no particular quality of goodness or badness. If we call them good, it is because they have the quality of conformity, upon which society sets great store. So much so, that a strong social pressure, often amounting to a kind of compulsion, is constantly at work,

discouraging independent choice and inducing us to mould our thoughts and acts according to the patterns labelled "good" by our society. Nor is it only in morality that society demands conformity and penalizes the nonconformist. In nearly all countries and at nearly all times conformity in politics and in economic and social doctrines and practices has been treated as a very meritorious virtue and nonconformity punished as a very serious offence. In religion most of all is this the case; conformity is there the greatest of virtues and covers a multitude of sins. Because King Solomon gilded the Temple with a lavishness never seen before, he was allowed to trample on the moral law of monogamy with an exuberance unequalled in history. But because he was suspected of denying their gods, the polytheistic and essentially atheistic Athenians put Socrates to death; and because He mercilessly condemned priestly hypocrisy, the Jews crucified Christ. Today we are rather more liberal; even atheists are tolerated if they are very well behaved. But it is still the case that a man who shows his conformity by ostentatious church membership may live a thoroughly antisocial life with very little criticism from his fellow churchmen. And it is still true that religious dogma is the one thing in the world which pious people, in the teeth of all evidence, insist upon regarding as unchangeable.

It will be admitted, I think, that most of our actions, motivated by the good policy of conformity, differ very little from habit-actions and have very

little moral significance. We slide into them because they are grooves cut out for us. As actions they are often as neutral as slipping on a banana skin. But contrast with them the action (to take an extreme example) of Saint Francis of Assisi, who, after living for twenty-three years a normal (and quite worthless) life of pleasure, made up his mind to aim at a totally different kind of life, and became a saint and an apostle of poverty, linking his every choice to values which his world thought absurd. There you have a really significant activity, and its marks are these: it is deliberately chosen for the sake of an end or good also deliberately chosen, in this case emphatically not along the grooves and patterns cut out by his society.

Turn now to the goods or values which we are told ought to be the compelling motives of a good life. Here is a very incomplete list, gathered from the writings of philosophers: truth, beauty, and goodness; love, personality, and fullness of life; peace and knowledge; freedom and order; perfection, the holy, and the eternal. Now I am tempted at once to ask a pertinent question. Do these names of ideal goods stir your heart with an insistent longing for their attainment? If not, why not? I can only answer for myself. Most of them do not stir me at all. I feel that it is my duty to say that they are all excellent, just as I feel that it is my duty to agree with any preacher who tells me that a righteous life is the only life worth living. But that does not cause me to change the complacent mixture of selfishness with occasional spasms of virtue which characterizes my

present way of living. There is, I think, a threefold reason for this. First, many of the terms used to designate high ideals have become for most of us just expressions of pious emotion or soothing sentiments which float about in our minds but do no real work. There is certainly no trumpet call about them. And this is partly because we have heard them too often, without paying any real attention to them. They are trodden flat by familiarity. It has been said that to name a thing is to bring a reality before you. But if so, what is the reality called up by these words? Moreover, some of the terms used to indicate real values have lost their savour and become a little sour. This is true of such fine words as charity and service. Perhaps it is because they are so glibly used by people who do not care very much about the realities which they connote. It has been said (not by a cynic but by a very worthy Canon of the Anglican Church) that the word righteous has long had a red nose and commonly speaks through it. And when the Stigginses of our day adopt a word, we do not want to hear it ever again. Is there not also some truth in the saying that moral philosophers have always been prone to accept and exalt the most pious aspirations of their age? And that pious aspirations are apt to be a bit of a humbug?

But there is of course a deeper difficulty connected with the names of the highest values. Every term we use is charged with emotional content, and emotional content is by its very nature incapable of accurate definition. Its essence is always subjective, involving

a relation to the hopes, fears, desires, and experience of each individual who uses the word. If I say that holiness, harmony, and love are values of the highest order, you may agree, but your agreement never quite refers to what *I* mean by the term. It is to your own meaning only that you give your assent. And even that is by no means stable. For we are forever changing our meanings, shifting from one emphasis to another, even during the limits of a single hour's discussion. This does not mean that discussion is useless and can never lead anywhere. It may have the supreme value which sometimes belongs to a shake of the hand or a smile of sympathy. But it is poles apart from a discussion about the power of a gas or the reactions to stimuli which make up a large part of human behaviour.

Now let us leave the rarefied atmosphere of philosophic idealism, with its rather vague names of mountain peaks of goodness, and in the language of common sense state simply some of the goals which we ordinary people do really understand. Here is a very different list of "goods," of which it can at any rate be said that we all know what they mean and that most of us want and value them: good health and success in our work and endeavours; a happy marriage and a satisfactory family life; firm and appreciative friends; a good reputation, with as much admiration as we can get; enough money to satisfy our needs and some of our whims; leisure enough to have a good time; plentiful variety of enjoyments; reasonable security, especially economic; the com-

panionship of interesting people; intelligence above the average; appreciation of beauty, especially the beauties of nature; and a fairly good conscience.

There is nothing wrong about these "goods." Most of them are entirely laudable, and if we could get them all we should have little to complain about. Perhaps they are not specially exalted; but they are the honest expression of what most sensible people desire, and they are not in the least obscure. But is there not something lacking? I think we must admit that there is nothing ideal about them. Since that is a terribly vague term, let us be more forthright and say that a life devoted to these aims does not really get anywhere, does not at the end leave us any better than at the beginning, nor make the world any better. All the aims are directed to the satisfaction of the self; they are the goals of sensible and agreeable people living a sensible and agreeable life. And the trouble is that, when adventurous and idealistic youth is past, we tend, if our search for these agreeable ends has been at all successful, to sink into a complacent acceptance of a static existence which becomes more and more a hindrance to progress. You may argue perhaps that we have done quite enough if we have lived a quietly virtuous life, without harming or hindering anyone. The claim begs many questions, of course; but apart from this, are we to be content with the epitaph, "He was a harmless and self-satisfied soul, who made no ripple on the stream of progress"?

Is it not clear that we are faced with two practical

problems? First, how are we to awaken our own interest in the ideal values which, in spite of their vagueness, we really do (in our best moments) recognize as supremely desirable?—and secondly, how are we to awaken the interest of all those young people whose present purposes will make or mar the future? Is the latter a problem of education? And if so, what changes in education are called for? We must try to find some solution of these problems. I will deal first with the problem of education, with the warning that we must not expect to find an easy answer. We are still far too prone to think of education as a panacea for the intellectual and moral enlightenment of everyone. If we mean by education the organized instruction given in school and college, or in Sunday school and church, we are likely to be disappointed, not necessarily because our educational systems are imperfect, but because we are asking of them an impossible task. I hope this will become clear when the nature of the task has been more carefully examined.

Sometimes, though not very often, you may hear a teacher complain that we give our students the tools of knowledge but do not teach them what fine things they could and should make with the tools. We give them little or no instruction concerning the right use of knowledge and power in order to make a better world for ourselves and others. It is true, of course, that every discipline is linked to some ideal of sound scholarship, of right appreciation, of fidelity to truth and to facts, of impartiality in the use of evidence,

and the like. But these, though good, are very far from covering the values of a good life. And it happens (I speak as a teacher), that when we meet some of our former students in later years, the question at once suggests itself, "Did this man sin, or his teachers, that he is going through life so blind, following false ends, devoting his powers to the pursuit of money or pleasure or sport, but apparently never lifting up his eyes to the hills which lead to more worthy and enduring values?"

Doubtless we teachers have a good defence. We have no wish to preach; we must be content to teach what we know, and we are not at all sure that we do know what are the values which make life fine; and in any case is it not the function of religion to tell us what ends are valuable and what ends are worthless? But unfortunately religion has not been very successful in this task. Preachers in every sect have for centuries proclaimed the deceitfulness of riches, the folly of vanity, and the worthlessness of most worldly pursuits, with conspicuous lack of success. But this of course, would be an unfair criticism of religion, for a very significant reason. The religious teachers are in competition with much more powerful, persistent, and ubiquitous teachers; that is, with the worldly desires of worldly men and women. We are all inheritors of the original sin of desiring intensely all sorts of pleasures, satisfactions, comforts, luxuries. The desire for power, privilege, distinction, security, is hardly less intense. Not only so: we live in a world in which golden calves are permanently exalted and

universally admired. With few exceptions, our elders and contemporaries, backed by the obvious facts of modern life, are forever urging us, tacitly and by example, to avoid the supreme folly of being poor, or meek, or humble, or self-sacrificing, or anything except sensible seekers after a secure and comfortable life. Religion is hardly to be blamed because it develops only an occasional Saint Francis.

But all teachers, whether religious or secular, are faced by a subtler difficulty. In relation to purposes and aims and estimates of things worth while, no pupils, however young, have an open mind. Their receptivity is blocked by the existing content of their minds, which, at any age, determines their conduct and also their attitude to new suggestions. What then is this content? And what is its worth?

If I assert that more than half the content of our minds is incapable of rational justification, I shall probably be guilty, not of exaggeration, but of understatement. I am not here concerned with our knowledge or ignorance of the physical universe. Few of us possess more than a tiny fraction of the available knowledge concerning the universe around us. Even the wisest scientist knows that he is ignorant of vast fields outside his particular province. And all of us, including the scientist, harbour erroneous notions about these other fields. Witness the example of a leading scientist of a generation ago (Sir Edwin Ray Lankester) who, late in life, confessed that he had always supposed that the changes of the moon were caused wholly by the shadow of the earth

upon it. But ignorance of scientific facts is not important in relation to goodness or rightness of conduct, or to the understanding which makes the wisdom of a Socrates or a Lincoln, a Solon or an Isaiah. Socrates probably thought, with most of his contemporaries, that the moon was a few yards across. But that kind of ignorance did not matter: Socrates was still the wisest of men.

We are of course now concerned only with the content of the practical or purposive mind. This content is in part determined by our desires and hopes and fears, since, as Hobbes said, reason is the servant of the emotions. But its full genesis is far more complex than this. Each of us, from birth or even before it, has been conditioned to feel and think and believe in particular ways. Our purposive minds have been moulded into more or less fixed attitudes to the world about us, and at a very early age we are equipped with likes and dislikes, fears and confidences which may persist all through life. This is perhaps what is meant by those psychologists who say that our consciences are formed and fixed by the age of six; though this of course cannot apply to conscience in a deeper sense, the decisive judgment of good and evil which develops and changes all through life so long as our minds are not ossified. After the earliest years, an unending stream of opinions and dogmas is poured into our minds by parents and associates, by newspapers, books, and the general intercourse of life; and many of these remain there, uncriticized and undisturbed, except in the rather rare case of a

naturally questioning disposition. For it is much easier to accept respectable dogmas than to criticize them; mental indolence is much commoner than bodily indolence. Consequently at any age the practical minds of most of us are rather like stagnant ponds, fed by streams of orthodoxy, but never drained and refilled with new truths.

In early years we accept these injected principles of conduct and estimates of values without thought or criticism; and many of them remain with us for life. Each of us, as W. S. Gilbert said, is born a little Liberal or else a little Conservative, and usually stays put. Not only so; we never lose the habit of accepting, without any real thought, many of the opinions of people who for any reason possess in our eyes some prestige, if only because they agree with our prejudices and support our interests. Many of us tend to believe the printed word, and most of us endow unseen newspaper editors with an authority which induces us to swallow whatever they tell us, provided always it is in line with our muddled convictions.

Two important results follow. First, our practical knowledge may be praiseworthy, but it cannot be called true in the sense which the scientific reason attaches to the word. We may be facing toward what is good, and our principles and estimates may be approved by other right-minded people. But our ingrained dogmas are usually the guiding principles of our practical thinking, and their rightness or truth must be interpreted in the light of standards which the scientific reason cannot accept. In fact, the

chances are enormously against their truth. In all practical matters we belong to groups or sects or parties, each with its own special tenets, beliefs, and accepted dogmas. Obviously, if one group is right, the others must be wrong. If Christians are right, Moslems and Hindus are wrong; if Roman Catholics are right, Protestants are wrong; if Conservatives are right, Socialists are wrong. And in each case the wrongness applies to a very large body of detailed beliefs and dogmas. This means that in all practical matters—in the general conduct of life, in short—the only test of truth is the rightness of the actions which follow from the dogmas. And *that* test is outside our present scope; it will be examined later.

Secondly, the principles we absorb are very hard to change. The greater part of our panoply of beliefs is given to us by the natural groups to which we belong —family, class, church, nation, and so on. We accept all this mental content because we have, in the early stages, no choice. Later, our conscious interests come into play and to some extent guide us into other groups—cultural, political, social, etc. These add to, and may modify, our earlier equipment. But the new content, like the old, tends to become crystallized; for the newer groups, especially those which we ourselves have chosen, possess a prestige greater in many cases than the old. And if they are interest groups, such as a trade association or (often) a political party, we are not anxious to question their rightness. It must be remembered also that, since most of us are not free from snobbishness, we like to

identify ourselves with a class or group whose prestige or authority is conspicuous. That is why an upper class is so strong; it attracts multitudes of hangers-on, a vast fringe of self-elected members, who are often its most ardent supporters. A duchess is much more likely to be critical of aristocracy than the thousands of genteel ladies in any suburb who admire and envy her.

It will be admitted, I think, that intelligent thought about the fundamental principles of action is rare. Its very beginnings are blocked, not only by our self-interest, but by relatively good things like loyalty to our family or church or nation, or even the old school tie. Nietzsche's tirade against the people who "harbour indolent sentiments in belief and judgment" is not unfounded: "The greater number of people do not find it contemptible to believe this or that, and to live according to it, without having been previously aware of the ultimate and surest reasons for and against it, and without even giving themselves any trouble about such reasons afterwards. The most gifted men and the noblest women still belong to this number." But let it not be forgotten that this is so just because the best men and women are usually the most loyal to the groups in which they have grown up and to the beliefs and principles which they have absorbed in their growth. And *all* loyalties exist in an aura of falsehood, let us say, of little lies, owing to the uncritical acceptance of the unique worth of this or that particular creed or institution or principle, whose only real claim to uniqueness is that we insist

upon thinking it so. There is of course no mother or wife so good as mine; no church or creed, no country, no school or college to be compared with mine. Nice lies, perhaps, even splendid mendacities, but false for all that. And let us admit, for Nietzsche's benefit, that the best men and the noblest women are commonly pre-eminent for their loyalties, and therefore most deeply committed to "indolent sentiments" which cannot face the test of reason. But is not this test beside the point? The logic of scientific reason has only one criterion: harmony with all known facts. But the logic of the purposive reason has a different test: harmony with all known goodness. And that is a test which the scientific reason can neither accept nor understand.'

And yet, you will say, our logical reason is always at work. It is true, no doubt, that those of us who are at all awake are continually rationalizing our beliefs and actions. Unfortunately rationalizing nearly always means using our reason to justify our dogmas and interests, and most of all our desires. It is therefore a process by which we try to reduce the peculiar content of our minds to some sort of order, smoothing out the most uncomfortable inconsistencies and producing a kind of working harmony without disturbing any fundamental assumptions. This process is of course accomplished *for* us much more than *by* us, since it is easier to swallow a dogma and have done with it than to go through the trouble of digesting it. The groups from which we have inherited most of our dogmas have in the past,

sometimes during many centuries, been busy rationalizing their creeds and building them into self-consistent systems. You may say that they have not made a very good job of it; the walls they have built sometimes fall before the trumpets of very second-rate Joshuas. But at least they have handed down to us partially rationalized citadels of belief. And we in turn carry on the process to protect our mental possessions against the assaults of new enemies armed with new and (as we always think) subversive ideas.

But what are we really defending? Ostensibly we may be bent upon keeping inviolate the whole body of partly harmonized doctrines which express our religious, political, social, or moral creed. But it is, I think, unusual today to find people ready to fight to the death for the separate articles of the Athanasian Creed or the Assembly's catechism, or for the political programme of Liberalism or the details of Marxian Socialism, or for the particular doctrines of Utilitarianism or what is vaguely called "the Christian ethic." What we will really fight and suffer for is the vital value which the whole body of dogma expresses and to which it is anchored. Some of us may admit the truth of Samuel Butler's caustic remark that religion tells innumerable little lies for the sake of one big truth, while science tells innumerable little truths for the sake of one big lie. It is true that in religion and morality most of us adopt the attitude—let sleeping absurdities lie, for by waking them you will only disturb the basic good which religion and moral-

ity uphold; just as in science we adopt the attitude—do not raise awkward questions about absolute truth, but fix your attention upon the tested agreements between all discovered laws and the phenomena to which they relate. At the same time, we are not going to let anybody or anything rob us of our big truth; and if attacks upon the "little lies" or fallible details of doctrine imperil the big truth we will repel them with all our might. Every political or social creed is of course vulnerable at many points, and ethical doctrines are far from infallible in detail. But if your political creed is the sheath which protects (as you believe) the essential values of liberty and order, and if your ethical doctrine alone expresses for you the supreme values of justice, mercy, and love, then again you are likely to fight for the whole body of doctrine within which the essence of the good resides. And the bitterness of our disputes is at once explained. When the disputants are really in earnest, and well heated, the attitude of each, in religious, moral, or political clashes, is often well expressed by the slightly crude saying, "I hate your guts"; for what each hates is the tacit rejection of the very core of good at the heart of the complex doctrines disputed.

It is now possible to give a summary account of the energizing content of our practical minds. There is first a large mass of very imperfectly digested dogmas, opinions, and sentiments which we call our immediate principles of action and choice. These are usually departmentalized, in the sense that they fall into

separate compartments corresponding to the fields of action and thought which we label religious, political, social, moral, occupational, etc. Within each compartment, and even within the whole mass, there is always some measure of consistency or of harmony; for even the practical mind dislikes glaring illogicalities. And this consistency is on the whole determined by our general attitude to life and its problems, which in turn depends chiefly upon our interests and preferences or those of the groups to which we belong.

All through life, though most of all in the early stages, we absorb these dogmas, principles, and attitudes from what are comprehensively called our social heredity and environment; and they vary with that heredity and environment. In general, the mental content belonging to the members of one group is irreconcilable with that belonging to a quite different group: there is little chance of harmonizing a Nazi and a Buddhist, a Conservative Catholic and a free-thinking Communist. But within each group there is strong homogeneity (perhaps luckily for social stability), although of course innovators or rebels will appear whenever changing conditions give rise to changes of the prevailing climates of opinion.

In the case of both the similarities and the dissimilarities, the cause is to be found in a sameness or difference of attitude to life, caused in turn by the fundamental values to which all opinions and sentiments are related. These values are, as it were, the bedrock which supports the mass of dogma and

opinion which fills our minds. Behind this we cannot penetrate. If a man really loves God or liberty or justice—or power or pleasure or gain—if he really believes in the ultimate value of these things, then you may understand but you cannot alter his multitudinous ideas about this human world and our life in it. Argument will lay bare this bedrock; but it will not change it.

Moreover, this bedrock of accepted values has, for most of us, been gradually formed, like a coral island, during all the years of our lives. We have not been conscious of what was going on. Our feelings, our affections, our loyalties have slowly and imperceptibly become entwined about each and all of the values we cherish. Unnumbered incidents, influences, and experiences lie behind the love of home, of country, of school, of class, of religion, of moral principles. These are not rational attachments: they are far stronger than that. They are sentimental, and therefore the most stubborn part of us. When a modern British statesman affirms that he stands for two things first and foremost—the Empire and the British way of life—he is voicing his deep attachment to values which *his* way of life has written firmly on his heart. He might not find it easy to define them; the content of a sentiment defies definition. But his followers understand him: have not most of them lived the same way of life as he? His critics will give their own meaning to the political values of imperialism and to the moral values of a conservative Englishman's notion of a good way of life. But they

in turn will be applying the tests of *their* cherished attachments and sentiments. And who shall say which is right?

We are now brought face to face with the familiar difficulty of ethics: all moral values are relative; they are a matter of time and place, of period and geography; and therefore they can have no more than a pragmatic validity. The values which determine the conduct of a devoted Nazi or an enthusiastic head-hunter of Borneo may appear to you and me to be hateful and wrong; but by what authority do we say that they are worse than the conduct-determining values of an English Quaker or a kindly American? They all have the same origin: ancestors, environment, experience, and personal interests. We say that we decent people are at any rate facing toward good, while those other people are facing toward evil. But can we prove it? I am afraid, at the moment, I must shirk this difficulty. Let us for the present be content to follow Aristotle, and appeal to the judgment of the really good man—whoever he may be. Or, in regard to our own values, let us tacitly accept the saying of Sophocles:

> Not of today nor yesterday, but from all eternity,
> These truths endure, and no man knows their source.

We are certainly not yet in a position to answer the old question, "Where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding?"

This rather long account of the effective content of our practical minds may at least help us to answer the question, "What part can education play in instilling

into the minds of the young an active faith in the vital values which make life really worth living?" It would seem that the answer cannot be very reassuring. One is reminded of the late G. K. Chesterton's bitter remark: "The modern man says, 'Not in religion nor in morality lies the hope of the race, but in education.' This, clearly expressed, means 'We cannot decide what is good, but let us teach it to our children.' " Certainly few teachers, in school or university, would claim that they are masters of the knowledge of the good, or that they are wise enough or sure enough about ideal values to set themselves up as instructors in such matters. But the difficulty is deeper than this. Even if we knew what is really fine and good, we could not teach it to others by any known method of instruction. Socrates was perfectly right when he insisted that goodness cannot be taught. For it is not a matter of intellectual apprehension at all. It is not like learning history or algebra. You can very easily get children or adults to learn by heart the Ten Commandments, and to understand what they mean. You might even ensure that every citizen should know the important laws and understand the principles of democracy (whatever they may be). But what really matters is whether we love the law and love our neighbours. And that lesson is not easily taught in class room or lecture hall. It does not depend upon any intellectual process. Example counts for infinitely more than precept. The world we live in is our teacher, and most of all the little world of family and close associates. The moral

atmosphere around us is the seed bed, not only of good or bad views, but of our attachments to what is good or not good. It may not be true that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," but our best chance of learning to love it is to live close to people who at any rate want to love it.

It is clear then, that if we are to put our trust in education for the making of good citizens, we must think of an education closely resembling the process by which the rain and the air and the sunshine "educate" the flowers from the seeds hidden in the soil. And when we ask what kind of rain and air and sunshine is furnished by our modern societies, an honest answer is not reassuring. In some societies the influences governing growth appear to have been distorted into something utterly poisonous. We rightly refuse to believe that our own society has fallen a victim to the worship of force and the lust for power. But we cannot deny that most modern societies are dominated by the desire for gain; and the atmosphere of an acquisitive society is not conducive to unselfishness nor to respect for the Tenth Commandment. We may not like the word "covetousness." But is it not true that we all are "educated" to want what we have not got (and other people have got), and to want as much of it as we can get? That is certainly not an atmosphere in which love of peace and goodwill to all men can make any strong growth.

And yet, in a society such as ours, every one of us has at least a nodding acquaintance with fine ideals;

and unless we have been badly poisoned by falsehood, each of us is the possessor of some latent impulses of idealism, ready to be awakened. As preachers sometimes say, every soul really wants to be saved. Or, in a more general sense, everyone really wants to discover and cling to some fine things, to some things finer than the utilitarian objects of satisfaction which we all naturally follow. Not only so; in a society like ours, most of us, after childhood, have somewhere in our minds some germs of knowledge of things worth living for which, if only we would let them grow, would be enough to transform our lives, turning ugliness into beauty, and dullness into fineness. But we let our knowledge lie dormant, not because we doubt the value of these fine things, but because we so seldom take the trouble to bring it into the forefront of our consciousness and so turn it into a living force.

So the problem before us seems to be this: how shall we vitalize for ourselves and others the latent knowledge which we possess? How do for ourselves what the greatest teachers have always tried to do for us—take the familiar truths and re-write them in letters of fire? This at least is certain. We are not likely to generate even the flicker of a flame unless we will to think frequently about the fine things we know, however far beyond us they may seem, and make these thoughts our constant companions. Our education must come from ourselves, and from one another; we must be our own teachers. The task would be an easy one if only we had the environment

of which Plato dreamed, in which every breeze that blew would waft into our minds thoughts of beauty and goodness. But instead we live in an environment which is rightly called materialistic; and if we make no effort to escape from its influence then we are not likely to become attuned to the things which are true or lovely or of good report.

Ideals and Idealism

THE questions raised in the preceding chapter are not easy to answer. It is clear enough why our idealism is so feeble and intermittent. New ideals do not easily find an entrance into our minds, for these are blocked by the obvious but limited values insinuated into them by the world in which we grow up. And these lesser values are simple. We really do understand their worth and feel their attraction all the time. We think about them constantly; we follow them with enthusiasm. But the great values are so vague. We are a little afraid of them too, for we know there is a danger of dishonesty in our acceptance of them; a danger too of ineffectual dreaming. It will not help us to furnish our moral world with shadows. Dim outlines of such goods as holiness or perfection are more likely to induce hypocrisy than virtue. It may be wise to hitch our wagon to a star: it cannot be wise to hitch it to a nebula. And most of the great goals are very nebulous as well as very far away.

This attitude is natural enough and easy to explain. We must grant that the bigger a thing is the harder it is to define. Definition implies some sort of limitation; and we cannot limit such things as goodness or God. Also we are more familiar with imperfections

or even with bad things than with their opposites. We are, for instance, very familiar with discontent, but much less familiar with real contentment. It is easy to say what is theft or adultery, but very hard to define honesty or chastity. Perhaps that is why most of our Commandments are negative; they appeal to a clearer experience. Also, since the best way of learning the nature of anything is to see it at work, we have a better chance of learning about imperfections than about perfection. If you live in an ugly world it is hard for you to see beauty. And if you live in a world in which matter is exalted, spiritual realities are likely to be obscured.

But these difficulties are a poor excuse for our blindness. To begin with, it is easy to attach too much importance to the difficulty of defining the biggest things. Accurate definition is of course vital for the scientific reason: without it there can be no valid argument. But for the purposive or practical mind the importance is much less, since the goal of the purposive mind's activity is not a logical conclusion or a new discovery, but action fulfilling a purpose, or better, activity inspired by a thought or sentiment which beckons us on to a desired result. You may object that this means taking our ideals on faith. But faith plays a part even in the scientist's concept of such ultimate realities as force or cause; and the scientist may fairly claim that his faith is justified as his knowledge grows. Even so, our much greater reliance upon faith in relation to our concepts of all ultimate values may be justified by the results. All of

us who begin our pursuit of an ideal very dimly defined by reason, but very firmly grasped by faith, may claim that every step towards realization makes the ideal clearer and makes it more sure by the better life which accompanies it. Millions of people have loved God and have let that love purge their souls, without knowing in the least how to define God. All they have needed is the firm conviction that God is good, and God is love—by no means the kind of concept which a scientist could approve. But our ideals are the jumping-off ground for new adventures in living, not for new discoveries of science. And for that purpose it is enough that we should grasp just a little of the reality which the ideal embraces. We may perhaps apply the famous saying of Archimedes: "Give me a place where I can stand, and I will move the world." So we may say—Give me a grasp of even the fringe of the reality of goodness, and I will transform my little world.

Do you know this true story of an incident in the slums of London fifty years ago? A slatternly woman, wife of a drunken dock labourer, was one day given a small bulb in a pot. Listlessly she took it and placed it on her window sill. But as she watched day by day the clean beauty of the opening petals, the thought came to her that the dirt and disorder of her one-roomed home was not a fit setting for so fair a thing; and she began the task of cleansing her room and keeping it tidy. She did not know what beauty is: she only felt it. So it may be enough for us to feel the pull of a single aspect of an ideal which conflicts

with our imperfections (which we know fairly well). If we really feel that truth means consistency with all that we consciously believe or know, or that beauty is something which cannot dwell with anything dirty or coarse, we are at any rate on the threshold of idealism.

But the business of realizing an ideal is of course not so simple. Ideals are hard taskmasters. You cannot flirt with them on Sundays and neglect them on week-days. You cannot put any limit to the task they impose. They certainly will not allow you to be passive. If your virtue does not go forth from you it is all the same as though you had it not. We all enjoy mooning about love and beauty and truth. But ideals are living things: if you do not feed them with your thought and develop them by your actions, they die—for you. They are like talents: wrap them in a napkin, and they had better never have been in your possession at all. But set them to work in the mud and mire of life, and they will increase in might. Remember, they cannot wear out; but they can leave you, and leave you emptier than before.

There are therefore two requisites for any idealism, however humble or however exalted. The first is constant attention to the particular value which you wish to make your own. As Bosanquet has written, "The truth is quite a different thing according as you just glance at it and pass it by on the other side, or as you apply it in the interpretation of experience and draw from it all that it will give you in practice." This means that we should never let the idea fade

out of our consciousness. It has been said that the mind reaches no goals except by concentration. This is as true of the purposive mind as of the scientific mind. Perhaps it is a commonplace truism, but it is one which we have to repeat to ourselves all through life. Dwell firmly upon the idea of beauty, even if it is only a vague wish, and gradually you find beauty smiling at you out of the most humdrum scenes. Dwell upon the idea of truth, even if it is only a vague aspiration, and in time the thought of falsehood becomes abhorrent. This is what all masters of virtue tell us. They tell us too that even though the idea is formless at first, it soon begins to take shape and to define itself, to clothe itself in a reality which wears its own guarantee of supreme worth. What matter if your concept or mine is imperfect? We do not need a perfect besom to sweep the cobwebs from a neglected room. Even a broken light of beauty or truth or love may be all that we need to illumine the twilight in which most of us are content to live.

And secondly, idealism calls for an active devotion to all the demands of the ideal. A very wise man was fond of saying to the young men about him, "If you want to succeed you must marry your job." The same advice should be given to anyone who wishes to make any ideal a permanent and active part of his life. But here at once we see the difficulty. Many optimistic young men are glad to believe that they have fallen in love with an angel; but it might irk them exceedingly to find themselves married to a

veritable angel, and compelled to live up to her perfection all the time. Just as it may be fatal to marry a job quite beyond your powers, so it may be dangerous to aim at union with ideals which are at present too high for you. Young people can and do successfully marry some lesser ideals—of physical fitness and health, for instance. That is all to the good. But at what age should they graduate to the higher stage of striving to marry spiritual fitness and health?

Here, I think, we come to grips with the crux of all idealism. If we are honest we must, at any stage of life, link ourselves to purposes which really attract us, and not to purposes which we would like other people to think are attractive to us, or which we would like to persuade ourselves are attractive to us. We all want to believe that we are following a fine path, when normally we are doing nothing of the sort. If I desire to make money, and lots of it, I am choosing a straightforward purpose and an intelligible goal, though certainly not a fine one. But if I try to put myself on a more exalted level by saying that I want money in order to do good with it, I am almost certainly a dangerous hypocrite. On the other hand, if, completely honest, I admit that my supreme purpose in life is to get all the happiness I can (with a dash of benevolence thrown in), I run into a different danger. For, as J. S. Mill admitted, the odd thing about happiness as a goal is that the more you aim at it the less likely you are to hit it. The reason is simple. Considered as a practical purpose,

happiness can only mean a succession of satisfactions of desire, the satisfaction in turn of each desire which happens to promise most. And for anyone except a contented cow or pig this means an endless succession of dissatisfactions, of attempts to fill up old holes which never stay filled or new holes whose filling is apt to be strangely disappointing. Obviously our goal must be resolved into particular and definite items of happiness, each conceived of as enduring. That is to say, happiness must be visualized as a number of distinct conditions of living and states of consciousness, each of which will, as an essential element, fit into an enduring condition which we shall call good. Therefore we are driven back to those separate values, such as truth and integrity, love and friendship, freedom and simplicity and beauty, which at first seemed so elusive and indefinite. The really happy life (which is not at all different from the really good life) does not require that we should aim at all these goals, any more than it requires that we should be specialists in every virtue. But it certainly does demand that we should be devotees (very humble devotees, if you will) of some of the great values, making it part of our life's work to harmonize our character and thoughts and actions with their expanding demands.

Dimnet, one of the few philosophers I know who has written on practical idealism, has given us some sensible advice. He suggests that we should classify our interests, activities, and aims into two divisions, an "upstairs" and a "downstairs"; and

then observe how much of our life we spend in each place. We are of course occupied during much of our time with the "downstairs" interests; but these are usually not bad but merely rather trivial and worldly and unprogressive, and we certainly cannot wave the flag "Excelsior" all the time. No one would care for our company if we did. But it is humiliating to find (I speak for myself only, of course) how deserted and dusty the "upstairs" room is apt to be. It is like the old-fashioned parlour, obviously not lived in, and used only on chilly ceremonial occasions. It may contain our best furniture, but that does not make the room comfortable; our best books also, but we do not go there for our habitual reading. If your experience resembles mine, then perhaps your fault and mine may be the same. Let us state it bluntly. We do not want to go "upstairs," especially when solitude and silence are the common rule there. It is one thing to discuss "great thoughts" with our friends: quite another thing to meditate upon them alone. Also, there is something unpleasantly superior about being a prig: "Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale?" is a question expressing a valid criticism of many good people. May it not be healthier to stay with the cakes and ale (in moderation) and cultivate a few finer values on the side? Or to put it simply, is it not wiser to stay close to our friends and associates, who are at least as good as we are, and to live a normal and reasonably virtuous life with their support?

The argument is specious, but only specious. Con-

sider the facts frankly. We normal people all live our lives in a succession of groups—in school and college, in clubs and fraternities, at our play and our work, in church and in politics. Most of these groups are accidental, in the sense that we drift into them rather than choose them. Most of our ideas and aims, our preferences and attachments, are derived from these groups; we take most of our moral colour from them. Also, we are commonly very conservative and rather suspicious of originality. And the groups are like us: new ideas or ways of living are not welcomed. Consequently the lives of most of us are just progressions along a common highway across a level plain, leading with luck to a respectable old age and a pleasing funeral oration. It is, I think, rare to find any group formed for the express purpose of discovering new and better ways of living. No one is encouraged to leave the common highway. The associations themselves demand a flat conformity, and we, conservative by instinct, are apt to resent any attempt to break away from it. I learned from an American professor an amusingly extreme instance of this resentment. A group of undergraduates had ostracized one of their number. The reason given was that he was too high-brow. And the justification for this unkind accusation was that he had been found reading the works of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. This is the herd influence at its very lowest. But its influence is seldom exalted; and it is perhaps because we submit to it that the progress of society is so slow and so small.

The conclusion then seems to be this. If we are to count for anything in life, we must be ourselves, not reflections of other people. Let us by all means accept all groups for what they are: necessary props of our personality, protecting sheaths of our immature virtue, even valuable educators of our character during the long stage in which we are too little developed to guide our will by our own knowledge. But there comes a time when we must become masters of our own conduct, and therefore must be ready to break away from any group, even a church, if we cannot say certainly that its teachings are a vital part of our equipment. Do not misunderstand me, however. I detest the philosophy of Nietzsche, and every exaltation of individuality which aims at self-assertion and dominance over others. But mine is no plea for self-assertion, but the exact opposite—subordination of the whole self to the chosen pursuit of ends whose final justification is that they mean my neighbours' good and therefore also mine. Nor is it a plea for unorthodoxy as anything valuable in itself. If your orthodoxy, in relation to morals or politics or anything else, is only acquiescence in other people's doctrines, then abandon it. Draughts from a stagnant pool will not enliven your life. But if your orthodoxy is for you a living force, the embodiment of vital principles which you have gladly made your own, then cling to it as your most precious possession. It has been wisely said that everyone must be saved on his own decalogue. Therefore the simple question

for all of us is, "Are my principles, my chosen values, really my own, whether given to me or discovered by my own search?"

Idealism, then, in its first stage seems to be just the spirit of the explorer who goes out in faith to find a new world. It is also the spirit of the true educator who will not rest until he has drawn out the dormant powers in himself which may make of him a more significant being, with capacities for appreciation and action to which there is no limit. The explorer does not know what he will find: the educator does not know what he may be able to educe. Just so the adventurer in idealism cannot be told, except in very general terms, what goals may be for him the guiding stars to a fuller life. Happiness and harmony and even goodness may have a different structure for each of us. The artist and the scientist, the dreamer and the man of action, will not be satisfied by the same values. Everyone must furnish his "upstairs" chamber with his own hands. Only two sorts of advice are likely to be helpful. One is positive: use without stint the suggestions so plentifully offered in the writings of those who have found and tested their ideals—not only the bibles and books of the saints, but the writings of any of the really great souls who have left us their paternoster and their creed. I would like to add biographies of the great. But alas! historians and publicists have turned that field into a wilderness. We are deluged with the biographies of filibusters, tyrants, and other eminently "successful"

people, and millions read these avidly. But how many of us have studied the lives of Buddha or Socrates or St. Francis of Assisi?

The second kind of advice is negative. Do not choose for your ideals the values shouted in the political arena or the market place. When politicians raise the cry of freedom for all, equal opportunity for all, and security for everyone, we must assume that they mean something, if only because (to adapt a phrase of Eddington) they must hope that their utterances will be hailed as possessing more significance than the beating of a tin can. But they clearly do not mean what the weighty phrases really imply. The watchwords of liberty, equality, fraternity started long ago with a white heat behind them. But how much tyranny, injustice, and hatred have they burned away? The ideals proclaimed by religion are of course on a higher level. But we are still faced by the difficulty that all proclamations, even of the noblest truths, quickly lose their lustre. Like the finest texts, when often repeated, their influence wanes and becomes soporific rather than stimulating. I suppose there is only one safeguard against the apathy which familiarity breeds: follow Bosanquet's advice, and try to draw from the word or the text all the meaning you possibly can. You will never come to the end; tomorrow you will find some new significance which has escaped you today, for every true value is limitless. But you may with good fortune penetrate a little deeper, and so draw new stimulus from the inex-

haustible vitality which every truth possesses. And most assuredly there will be no danger of falling asleep because the truth has become too familiar.

In the chapters which follow I have of course made no attempt to give advice to any readers concerning the particular values which they may most wisely choose for the furnishing of their "upstairs" chamber of ideals. I have been content to take a few of the supreme values, such as beauty and truth and love, and to emphasize part of the very practical significance they possess both for the individual life and for any society which desires to live well. And I have examined some of the popular but doubtful values, such as wealth and worldly success, in order to emphasize the distinction between the ideals which, because they are real, can never disappoint us, and the apparent realities which, because they are transitory, can never really satisfy us.

and the Greatest of These is Love

If we place love first among the things worth living for, very few people will cavil at our choice. Life without love is not the life we want; and a loveless world would be well on the way to hell. St. Paul's magnificent paean in praise of love does not seem to us to be extravagant: nor did the nineteenth century criticize on grounds of exaggeration Henry Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in The World.*

But here we run into a difficulty which faces us in every discussion of the things which matter most in relation to life and conduct. I am not at all sure that I know what I mean when I talk of love; I am very sure that I do not know what you mean. Is it the love about which novelists write and crooners moan? Is it mother love, or family love? Or love of a friend, or of my neighbour, or of beauty or truth, or of humanity, or of God? We try to argue rationally about a thing whose name has a hundred meanings, ranging from sex passion to selfless devotion to a Saviour or the devotion of the Saviour to us. And the meaning uppermost in our minds at any moment must depend both upon our immediate emotional

state and upon our particular experience throughout life.

It is clear, however, that if we are to consider love as an ideal value—as indeed *the* ideal value in life—we must put aside the popular concepts of love, including even the highest form of romantic love. The ancient Greeks made a wise distinction. The goddess Aphrodite and the daemon Eros both had a double nature, one earthly and the other heavenly. One was an influence felt intermittently by all human beings; the other was known to very few. The universal influence was the power of sex attraction, sometimes base, sometimes very fine. But its essence was desire, as the Latin name of the daemon—Cupid—clearly suggests; and the desire was always self-centred if not always selfish. But the rarer influence was characterized always by its unselfishness. Those who were impelled by it were inevitably led heavenward. Alcestis, who chose to die that her husband might live, was brought back from Hades because of the purity of her love, and Achilles, who faced certain death rather than allow his friend Patroclus to go unavenged, was taken straight to heaven by the admiring gods. With this distinction in mind certain of the Greeks were able to rise to quite remarkable heights in their concepts of love as an ideal. This is evident in Plato's *Symposium*, in which some of the speakers give descriptions of love which would not be out of place in a religious hymn. "Love is the cherisher of all that is good, the abolisher of all evil; our most excellent pilot, defence, saviour and

guardian. . . . Love is the desire that good be forever present to us. . . . Of necessity love must also be the desire of immortality," and most of all, "the desire of immortality in Beauty." Plato makes it very clear that his concept of love in its highest form is that of a passion for absolute beauty, goodness, and wisdom, and therefore the inspirer of all the best souls in their search for the great reality which men call God.

Now this carries us very far beyond the thought of romantic love, however beautiful that may sometimes be. Indeed, it carries us too far: we are out of our depth. It may be true that romantic love is an earthly thing, evanescent, subject to change and decay. But at its best, it is something which most normal souls long for; it is an influence which, for a time at least, illumines life and seems to raise it to its highest power. No wonder poets and some philosophers rank it among the great values. But you must admit that it is not a value which can be sought or striven for or safely held when gained. It is rightly typified by the shafts of Cupid's bow. You or I may be hit at any time, perhaps often in a single lifetime. But we are rather at the mercy of chance; there is something accidental about the coming of love, and perhaps about its going also. We do well to search for a different kind of love for the supreme value which each one of us can make his life's aim. Moreover, though any man or woman may be transfigured by romantic love—while it lasts—and may then be capable of unselfish devotion of the highest order, this unselfishness is of a very restricted kind.

The devotion extends to one other person only; the intensity of your love rests upon the fact that this other person is bound to you, and to you alone. And it is not unfair to say that the value attached to the love is essentially a pleasure value, and therefore wholly a personal value. Even the ideal love exalted by the best Greeks had this same defect. It is a magnificent agent of individual regeneration and progress, but it seems to leave one's neighbours out of account. (That is the trouble with most religious and philosophic ideals: they may lead you or me to heaven, but they leave all other people on earth, and leave the earth just as earthy as before. Of course this may be a short-sighted criticism. Who are we to say that the saintly devotee who spends his or her life in prayer and meditation is not helping this gross world at least as much as any busy reformer?) And yet for most of us the love which we can confidently accept as an ideal must be an out-going love which shall transfigure all our relations with all our neighbours, and raise to a higher power both their and our ability to realize a good life.

Is it not clear that any such concept carries us beyond the love of a man for a maid, or any romantic love inspired by Aphrodite or Eros? Indeed we cannot apply to it the terms used by the earlier Greeks or the Romans: it is very different from Eros or Amor, or any erotic or amorous passion. If we are to keep the ideal clear we must use a different term. It is fortunate for us that the New Testament writers who exalted love did use a different term: in St. Paul's

famous thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians the "love" of which he speaks is not Eros or Amor, but "agape," a later Greek word which had no close association with Aphrodite, or romantic love, but carried a strong suggestion of love of brothers, friends, and fellow-citizens. The Latin equivalent, used in the Vulgate translation, was "caritas," and caritas may fairly be translated as "making yourself dear to others and making others dear to you." In its English form caritas appears as charity, and that was naturally the translation adopted in certain passages by the compilers of the Authorized Version. But the word charity suffered degeneration; it came to be identified with some (and not the best) external manifestations of caritas; and these manifestations, or acts of benevolence, not only lost their spirit and savour, but finally ran into conflict with the assumptions of modern industrial society and came to be regarded as dangerous rather than good. It was perhaps for this reason that the compilers of the Revised Version of the Bible changed the word charity into love. But it is necessary to bear in mind that the essential significance is that of agape or caritas, and not of love in many of the meanings which are often uppermost in our minds.

Of the social value of this caritas there can of course be no doubt. If you and I and all members of society possessed it, there might still be pain and suffering, but there would be no discord or disharmony: no social problems of the sort that now trouble us, every one of which is insoluble just because

we are not dear to one another. There would be physical problems, no doubt, due to disease and weakness and accident. There would still be moral problems, due to individual passions and desires. And there would still be problems due to stupidity, a defect which even caritas does not eradicate. But we could face these with equanimity, if we knew that we had universal goodwill as our ally.

Of caritas as a personal value there is also no doubt. We may without hesitation assert that, for every human individual, it is the most priceless possession, or better, the supremely valuable quality of the soul. We speak of the gifts of a fairy godmother; but this gift would mark the godmother as divine. But the words "possession" and "quality" are a little misleading. Most of us, no doubt, long to be loved. But the agape or caritas which St. Paul exalted was all outgo, not inflow; doing, not being. The love which we long for must be earned by the hard work of caring for others: I will make you my friend by devoting myself to you until you cannot help giving your full friendship to me. Then only shall there be mutual exchange of care which shall be effortless. It follows that the constant practice of charity or benevolence must be the mark of caritas, and the pathway to love of neighbours for every one of us.

Our account of this supreme good ought to end at this point. Its intrinsic value is obvious; its manifestation as active caritas appears to be simple and open to us all. But unfortunately this is exactly what it is not. The spontaneous outgo of caritas

today is thwarted at every turn; like many other goods it is hemmed in by complexities because of the accepted practices of our selfish living. That is why the word "charity" is debased, and the thing it represents distorted; so much so that we now live in a society in which the cry "Curse your charity" is considered a laudable reaction on the part of those to whom the charity is offered.

Now the degradation of charity is of course an old thing. Long before the Christian era rich people were bestowing their gifts to be seen of man in order to lend ostentation to their conspicuous virtue. Long before the Reformation pious Christians were using their gifts as an easy key to heaven. Their benefactions were made less to benefit the poor than to benefit themselves. The poor were a necessary part of society because they were such useful stepping stones to salvation for the rich. In later days the permanent usefulness of the very poor was still assumed, but for more worldly reasons. In an extreme form these reasons were cynically expressed by Mandeville in his "Fable of the Bees": "To make society happy it is necessary that great numbers should be wretched as well as poor," and "the poor have nothing to stir them up to be serviceable but their wants, which it is prudence to relieve but folly to cure." Not many people were so brutally outspoken, but until the middle of the nineteenth century most comfortable people seemed to have made a tacit addition to the story of creation: "And God said, Let there be poor; and there were poor."

So they accepted them as an ugly but necessary part of the landscape, to be put out of mind as far as possible, and grudgingly relieved as far as was absolutely essential.

But a more dignified, though not very much more humane attitude was becoming fashionable. The explosion of individualism in the eighteenth century prepared the way for a new philosophy of social relationships which has dominated our thought ever since. According to this philosophy a good society must consist of citizens who are economically independent. The first duty of the citizen is to be self-supporting all through life: there can be no excuse for failure to perform this duty except severe sickness or accident, and in that case the resources of the family group as a whole should protect the sufferer from dependence upon strangers.

The doctrines of liberty and equality carried with them a hazy assumption of equal opportunity for all, one of those strange assumptions which make one doubt the reality of human intelligence. In a virile society imbued with this philosophy, charity as usually understood could have no place. It is sentimental, and therefore weak; it encourages gifts and therefore breeds dependence upon gifts; it is unprincipled and directly contradicts the healthy principle of nothing for nothing.

This philosophy appealed to the intelligentsia because it was so rational. It appealed to Manchester and the new men of industry for reasons so obvious as to need no repetition here. But it also appealed to

idealists and genuinely philanthropic people. To the former, because it harmonized with their ideal of liberty and the intrinsic dignity of the individual; to the latter, because it offered a means of stamping out the spurious charity which did little but demoralize all recipients. For it must be remembered that, in England at any rate, the practice of charity had really become a contemptible and dangerous thing. The casual gifts of pence and stale bread and cast-off clothes were a travesty of charity; and these were in evidence everywhere. This explains the otherwise startling utterances of some of the most philanthropic men of the later nineteenth century. It was one of the most charitable of men—Samuel Barnett, the founder of Toynbee Hall—who proclaimed that "the poor starve because of the gifts they receive"; and it was one of the most devoted friends of the neglected masses in East London who confessed that, out of every shilling he gave away to his hungry neighbours, "four pence went to keep alive their miserable bodies, while eight pence went to destroy their miserable souls."

But neither the idealists nor the best philanthropists had any intention of allowing true charity to perish out of the land. The defect of its spurious counterfeit lay in the stupidity and carelessness of its votaries. If only charity were organized under the guidance of intelligence wedded to sympathy it might recover its place as one of the noblest manifestations of brotherhood. So they set about organizing it. But unfortunately organized charity is really a

contradiction in terms. You cannot organize charity: spontaneity is of its essence. What you can organize is relief; and this was what was done; and the work of relief of distress passed into the hands of special organizations representing the benevolent individuals who supported them by their gifts. But this meant that caritas became charity by proxy, so far as sympathetic care of the needy is concerned. Today most charitable donors never know or see the recipients of their gifts. The neighbour to whom succour is given is no longer a person but an abstraction, whose very name is unknown.

Two further results have followed, one of which is really disastrous. Not all charitable services could or would be organized, and many sentimental givers continued to waste their gifts in doubtful or demoralizing forms of benevolence. These needed to be saved from themselves, and their benefactions diverted to better causes. At the same time, common sense revolted against the scramble for subscriptions which led the organized and approved agencies to expend their energies in competing with one another for the support of the public. Such competition is both undignified and uneconomical. The obvious way to prevent it is to pool the energies for the collection of funds, and to form a single Community Fund from which all approved charities derive their annual income. This is sensible and economical, and wins the approval of all business men. But it carries us rather far away from charity in the finest sense of the term. It is still called voluntary help of our

needy neighbours; but in its operation it is not easily distinguished from the impersonal relief distributed by a State Department out of the taxpayers' money. True, the million or half million dollars collected for the Community Fund does, no doubt, include some widows' mites and some Good Samaritans' pence. But for most of us the spontaneous outgo of caritas to our neighbours is reduced to the soulless process of writing a cheque rather grudgingly once a year, and hoping, rather doubtfully, that it may do some good somewhere.

Is this too gloomy a view? Is charity really vanishing from our highly cultured and efficient society? A cynic might be tempted to say that it is not vanishing because it was never there; and there is at least a trace of truth in this. Histories of charity have been written, and most of them have been marred by the queer taint of snobbishness which affects so many historians. They have concentrated their attention upon the benefactions of the rich or the comfortable, and have found little difficulty in proving a steady increase in these benefactions, particularly in recent times. But it is open to question whether the munificent gifts of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie should be described as charity or as a tardy atonement for previous omissions—or commissions. Perhaps we are looking for charity in the wrong place. We are inclined to say that it is a flower which, for a long time now, has been pushed on to stony ground. But it may be that the stony

ground is really its native soil. It is at least beyond dispute that the charity which really flourishes, unsullied and unorganized, is the charity of the very poor to each other. In that soil, far more than elsewhere, it still shows its true colours of understanding, sympathy, and real sacrifice; and if society is to be saved by its charity it will owe its salvation to very humble people. The other sort of charity is misnamed. We might do well to call it a social debt always owed by the comfortable to those who, in helping to provide their comfort, fall by the wayside. And the debt, like most debts whose repayment is optional, does not weigh very heavily upon our consciences.

But the practice of charity is now undergoing a further change in which there are certainly some elements of good. The condemnation of casual charity carried with it the conviction that there was a better way, though a much harder way, of giving help to those in need. Canon Barnett was never tired of urging this: "Not gifts but yourselves" was his message. Emerson was equally forthright: "The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me." Helping our neighbour must therefore mean giving to him our best thought as well as our fullest sympathy, backed by all the strength we have. Only so can we fortify him against his sea of troubles and, by letting our virtue go out to him, raise his virtue to a higher power. The ideal of modern charity is, therefore, to supersede gifts by service; and the way

has been opened for this change by handing over to public authorities the duty of providing material assistance for the commonest forms of distress.

But the ideal is too high for us; we cannot attain to it. For one thing, we are too busy; we have our own lives to lead. Also we are not wise enough: most of us do not even understand the conditions out of which distress emerges. Still more important, we suspect that we are not strong enough to strengthen our neighbours, and we are very sure that we are not good enough to make them better. We do not manage our own lives too well; who are we to stick our fingers into the lives of others?

Organized charity has attempted to meet these difficulties. It takes the detailed task of personal care out of our hands, and entrusts it to specially prepared workers who devote their whole time to the task. These specialists, devoted though they are, do not pretend to be any better than we are, or wiser or stronger. But they have the advantage of some experience, some understanding of conditions, and some knowledge of ways and means by which the difficulties of baffled lives may be lessened. Moreover, many of them are really imbued with the spirit of caritas, and find innumerable ways of being the friends of neighbours who are desolate or near despair.

But the loss for the ordinary citizen—the ordinary comfortable citizen—is incalculable. The Parable of the Good Samaritan is made meaningless for him; he is warned off the field of personal service. He may

still leave his two pence with the innkeeper, now become a Community Chest. But he must not expect to share in the difficult work of caring for the distressed. Ignorant amateurs are not wanted, except for rather trivial tasks, unless they will first serve an apprenticeship and then devote to the work far more time than most of us have to give.

It has come to this: for the well-to-do citizen with a conscience and a heart the exercise of caritas has become enormously difficult. You and I would like to share at least part of what we possess with those who sorely need it. To thousands of our neighbours—our close neighbours, of our own people—an extra dollar or two a week would mean so much. But we may not share our money like that; nothing so simple or direct is open to us. We cannot be charitable except in roundabout ways. We must hand our money to an agent, and leave it to him to dispense it without our help, in undertakings which he and other specialists may approve.

I shall no doubt be accused of allowing bitterness to carry my criticism of modern "charity" to an unfair extreme. But the facts give cause for bitterness. For many years I have been familiar with the bafflement of good people who want to practise what they believe but find themselves brought up against a wall of negation when they try to translate their belief into action. "You simply must not do it," they are told. "What may have been good in the day of the apostles is good no longer. Your charitable impulses are now very dangerous guides. Charity today is a skilled job,

not a straightforward activity for every layman." Alas! There is no easy answer to this. To rehabilitate a down-and-out family, to bring back confidence to a heart drained by adversity and neglect, even to discover suitable work for an unemployed man, these are not merely skilled jobs, they are almost superhuman jobs, quite beyond the whole army of skilled workers unless they have the magic power of making work or manufacturing prosperity. Frankly, there is more than a little humbug in the fashionable talk about skilled work in the prevention and alleviation of distress. There is an element of skill required in all intelligent and methodical effort; but no available skill exists (except in the imagination of some psychologists) which can take the place of the all-powerful influences of human sympathy, neighbour interest, and the affection which true caritas involves, working together in an atmosphere of goodwill. There is a rather profound truth in the saying that it takes a soul to save a soul. The best charitable agency in the world has not got this requirement.

The cause of this bafflement of caritas is not far to seek. It is one of the tragedies of modern industrial society that it is compelled to measure social worth by the yardstick of economic success, and to insist (in its own interest) that the punitive consequences of poverty—that is, of failure—shall not be interfered with by well-meaning meddlers. Or is it perhaps simpler than this? May it not be the case that, where limitless inequalities of possessions and power are allowed and even encouraged, simple charity is put

out of court and those who possess caritas must needs keep their talent hidden in the earth? There is a pitiful moral in the case of a Carnegie who, while bitterly lamenting the fact that his unwanted wealth continued to pour in upon him every minute of every day and night, could find no way of getting rid of it charitably except by performing some impersonal social functions which the State could and does perform more efficiently. Perhaps Emerson was right: "The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are level, then my goods pass to him and his to me."

But the conditions laid down by Emerson are seldom realized. Outside the close family circle there is no such equality except in the rare case of friendships like those of David and Jonathan or of Damon and Pythias. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to water down the meaning of love to that of vague goodwill, we shall do well to stop talking about love of all neighbours or love of humanity. And charity to all men can mean nothing more than a general readiness to feel charitably disposed to everybody and to be charitable on those rare occasions when there is no likelihood of demoralizing or offending the recipient of our charity. And this is hardly enough to fulfil the law of love or to cover a multitude of sins. Meanwhile we cannot wait for the day when we shall return to simpler and smaller communities in which fellow-citizens shall really know each other, nor for the day when private wealth shall be put in its proper

place and any excess of possessions shall be regarded as an unpardonable vulgarity. Then what are we to do here and now?

In a beleaguered city the citizens find no difficulty in giving one another whatever help is needed; sharing of all necessaries becomes natural and universal. But our modern societies are always in a state of siege—by poverty, sickness, disability, misfortune, exploitation, and injustice. There are a thousand enemies, and they are common enemies, although those of us who are well protected refuse to think of them as *our* enemies. But the good citizen, the citizen with even a little caritas, will make at least one of these his special enemy, and the fight against that enemy his constant concern. And then the task of charity becomes simple. Interest leads to knowledge and understanding, and so to closer contact with sufferers and alliance with others who have already made the same suffering their cause. Caritas finds a natural and safe outlet; you have reached the stage at which you have your own people to care for and unlimited opportunities for sharing without ignorant meddling. Side by side with the numerous well-to-do people who insist that they can find no outlet for their charity except the conventional subscriptions to societies which do not interest them in the least, there are some who really have succeeded in discovering neighbours to whom or for whom they can be open-handed without limit and without risk.

There are dangers, no doubt. The group you want to help may seem so big that your puny efforts appear

to be as futile as Mrs. Partington's work on the Atlantic Ocean. You are tempted then to merge your cause in a political campaign for radically changed conditions. But it is not easy to make politics the work of caritas. The individual disappears; the impersonal class or mass takes his place; and you can no more love a class or a mass than you can love humanity. As politicians we are all apt to become like some noted reformers who have been justly accused of forgetting that men and women are human beings; or even, in extreme cases, we may become like James Mill who was said to be a zealous reformer, not because he loved anybody but because he hated almost everybody! The only safeguard is to let your caritas go out to a small circle in which you can really know, and therefore be near to, a few individuals or a few families. After all, the royal law of love, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," does not even suggest that we should try to love the two billion inhabitants of this globe. Only God can do that, and God in the form of a perfect person multiplied by infinity. The Apostles stated the law in a much simpler form. In both the Greek and the Latin versions, it is "Thou shalt love as thyself the person who is near or nearest to thee."

I do not pretend that the suggestions I have offered for the benefit of well-to-do people who want to be good neighbours are really satisfactory. Are we perhaps trying to find a solution of a difficulty which is fundamentally insoluble? The principle of upper and lower classes, accepted without question in the

older societies, involved patronage of the poor by the rich as a right and proper thing. It was the duty of the one class to give generously and of the other to accept gladly and humbly. We today have rejected that principle, even as we have rejected divine rights for a few or a caste system for all. But we have not got rid of a stratified society, nor of the extreme inequalities of privilege and power which accompany unchecked possession of wealth. And while that is so, we seem to struggle in vain against the patronage which poisons charity. Then let us face the issue frankly. Caritas means a changed attitude to life, and a revolution of accepted values. It means an upsurge of vital sympathy for every one near us who is oppressed by suffering and distress, and a passionate desire to share with them whatever goods we possess. It means also a shifting of desire from ourselves and our own satisfactions to other people and their plain needs.

All this may be true enough for an ideal. But for practical purposes it is fantastically beyond our reach. We have no intention of becoming "John the Baptists": what would happen to our civilization? Nevertheless the plain fact remains. Only so far as we approximate to the law of caritas will any of our difficulties disappear. Only so far as we adopt the full responsibilities of caritas will it be possible for us to be charitable without insulting or injuring our neighbours.

This conclusion will not find favour with most of my readers. It seems to make the task of philanthro-

py needlessly difficult. But surely it *is* difficult. Was Aristotle not right when he said that the good is always hard? And is it not true that there is more humbug associated with philanthropy than with most social virtues? All of us praise it, and few of us really practise it. We pretend that we do, and degrade a fine thing by our pretence. But the plain fact is that the task of helping our neighbours makes demands upon us which we are not willing to face. Consider the example of Lord Shaftesbury, who in the nineteenth century earned, and probably deserved, the title of "the philanthropist." The sadness of the suffering of his neighbours ate into his consciousness until it pervaded all his thought. It did not merely make him sad. It drove him to action—not as an aching tooth drives us into action, but as we are driven by any real devotion. It would not allow him to be content with learning the facts at second hand. We all do that, by reading magazine articles and saying "How sad!" Unfortunately that is seldom the road to action. You may study the facts of crime and punishment very thoroughly; but unless you have been inside a prison and mixed with "criminals" you are not likely to make a reformer. The sequence, "I know, therefore I act," is not a valid one. You need the fuller sequence, "I see, therefore I know, therefore I feel, therefore I act." And this was the sequence which Shaftesbury followed. Here is a single illustration. His sympathy and his conscience alike led him to tramp the mean streets of London, especially at night, in order to see, and so know the

story they could tell him. Among other things he noticed that in wet weather there were always some patches of dry pavement. He noticed also that these nearly always occurred at the street corners where the bakers' shops were commonly situated. And this in turn led him to the pestilential underground bakeries in which the journeymen bakers worked themselves to an early death in the stifling and unventilated cellars. So he was led on to his struggle for an act to reform the conditions of bakehouses, which was at last passed after bitter resistance. It is significant of the temper of the times that the very individualistic members who passed the act were careful to explain that they did so only for the good of the bread, and not at all for the good of the free and independent workmen who baked it.

I am indebted for this example to Bosanquet who points the moral for all who wish to help their neighbours. The very first requisite is a study of the neighbourhood, beginning with the village or ward or district in which we hope to do our work. We must walk the streets *with intention*, both by night and by day. "When we first begin to take notice, the great city is perhaps just the frame of our business and our pleasure. The streets that take us from one to the other are meaningless. But gradually we learn to see more and to look deeper, until at last the walls become transparent to us: we see through them into the homes—or no homes—and become alive with the great life around us. We see the weakness of the poor, and their strength; their

goodness and courage and fun. . . . I don't think I ever knew a really good social worker who had not the gift of sympathetic humour. . . . This is what I call idealism: when, instead of turning away from the life around us, we have so learned it that it speaks to us at every point, and the streets and the houses and the shops and the people all 'come alive' to us, and indicate human wants and hopes and powers. . . . Idealism is not an escape from reality; but first, a faith in the reality beneath appearances, which, secondly, works by comprehension and not by opposition, and confers, thirdly, a power of transforming the appearance in the direction of the real reality."

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is the greatest of love's gifts to us. Its value is extolled by philosophers and plain folk alike. The theme has awakened their best humanity. Some of us may think that Edward Carpenter went too far when he reduced the essential goods of life to two, and asked what else is worth having in life except the beauty of nature and the companionship of friends. But if, like Carpenter, you are thinking of values as things which can be possessed, then you will not find that he has left out anything vital.

And this points to one of the chief qualities of friendship. It is like a pearl of great price, a possession the very thought of which brings happiness. The knowledge that we have friends, and that they are always there, ready to enliven life for us, is one of the happiest possessions in the world, quite apart from the companionship which creates an atmosphere of contentment undisturbed by passion or desire. But this sense of possession is not at all like the possessiveness of romantic love. Jealousy, of course, may sometimes enter in, but only when we are miserly and very far removed from the joy of sharing our possessions. It is true that some outstanding friendships appear to form a closed circle containing only two persons. But that may be because some of

us are like certain dogs who can attach themselves to one person only. And in general the exclusiveness is a defect. It brings friendship dangerously near to what Count Keyserling called the essentially tragic situation of matrimony in which the husband and wife resemble the two foci of an ellipse, bound together in an unchangeable condition of tension. But in the circle of friendship there is no such tie. Each of us can move freely within a circumference which has no limits. My life may be narrow, but its narrowness does not restrict your expansion. Each of us can make and keep his own orbit. The link which connects us has no resemblance to any force; it may melt away and our friendship may dissolve. There is never any bond but will. The very thought of compulsion is alien to friendship.

There seems to be no law which governs the choice or chance of friendships, unless you adopt the Indian doctrine of Karma, the unbroken chain of cause and effect which links all your past lives to your present one. In that case you may assume that the friend who means so much to you in this life has been your friend in previous lives also; or that you have earned yesterday the friendship which you enjoy today. But this doctrine does not quite fit the facts. It is like the doctrine (very popular with newly-married couples) that marriages are made in heaven. Common sense compels us to say that most marriages are made by propinquity; and so are most friendships. And, unless all our relationships are predetermined by our past lives, this is tantamount to saying that

friendships, like marriages, are commonly the result of chance. Perhaps you do not like this conclusion. But you can hardly deny that all through life you are at the mercy of chance, in the form of combinations of events which are wholly unpredictable and wholly inexplicable; and that it is not the chances you run into which are important, but only the way you deal with those chances—what you build out of them, in fact.

There is, however, one known cause which may be operative in determining who shall be our friends. It is often said that in our choice of a mate we are unconsciously impelled by a nature wiser than we to choose a mate who possesses just those qualities of body or mind which we know we lack. The sharp dissimilarities of many close friends suggests that the same law may be at work.

In Platonic friendships, as the name implies, the forces so obviously involved in romantic or sex love are certainly operative, but kept in check by the very elements which give its supreme value to friendship. For the joy of friendship springs largely from the fact that there is no desire involved. True, I want my friend; but I want nothing from him, neither favours nor gifts. It is everything to me that he or she helps to make life a harmony. You and I, my friend, make music together in our hearts, and in your presence discord seems to vanish. But is it not the absence of desire which makes possible this harmony?

It is clear, I think, that the value of friendship cannot be described as, or reduced to, a state of

consciousness, however precious or enduring. It is rather, just as is romantic love, a transformation of environment, a change of reality even, caused by the creation of an electric current joining you and your friend in a union which at once changes the world for both of you. Part of the value is your feeling of contentment and delight in the relationship; and that, of course, is a state of consciousness. But the value runs far beyond this. The transformed environment means also a new framework within which we now move and have our being. From birth to death one longing persists in each of us: call it if you will a longing for security. But security suggests a shelter to which we can run in times of danger, or even a bulwark behind which we can live in safety. Any such image is too narrow. A free soul does not want a fortress to live in, but an open field to fight in. The security for which we long is the certainty that within that field we have a champion who may or may not be strong enough to help us in the fight, but whose will for our victory never wavers and whose faith in our rightness never wanes. Even the strongest souls—those who have passed beyond the need for comradeship or any human tie—seem still to feel that longing, and find it satisfied only in their certain knowledge of the existence of "a friend behind phenomena."

It is necessary at least to glance at the questions as to whether and in what ways our present organization of society helps or hinders the development of friendships. I spoke just now of the chance rather than the choice of friendships. One often hears the

complaint, "I have no chance of finding the kind of friends who would be really congenial. I live in a narrow circle of people who are neither attractive nor interesting. I cannot choose my friends; there is so little material to choose from. And the chances I want do not come my way." The obvious answer may seem a little unkind. If you or I expect people to gravitate to us, like bees to a honey pot, we are foredoomed to disappointment. We cannot attract people unless we are attractive, and for most of us that means much strenuous effort. In other words, we have to work to win friends. And if our normal environment does not seem to bring us the contacts we should like, we must throw ourselves into activities and interests outside or beyond our daily tasks, and make ourselves part and parcel of some group knit together by those interests. Co-operative effort offers by far the finest seed-bed for friendship, and by far the finest soil in which friendship may grow to perfection. It is true that we still live in a stratified society; the stultifying influence of snobbishness and class distinctions surrounds us. But worth-while friends are waiting for us in any class, and will be found if we go out to find them.

And further, if friends are not to be had for the asking or won by waiting, it is even more certain that they cannot be kept without effort. I suppose most of us are saddened when we look back along the road of life and realize how many friends have dropped out by the way. Sometimes perhaps they have grown tired of us. But is it not more often our own slackness

which has let them go? A very wise man who had many friends (Samuel Barnett, of Toynbee Hall fame), was fond of saying that one of the first duties in life was that of keeping friendships in repair. I think he spent several hours a week writing to friends whom he refused to lose by neglect. How many of us, who are far less immersed in manifold duties, write even one letter a month to each of our friends? Perhaps we are all suffering from the sad decay of letter-writing which modern progress seems to have forced upon us. Yet few friends will long endure the barrenness of an affection which never takes the trouble to express itself.

One other thing. We all agree that firm loyalty is one of the essentials of friendship. Of recent years, in the face of grave national danger, we have learned that loyalty to our country and our cause is not mere sentiment, but a stern demand for effort and sacrifice. There is no true loyalty if we falter or fail in this demand. The loyalty of friend to friend is in no way different. Its mark, like the mark of all true affection, is not only unwavering trust in our friend in the face of all appearances, but also a readiness to turn that trust into a militant faith in the face of all difficulties or dangers. I am not your friend if I am merely fond of you. I can only be your friend if I am eager to fight for you, work for you, and sacrifice for you many of the things I hold most dear. But in very truth the loyalty of friend to friend may run much deeper than this; and in its deepest depths there is no suggestion of effort or of sacrifice. For then friendship is just a

state of being, a condition of harmony and confidence so simple and so profound as to need no expression in word or deed. It is a condition of perfect reciprocity also, and in that respect transcends the loyalty of a subject to his sovereign or a citizen to his country. And when that condition is reached the eternal miracle of love is manifested, working an effortless transformation, in giver and receiver alike. Then, if expression were needed—as indeed it seldom is—each might say to the other, in the words of Elizabeth Ferguson von Hesse: "I love you not only for what you are but for what I am when I am with you. I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me. . . . I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in me and for laying firm hold of the possibilities of the good in me. I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me happy. You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign. You have done it just by being yourself, and perhaps after all that is what being a friend means."

Simplicity

WEALTH and complexity go hand in hand, and the complexity which is wealth's inseparable companion can never be anything but disorderly. For hitherto there has been no attempt to distinguish different qualities of wealth. It is all mere quantity, mere abundance of everything saleable, of everything which anyone wants and can buy. Consequently the horn of plenty is crammed with every kind of "goods," as disorderly as a junk shop, and essentially incapable of order. The nineteenth century, and so far the twentieth century too, by worshipping wealth, have surrendered themselves to the worship of complexity. The successful man and his wife made their home the shrine of this complexity: the middle-class drawing-room was a temple of disorderly abundance. Cities reflected their citizens' ideal: megalopolis grew up everywhere, with its jungle of insoluble problems and its planless chaos. Art was debased: Frith's Derby Day and the Albert Memorial expressed the popular taste in painting and in sculpture. Fine literature has become more and more rare. Success as a writer today seems to vary with the ability to turn out (on a machine) the greatest possible number of words in the shortest possible time. And the words grow longer and longer: if you cannot use words of many

syllables (and doubtful meaning) what you write cannot have any depth. Bacon's *Essays* and the Twenty-Third Psalm would hardly win approval today.

There have been exceptions, of course. You may fairly claim that dress has become simpler. But this supports rather than weakens my argument. Simpler dress has been forced upon women and men by the much greater and more complex ranges of activities opened out to them and desired by them, and also by the cult of health—happily one of the good influences always making for simplicity. But where the demand for activity is not felt, elaboration of dress continues, as may be seen at evening parties and dull social functions.

I am aware that the cult of complexity has its defenders, and these are not confined to the rich. Progress and complexity have been linked together by science—of a kind. Herbert Spencer, the most congenial philosopher of the nineteenth century, gave his blessing to this theory. His account of evolution exalted complexity. The very essence of evolution is movement away from the more simple towards the more complex, away from homogeneity towards heterogeneity. And Spencer assumed (amazing optimist!) that the path of evolution was the path of progress. It followed that the greater the complexity the greater the progress, and therefore the greater the good. Unlike the far wiser philosopher, Thomas Huxley, he never realized that what may be true in the natural order may be the reverse of true in the

moral order. Or, to put it more plainly, when man's purpose is at work in the direction of any good, he may find himself running counter to nature in a hundred ways. The process of evolution is then reversed: evolution leads straight to the jungle; man's good purpose leads away from the jungle to the wheat field—from disorderly complexity to severe simplicity consciously ordered.

I am aware also that the voice of the world is always clamant for complexity. The cry "We want more" is far louder than the cry "We want finer things." The itch for novelty also is almost irresistible; and this, as Shakespeare said, is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. And yet the arguments in favour of simplicity as an essential element in all the greater goods are really unanswerable. They are voiced by artists, scientists, and philosophers alike, though these are not numerous, and are seldom vocal. Art and science are forever straining to cut out the complexity which obscures beauty and confuses truth, while wisdom detests complexity because it is a fog which thwarts enlightenment. And for the business of living well, all wise men are agreed that without simplicity there can be neither contentment nor happiness. In the eastern parable, the shirt of the utterly contented man could not be found because the utterly contented man wore no shirt and wanted none. Simplicity, they tell us, is like shedding your heavy clothing on a hot day: if Solomon really dressed and lived as the Jewish chroniclers say he did, then he was very far from

being the wisest of men. Socrates and Diogenes, aiming at a truer Greek ideal, better deserved the title. But simplicity does not demand asceticism. The cult of health and beauty already referred to does not lessen enjoyment but increases it, by making its devotees receptive and opening avenues hitherto clogged. For it is profoundly true that our capacity for appreciation is not only sensitive and delicate, but always limited. No one can enjoy coarse and fine things together, and quality is inevitably smothered by quantity. Just as education is a process of pruning and selecting, so the capacity to enjoy what is fine can emerge only from a rather ruthless excision of the desires for attractive pleasures—and things—whose satisfaction always ends in satiety.

The ethical argument is even stronger. In the world as we know it, simplicity in the use of resources is compatible with full consideration for our neighbours. But there is danger of misunderstanding here. I have no intention of arguing that there is anything essentially wrong in turning one's home into a troublesome museum, or one's life into a tangle of rather meaningless activities. Stupidity is not necessarily sinful. But if, as usually happens, your chosen complexities involve taking for your own use an excessive share of the supply of desired things and services, the question of right and wrong at once emerges. Are your neighbours suffering want while you have much more than you need or can enjoy? The question is fundamental in the Christian ethic.

If your honest answer is yes, and you try to justify it, then you will find it hard to look John the Baptist in the face. Moreover, your justification is not likely to hold water. It will be valid only if you can prove that for every bit of wealth you take and use you return full measure to your neighbours. This is of course recognized as the crux of the matter. For that reason all sorts of pleasing fictions have been invented to prove that Dives is one of the world's greatest producers of wealth. He must be, otherwise he would not get the income which he obviously does get. He must be, because he allows his land and tools to work in his name for the good of others. He must be, because if anyone owns a spade and is willing to let John Hodge use it (at a price) to dig potatoes, then the work of producing potatoes is equally shared between John Hodge and the spade—that is, the kindly owner of the spade. Every rich man is among the world's great workers and literally earns every penny he receives.

If the argument pleases you, well and good—or rather, ill and bad, for so long as we comfortable people are allowed to believe it, just so long will three-quarters of the world suffer want, while their "betters" are busy creating the complexities which no ingenuity can resolve. Until every mouth is filled, every body guarded against unnecessary sickness and pain, every mind supplied with the sources of interest upon which an intelligent life depends, there can be no room for a Croesus or a Solomon, a

Crassus or a Lucullus, or the host of lesser imitators whose extravagances drain away available wealth with the minimum of satisfaction for anyone.

But the ethical arguments are not going to change the set ways of the world. Most middle-aged people are habit-bound, and the younger generation is always prone to accept the habits and standards of its respectable elders. There is, moreover, one universal obstacle which stands in the way of simplicity in a wealth-loving world. All of us, old and young alike, long for distinction. That in itself is natural and often good, even in the form of a desire, as the Latin poet put it, "monstrari digito praetereuntium" —to be pointed at by the finger of the passers-by. We do well to wish to excel and to win recognition for our excellence. But since most of us are neither clever nor beautiful, nor even conspicuously able in any field, since indeed we have very little within us to be admired or envied, we naturally try to attach to ourselves something external which shall attract to ourselves the admiration which we alone cannot inspire. We use material possessions to earn distinction for us; our homes and gardens, our dress and even our extravagances, shall work for us and impress the world.

This of course, is only one aspect of our prevailing materialism. Fortunately, the younger generation shows signs of being in revolt against it. Many of them today prefer to let the sun shine upon their almost nude bodies rather than parade their clothes in a crowd of over-dressed dummies. Many of them

would rather spend their leisure hiking and camping than spend money in automobiles and hotels. And if they are healthy even though they are rich, they know that they get more satisfaction in playing games together than in swelling a fashionable crowd at a race meeting or a garden party. We cannot dismiss this tendency as a passing fashion or a craze of the moment. It is too widespread for that; and though the particular form of simplicity may not endure, it is persistent enough to indicate a definite taste and preference on the part of many members of the younger generation in all classes. For they are realizing that the simpler modes of activity offer fairer opportunities for distinction than the less simple; and without question they offer far better opportunities for companionship and friendship. But if they are to endure they must be consciously co-operative, not merely sporadic assertions of individual taste. It may be argued that the cult of simplicity will need no buttressing when once its pleasures are realized. But in a world of false values, everything good needs all the protection it can get; and by far the strongest protection is afforded by union, by co-operation, by associated activity—the great social forces whose help almost all of us need to strengthen faith and to keep ideals clear.

There are some signs, even in our very individualistic societies, of a movement towards co-operative living for the sake of a truer simplicity, and particularly to achieve a simpler way of life combined with the good taste and "niceness" of environment which

are rightly desired. Community houses are increasing in number, chiefly for young and single people, who (it must be admitted) are impelled by the necessity for economy rather than by any passion for simplicity. And I fear the movement is unlikely to go far in a wealth-worshipping society in which success and merit are commonly tested by the amount of wealth possessed and displayed. It is sometimes said that the advance of science and invention must inevitably increase complexity and destroy simplicity. This is a shallow account of the matter. I have elsewhere insisted that science is always neutral, giving us great gifts, but then standing aside and leaving it to us to decide their use or abuse. It is true that science creates opportunities for greater complexity side by side with opportunities for greater simplicity. It is we who decide which we will have. Thanks to science it is far simpler than ever before today to be clean, to keep reasonably healthy, and to move from place to place. Few people were ever clean before science invented soap (only three or four centuries ago), or reasonably healthy before science discovered disinfectants. Few people (until science made it easy) could move more than a few miles from the place where they were born, without very complex discomforts. Today, thanks to science, we can do or enjoy numerous worth-while things, simply and easily, which a few generations ago no one could do or enjoy except a prince with a retinue of slaves to help him.

But, if we choose, we can nullify the good gifts

of science and turn them into maleficent engines of complexity, burdening and confusing life instead of simplifying it. And it seems that this must be so in any society in which individual wealth-seeking is the accepted principle of activity, and subordination of self-interest to others' interest is regarded as stupidity. In such a society the activities of trade must militate against simplicity; you cannot increase profit by helping people to live simply; you must persuade them to live more and more extravagantly. Consider for example, the single universal task which science has done its best to simplify—that of keeping our bodies clean, attractive, and reasonably healthy. Modern science could tell us quite certainly what are the best soaps, powders, creams, and lotions for our bodies, the best simple remedies and preventives for our minor ailments. But is it allowed to be our guide? Instead, we are left to follow our ignorance through a jungle of strange articles, of which the extent may be judged by the single fact that a well-equipped wholesale drug-store will contain not less than fifty thousand different proprietary goods among which we are left to find our unhappy and expensive way. You may say that some variety to choose from is both pleasant and harmless. No doubt; but the variety of a few dozen of the best articles would surely be enough. Is it either pleasant or harmless to be faced with many thousands of articles of which we know nothing except what is told us by the contradictory assertions of interested advertisers?

Or take a more serious and even tragic example—in this case the result in part at least of the love of senseless display which is supposed to glorify our egos. We must all die: most of us have the good sense to want to make our exit with as little fuss and waste as possible. But we are not likely to be allowed to do this. Consider the following facts. In the United States alone, between three and four hundred million dollars are spent annually on funerals. Not by the rich people only: little people leaving less than $1,000 to their families have an average of between $350 and $450 expended to bury them. And this does not include extra costs: cemetery lots cost anything from $50.00 to $5,000; flowers cost annually sixty million dollars. Is this progress? Or would it be more progressive to do as they do in Sweden, where for twenty years a flower fund has existed to which friends who wish to honour the dead send whatever they would otherwise have spent on flowers, and the fund sends a message in the donor's name to the bereaved family and uses the money to build and equip memorial homes for old people. In a few other small and sensible countries the extravagance of funerals is curbed by law. Perhaps there is no other way of inducing good sense into the minds of most of us. For in the spending of money, more perhaps than in any other of our activities, we behave like sheep, ready to follow any leaders—even newspaper advertisers. Among unthinking people the most influential leaders are of course fashion and public opinion. And when both

of these are controlled or fortified by strong commercial interests, it is almost impossible to resist their influence without the help of a greater power acting independently of those interests. For we are all uneasily aware that simplicity, like economy, is always suspect. It is hard to stand alone against a world which is fairly certain to call us simpletons if we try to live simply without any obvious compulsion, and to call us mean if we try to be economical without the excuse of sheer poverty.

Beauty

"The beautiful is a finality without a purpose." "Beauty is the splendour of truth." "If I had two loaves I would sell one and buy hyacinths, for beauty is the bread of the soul." Here are three statements about beauty, Kantian, Platonic, and Eastern. Do they suggest a definition of beauty? Emphatically not; for beauty, like humour or genius or a gentleman, has a thousand definitions—or better, none at all, since its meaning varies with our varying emotions, experiences, attitudes, and even moods. We are tempted to follow the classical example of J. S. Mill, who began his treatise on the science of wealth by saying that it was unnecessary to define the word since everyone knew well enough what wealth was. Mill blundered badly, for wealth can be defined, and for scientific treatment must be defined, not in relation to our ideas about it, but in relation to the external processes of exchange in a market. But beauty defies definition of that kind, just as it defies scientific treatment. It is like a jewel with a million facets, and you cannot pick out one and say, "This is a constant and vitally important characteristic, and is present whenever beauty appears." Still less can you say that everyone knows well enough what beauty means. Everyone

knows rather vaguely what it means to him—at any given moment; but no one knows what it means to anyone else, at any time, without being told.

Therein lies our first difficulty. My beauty is not your beauty, except by a happy accident and to a very limited extent. Even in a single field—say the beauty of sound—the differences of appreciation, and therefore the differences in the very concept of beauty, are infinite. Is there really any common element which can link the lover of Bach with the lover of swing? And some people, some real lovers of beauty, are debarred by their very nature from any appreciation at all in some fields of beauty. No one knows how many of our neighbours are tone-deaf or colour-blind, and so never know the beauty of music or of painting—or in a full sense, of nature. Shakespeare was very severe upon the man who has no music in his soul. But we had better put all the emphasis on the soul, not on the ears. I should hate to assert that the soul of Miss Helen Keller is empty of music or of any other kind of beauty. And here are two paradoxes from my own experience. A great educator of the nineteenth century—the well-known headmaster, Edward Thring—had so strong a faith in the influence of music that he strained his resources to make his school pre-eminent in its musical equipment by importing not one but four or five distinguished musicians from Germany to form a special musical staff. But to Thring all music was mere noise: he could not tell one tune from another. Again, Samuel Barnett, who set himself to bring art and the

beauty of painting to the drab and ugly East End of London, and who founded the well-known Art Gallery of Whitechapel, himself was quite colour-blind. Is it not clear that we must move very carefully in attempting to define, not only beauty, but also the appreciation of beauty?

Here is another and much graver paradox. Plato was both artist and poet—a very distinguished poet, in fact. And, as one would expect, he relied upon the influence of an all-pervading environment of beauty, artistic and musical, for the whole education of character for the young people in his ideal State. And yet he expressly banished all artists and poets from that State—politely bowing them out because they were too dangerous. There is, I think, only one explanation of this apparent perversity. The soul of the young must be steeped in beauty and attuned to beauty in every form if it is to be firmly set in the first principles of goodness. That is the essential first step in the formation of character. But when the soul begins the hard up-hill climb towards the mountain peak of the Good, it must not take the *cult* of beauty with it, for this would become a distraction, even as the cult of physical science or interest in politics would become a distraction. An austere and repellent doctrine, you say? But you must admit that it is confirmed by the example of the great sages of all time: the muni, the yogi, the eremite, the saint, all begin their final ascent by shedding everything which we call beautiful, and choose for their environment a desert or a bare hill-

side, a cave or a cell, or even a tub. To us worldly compromisers, the whole idea is hateful. Puritanism is bad enough; but this is sheer murder of all the vitalizing influences which uplift our souls from the deadening swamps of Philistinism.

Perhaps our thoughts are moving on different planes. But we must admit that we are facing a very real antithesis between the beautiful and the good. The former is a finality without a purpose, said Kant. But the Good is a finality with all the purpose of the universe wrapped up in it. Beauty is the bread of the soul, said the eastern sage. But the good soul needs no bread; it draws all its life from the sunlight of the reality with which it is united. Does this mean that beauty is not real in the sense in which the Good is real? Not necessarily. The Idea of Beauty may be real and therefore eternal. But Plato insisted that the artist's grasp of beauty can never be more than a grasp of the phenomenal copies of beauty which nature presents to us; and when the artist reproduces these on canvas or in stone, he is only giving us a copy of a copy—or, as Plato puts it, his art is always in the third remove from truth.

This Platonic doctrine has always been repugnant to every artist. But I think the doctrine may be turned round into something very different, without doing violence to other parts of Plato's teaching. As it stands the doctrine may be true of some photographers, but never of true artists. The latter claim with justice that they see in a flower or in a sunset, in a scene or in a person, qualities of beauty which are

not visible to you or me. And when by their art they reproduce in painting or sculpture or poetry the beauty which they see, they are creating a new thing, revealing something which did not fully exist until they found it. This is at any rate a tenable doctrine. It simply means (in Platonic language) that the soul of the artist "partakes" of the Idea of Beauty more fully than do the souls of most of us, and that therefore he is able to produce and in a sense create beauties which would not otherwise be manifested at all.

This does not mean that beauty is wholly subjective, in the sense of having no reality except in the mind of the seer. But it does mean that beauty is not plainly etched in the phenomena of the universe for all to see. "The heavens declare the glory of God" cannot be taken literally. The firmament shows nothing in particular to most of us; and to those who have eyes to see it shows very different things—to the artist one thing, to the lover another thing, to the mariner something else, and to the astronomer something different again. And if this is so, we must conclude that all recognition of beauty is the result of three factors. There is first, of course, though beyond our vision, the Idea of Beauty, the creator of all things beautiful. There is next the partial grasp of the idea in the mind of everyone who has eyes to see. And there is thirdly the phenomenal world of nature in which the reflection of the Idea exists, but in a latent form, forever waiting to be recognized by our eyes and minds.

It is always tempting to say the facts are there for all to see—the facts of beauty as well as the facts of truth. But whatever may be the case with the facts of truth, we must admit that the facts of beauty are only to be seen by those who have eyes to see and the particular "apperceptive system" which is capable of grasping them. This is of course the case in the simplest matters of perception. When you and I pass a stranger in the street, each of us sees a different stranger—especially if we happen to differ in sex. And if we meet a friend, the differences in our perception are even more profound. That is why, in matters of accurate observation such as science demands, we do not depend upon our own perception if we can possibly help it. We call in the aid of mechanical eyes and recording instruments which cannot be distorted by prejudices or interests; and we check every observation by non-human devices of calculation and comparison.

Herein lies the gulf between beauty and truth. Beauty *must* be seen by the human eyes and mind: nothing else can reveal it. Its "reality" is not the same kind of reality as that of science or truth. The phenomena with which the scientist deals really do write their message upon the eye or the photographic plate, and it is the same message for all competent observers. But every artist reads his own idea of beauty into everything which he sees as beautiful. In that sense he creates the beauty in the act of seeing it, and he accepts it as real because it is in harmony with himself and his own mind at its best.

Can we then speak of progress or evolution of art or of the appreciation of beauty? Evolution means unfolding or opening out from one stage of being to another, usually from a relatively simple stage to one more complex, but without any sort of guarantee that the latter is better than the former. It is probable that in the history of art such changes have occurred at various times, followed sometimes by changes in the opposite direction, from more complex to more simple. But progress implies something much more definite. Progress only takes place when there is movement or change towards a condition which is better than the existing condition—better in reality as well as better in our estimation. While the change is in process we call it progressive only by an act of faith; but the validity of the faith is sometimes so robust as to amount to certainty, as (to take very simple examples) when a drunkard or a libertine changes in the direction of sobriety or chastity. In the matter of truth and knowledge the tests are much simpler and easier to apply. Few would deny that human history displays a very marked if intermittent advance in that kind of knowledge called scientific, that is to say, in knowledge of the facts and processes of the phenomenal universe. The goal here is greater power in the use of natural processes of all sorts; and the test of experience confirms our belief that we are constantly approaching nearer to our goal.

Now the goal of art is, I suppose, the increase of beauty in the world, and the increase of our power to

appreciate it. But can we ever say with confidence that we are moving nearer to these goals? Is there or is there not more beauty in the sculptures of Epstein than in those of Phidias and Praxiteles? Or in the paintings of the surrealists than in those of Apelles and Michael Angelo? Or in the sounds produced today by the saxophone, the drum, and the crooner, than in the music of Mozart and Mendelssohn? Have we really a keener appreciation of beauty of form or colour or sound than the Greeks or Chinese or Hindus of two or three thousand years ago? What judge or jury shall give the verdict? Is appreciation of beauty just a matter of time and temper and mood, so that at one time or in one mood we see beauty in forms and shapes which at another time or in another mood leave us completely cold? The admiration of the beauties of nature seems to illustrate this ebb and flow. It is fashionable to exalt Hellenism as the antithesis to Philistinism. But there is very little evidence to show that the Hellenes (that is, the Greeks of about twenty-three centuries ago) took any particular interest in the beauties of nature. It is significant that their seven wonders of the world were all man-made wonders. True, they included the hanging gardens of Babylon; but not, I fancy, because they were gardens but because it was so clever that anyone could hang them. Socrates, the wisest of all Hellenes, never wanted to take a country walk: the grass and the trees could not talk to him and therefore could teach him nothing. Socrates, of course, was a philosopher, and therefore, like Dr.

Johnson, an unfair example. But his tastes were those of most Athenians, so far as our evidence goes.

There is also a more practical difficulty to be faced. No one dares deny that an environment of beauty has an educative and ennobling influence upon the soul, and that the souls of the young should be steeped in beauty if they are to grow in grace. Is this true? And do we really believe it? We know of course that many millions of human beings have lived rather sordid and degraded lives in surroundings of the most exquisite natural beauty. We must admit too that the souls of the most fortunate members of our civilized societies who are surrounded by the beauties of art and nature are by no means always nobler than the souls of those who live and work in an environment of ugliness. Again, there is one kind of beauty to which the door is opened wide by our universal education. But when one surveys our popular reading matter it is hard to believe that more than a handful of people are at all alive to the beauty of words or language. Far more devotion is given to style in dress than to style in the expression of vital thought. Moreover, one is inclined to be a little sceptical of our professed faith in the ennobling influence of beauty. In spite of all our pious protestations we still allow the majority of our industrial populations to grow up in surroundings of almost unrelieved ugliness and discord. We allow our cities to be and to continue to be monuments of disorderliness and planless chaos. We pat beauty on the head—in public; but what we are really devoted to is a

short-sighted economy which will keep down our taxes. It is true that ineffective protests are constantly raised by cranks and artists: is it not significant that in the modern world the latter are so often forced to be in the van of revolutionary discontent?

But behind all these difficulties certain facts are clear enough. First, it is dangerous to assume that appreciation of beauty will grow by its own impulse. Neither the sense of beauty nor the desire for it is innate. Children may be naturally attracted to all things bright, but not to all things beautiful. The desire for what the Greeks called cosmos, or orderliness, probably is innate; so is the desire for cosmetics. The element of utility enters into both, as even animals seem to know. But utility is wholly alien to beauty: that is what Kant meant when he called it a finality without a purpose. For that reason the desire has to be induced into the mind by suggestion, and then directed towards this or that manifestation of beauty. That is the task, not only of the artist and teacher, but of the community as a whole. Only in a society in which beauty of all sorts is cultivated as a precious possession can we expect to find the appreciation of beauty widespread and the desire for beauty an active, purifying influence. But we have to face the fact that at present very few of us are lovers of beauty, and most of us are far too much interested in utilities to take more than a tepid interest in beauty as a vital element in life. The remedy is obvious. To avoid angry opposition, let us call it simply a movement away from materialism towards the values

which may rightly be called spiritual. Without such a movement or the desire for it, few of us are likely to learn the deeper meaning of beauty as the splendour of truth. For without such a movement few of us are likely to bring into use the full faculties of the soul without which neither beauty nor truth can be fully seen.

At present we are not very far ahead of the animals. These are and must be content to use their most delicate senses to tell them useful facts. A dog or a pig can smell food, a deer can see and hear an enemy, with a quickness and range far beyond our power. But, as far as we can tell, and certainly in most cases, dogs and pigs and deer do not notice the qualities of scents and sights and sounds which our faculties have learned to label fine and foul, nasty or nice, beautiful or ugly. A dog does not smell a rose with pleasure or offal with pain. The ugliness of his owner does not repel him nor her beauty please him. He just perceives by smell and sight the person who belongs to him; that is satisfaction enough. But we, whose senses are far feebler and much less informative than an animal's, are keenly alive to some of the immediate pleasure-pain concomitants of our perceptions. A hunter has been known to lower his gun because the stag is too beautiful to kill; many of us have hesitated to pick a flower because its beauty deserves that it shall live on unharmed. A stormy sunset is a gloomy presage of bad weather; but often we quite forget this, absorbed in the sheer beauty of the lighted clouds. When W. S. Gilbert wrote,

"There's beauty in the bellow of the blast, There's grandeur in the growling of the gale," he was not serious, but with some exaggeration he stated a common experience. For Plato was absolutely right. Every reality, every true existing thing, is never a mere truth or fact or thing, but has around it an aura of something subtler than itself—a splendour, indeed, which few may see but all might see. And that splendour is beauty. It is therefore everywhere about us—if only we were less blind and deaf.

Now if we ask why we have eyes and see not, or ears and do not hear, why in fact we have advanced such a little way beyond the animals, the answer is simple. It is because we have souls and do not use them. Or, if you do not like this statement, let us change it and say that we differ from the animals in having a much more highly developed psyche whose powers of vision and intuition few of us take the trouble to use. And there are two reasons for this. First, we are content to live a great part of our lives on the animal level, seeking the obvious satisfactions of the senses and building up a complex elaboration of these desires (for sex pleasures, for dominance and display and variety, and for what we mistakenly call fulness of life), so that we really have not much time left for the development of our psyche. In other words, we let ourselves become absorbed in the things which are neither true nor real. For all real things are those which are part of the whole pattern of truth, and therefore part of the harmony of goodness which *is* reality. Inferior things, discordant or bad things,

have a spurious reality only: as Plato put it, they appear to be real but have no abiding existence. Everything ugly or bad, or even trivial and transitory, is of that sort; there can be no fringe of beauty about it because it is eternally false.

Secondly, we have allowed ourselves to be overawed by a wholly utilitarian science, for which facts are facts without any fringes, truths are truths without any splendours, and cowslips by the river's brim are just yellow cowslips and nothing more. I do not mean that the man of science cannot recognize beauty: he may be a poet in his spare time, just as he may be a church-goer in his spare time. But as a scientific man he can have no truck with beauty or any of the subtle qualities of existence which cannot be brought within the range of scientific method. They are outside his province—unverifiable, immeasurable, and therefore intractable and best regarded as non-existent. Like Socrates and the countryside, he avoids them because they cannot tell him anything rational. I think most of us have allowed ourselves to be cowed by this uncompromising attitude of a science which dominates us because it really does deliver the goods—of a sort. But we are losing more than we know. We are losing the capacity for wonder, the power to see and feel the miracles of life and beauty around us, without which our souls are half-empty and real fulness of life is denied us.

Let me give a simple example of this. Every year—indeed, every moment of the year—there is spread before us the miracle of growth, in uncounted

forms of breath-taking marvel. Imagine a small pebble tossed onto an empty plain. And imagine, if you can, that in a few weeks or months, without help from any visible agency, there rises on the spot a magnificent palace, a Taj Mahal or an exquisite cathedral. The most astounding magic ever conceived, we should say; and how we would flock to see it! Should we ever tire of discussing it? Would it not change and mightily enlarge our conception of the amazing powers hidden in this universe of ours? Of what kind were the invisible architects and artists at work? Whence did they come? Whence sprang their incredible skill and knowledge? The world must be full of unseen geniuses who, without effort, without visible material, and without any fault or mistake, can put before our eyes an edifice finer than anything which human hands and skill can build. But is not this exactly what is happening at our very feet, every moment of the day, every time that a seed is thrown onto the earth and grows magically into a plant or tree with flowers and fruit of incredible perfection?

Now science has concealed this magic under a pall of frigid analysis. Its interest is to lay bare the process of growth, examining, collating, and naming each successive event in the process. It does not explain how it happens, but only dissects the mode of its happening, and the mechanics of the event, but not the secrets behind it. It tells us that the tiny seed contains certain elements which can be counted and named. Under the influence of warmth and moisture and nutriment and light it expands and undergoes

changes such as division and differentiation and multiplication of parts. This expansion is continued in more and more complex forms in response to suitable external stimuli. And the natural and quite obvious result is the fully formed body of plant or animal which is so familiar and so common that it is merely stupid to ask how in the name of wonder it ever came to be. But—to take a familiar example—consider the peacock's tail, and remember also the tiny bit of matter within the egg from which it grew. Consider well the myriad artists, each with his own special skill, who emerged from that tiny bit of matter and in precise due time fashioned each delicate fibre of each feather, made each colour and laid it in its place, exactly and unerringly, never making a mistake unless some destructive agency from without interfered and distorted the work; and then say whether or not evolution or analysis of process explains one bit of it. I have heard it said that Darwin did not like to be reminded of the peacock's tail. I do not know whether this is true; but I can believe it without straining my credulity. And if you think that I am using an extreme example to make my point, consider instead your own body or any common weed; and then say whether Walt Whitman in the least exaggerated when he wrote:

> I believe a leaf of grass is not less than the journey-work of the stars . . .
> And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery . . .
> And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

Or tell me in all honesty which you prefer: the

arrogant assertion of Nietzsche, "The greater and stronger a man is the more he will despise other things;" or the retort of Chesterton, "No! The greater and wiser a man is the more he will be inclined to prostrate himself before a periwinkle."

Am I guilty of exaggeration when I stress the need of keeping alive our faculty of wonder if we are ever to see the splendour of truth? And in order to keep this faculty alive, we need to live in an atmosphere of sensitiveness to every breath of beauty and of faith in the omnipresence of miracles of beauty. It is not easy to create this atmosphere, even for ourselves. Especially is it difficult if we are preoccupied with the achievements of science or the increase of power and wealth. One thing above all is needed, which is very foreign to the Nietzsches of the world and to all votaries of the science of power. We need an attitude of our psyche which shall impel us to embrace every real thing, in its humblest manifestations, not only with those faculties of the mind which are rational or logical or analytical, but with all the faculties of the soul which enable us to reverence and to love as well as to recognize whatever is beautiful and real. For the famous triad—beauty, truth, and goodness—describes a single reality. Truth cannot be separated from beauty nor either from goodness. And whoever would know reality must search for all three with every power his soul possesses.

Wealth

PHILOSOPHERS and moralists have seldom been friendly to wealth. It is certainly not one of the pure values in life. The pursuit of it is dangerous; the love of it is destructive; the use of it often deserves to be called abuse. Within limits it may perhaps rank as one of the lesser goods. But it is easy to have too much of it: like pleasure or comfort or luxury, it has an earthy flavour, and certainly does not suggest anything ideal. If we are foolish enough to let our desires guide us, we shall of course think that we cannot have too much of any desirable things. But quantity does not improve quality: it is much more apt to destroy it. And the wise man refuses to devote himself to the pursuit of such dangerous goods.

But have the philosophers and moralists ever persuaded us that they are right? If we listen at all to the tirades against the deceitfulness of riches, we do so with our Sunday minds only, and not at all with our practical working-day minds. Humanity has always spent most of its waking hours in the pursuit of wealth, and most of the rest of its time in using up the wealth produced. And why not? We know perfectly well what we are doing when we plough our fields or run our factories or bake a pie or

produce a Hollywood picture. We are making things which we need in order to live, or which we want in order to be able to live well. That is what we mean by wealth. We mean "good" things in the simple sense of things which meet our needs, equip and adorn our lives with desired satisfactions, secure us against want and poverty, and make us feel that we are among the people who share in humanity's culture.

This common-sense concept does of course assume that all wealth possesses some quality of goodness, on the ground, implicit in the ethics of utility, that anything desired must, *ipso facto*, be desirable, and anything which gives satisfaction must so far be satisfactory. Herein the concept differs radically from that of the economist. The latter, as a scientific man, is no more interested in the quality of wealth than the meteorologist is interested in the beauty of a thunder-storm. He therefore defines wealth simply as any and all marketable things: anything and everything which can find a buyer in any market. Its only value, therefore, lies in the fact that it will fetch something in exchange. A Bible and a bottle of gin possess precisely the same kind of value; they only differ in the fact that the Bible possesses usually less value than the bottle of gin because it can be bought for less. For the economist this is the only sensible view, if he is to be scientific, since scientists are interested solely in quantities, which are measurable, and not at all in qualities, which can never be measured. But for those of us who want to determine just how far the quality of goodness belongs to

wealth, the economist's concept is completely useless. We all agree that wealth means valuable things; and it is probable that value in exchange, or saleability, is the only kind of value which belongs to everything which can be called wealth. But clearly the things such as food, without which we should quickly die, possess value in a deeper sense, while equally saleable things, such as dope, are far worse than valueless. In order to relate wealth to value we must determine when and why the value is real, and when and why it is illusory.

One of the first to rebel against the economist's sterile definition was John Ruskin. Like us, he wanted a concept of wealth which would make clear its significance as a vital influence for good or evil in the life of society and of its individual members. So he defined wealth boldly as "valuable things in the hands of the valiant"; and by "valiant" he meant capable of using valuable things wisely. So far, good; this definition recognizes the fact (which the scientific economist is forced to neglect) that all true value depends upon a relation between the thing valued and the user of it. "Pearls before swine" is a perfect illustration of this. But Ruskin was not explicit enough. He was by temperament a conservative, and at heart though not by birth, an aristocrat. He did not want rich people to be deprived of their wealth; he only wanted them all to be valiant—which was Utopianism with a vengeance. He would not have considered Lucullus a fit user of wealth, for it really was not valiant to use nightingales' tongues as a

supper dish. But he would have passed Aristotle's "magnificent man," since he was assumed to exercise good taste without extravagance in all his spending. And herein I think lay Ruskin's mistake: he neglected the most essential element in the true value of wealth, namely, its relation to sheer need. Unless this element is put first, the emphasis on good taste and restraint of extravagance is meaningless. It is never good taste to have a sumptuous meal in a costly home when some of your neighbours are hungry and homeless. It is never anything but extravagance to go on spending after all your essential needs are met. The very poor are seldom extravagant, because they can't be; the very rich are always extravagant because they can't be anything else—unless (which is rare) they give most of their money away.

What then? What shall we add to Ruskin's definition? Clearly we must introduce something of the democratic principle of equality of opportunity, and something of the utilitarian principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and we must affirm boldly that if wealth is ever to realize its full "value," it must be defined as valuable things, not in the hands of anyone in particular, but at the disposal of the greatest possible number of people capable of appreciating it and using it valiantly. And who shall say how large this number would be until we have tried the experiment?

I am treading on dangerous ground now. It is safer to criticize religion than to criticize the distribution of wealth. But I am relying upon a profound

and unquestioned principle of social life. Economists have told us that every exchange of wealth normally increases the satisfaction derived from the wealth exchanged for both parties engaged in the transaction. That is one of the strongest arguments for free trade. But there is another fact of at least equal importance and of far wider application. It is this: that the satisfaction derived from almost any possession and from the majority of our activities is enhanced, often without limit, by the single act of sharing it with someone else. It would hardly be an exaggeration to call this the essential principle of community. We act upon it, naturally and with no need for thought, from childhood to old age, following the impulse to share each new experience with someone else, knowing, perhaps by instinct, that pleasures are increased and pains diminished if only they can be shared. He would be an unnatural creature who did not want to share good news or a good joke or a newly discovered truth with other people, and the more the better. But as the self grows stronger and harder, and exclusive possessions feed our selfishness, the impulse to share is checked, generosity becomes an effort, and we destroy community, and with it our greater happiness, by our growing miserliness. We applaud the moral of Dickens's *Christmas Carol;* but most of us comfortable people are Scrooges without knowing it, and often go through the whole year without tasting the pleasure of sharing a meal with a really hungry neighbour. Shall we plead our charity in our defence? Our spasmodic gifts with which we

soothe our conscience? If so, we do but confess that we have forgotten what sharing means, for few things are more certain than that charity as it exists today is an insult to the idea of community and a tacit admission that we do not even desire to realize it.

Did I say I was on dangerous ground? I am now in a veritable quagmire, and may as well sink fighting, I affirm that at present we people who compose the richest nations the world has seen are systematically wasting a tragically large proportion of our wealth every day of every year. I am not thinking of the constant dribble of waste which goes on in most households and in the daily conduct of most individual lives. That is due to carelessness, and is inevitable when most of us can afford to be careless.

Let us face this matter of waste squarely. If wealth is a good, it is because it is an essential means to a good life. And for three reasons: it keeps us alive; it makes possible most of the refinements, appreciations, and pursuits associated with a cultured life; and it really does give us many solid and worth-while satisfactions. And obviously the goodness of wealth is proportionate to the degree to which it performs these three functions for the greatest possible number of people.

But we deliberately prevent wealth from doing its full work by our systematic treatment of it. We first degrade it by confusing the making of wealth with the making of profit. We build up our system of wealth-creation upon the very slippery foundation of profit-making. And we then find that we are com-

mitted to a wastage and misuse of wealth which rob it of much of its potentiality as a means to living well. We destroy part of its elementary function or life-giving power deliberately. If wealth in the form of vital foods cannot be utilized "at a profit," we burn it or bury it or let it rot—even though hungry people are perishing for lack of it. We destroy part of its second function by compelling much of it which is specially created to increase culture and beauty (to say nothing of comfort), to drift into the hands of profit-makers, who may or may not be worthy, but whose ability to use it fully is necessarily limited. Many of them get such large quantities of these means to a cultured life that they simply cannot use them all. And their neighbours languish because they have so little sweetness and light. Finally, we destroy the solid satisfactions which wealth should and could give, by the simple fact that a rather small minority of us have so much satisfaction available to us that our powers of enjoyment cannot cope with it. The famous law of diminishing returns asserts itself, and leaves us saturated before we have done more than begin to use the means of satisfaction in our hands. Every rich man or woman is like someone with a hundred dinners inviting him at once. He can enjoy one, perhaps two if he is a sturdy glutton. But even a Gargantua could not relish ten of them, and the rest are wasted. The enjoyment of them never comes into existence. And all the time there really are hungry people outside to whom half a good dinner would be a rare treat. Do we remember that more

than half the earth's inhabitants seldom get enough to eat?

This extraordinarily wasteful system is usually defended on the ground that it is at any rate better than any suggested alternative. Whether valid or not, this defence is intelligible and not wholly unintelligent. But we cannot give even this faint praise to the arguments which are put forward to prove that the rich are virtuous because of their extravagances. It is solemnly argued that Dives does quite right to build himself a mansion which his family cannot possibly fill, even though many of his neighbours are lucky if they can be sure of two wretched little rooms to live in; and that his wife ought to go on buying costly dresses which she will never need, even though most of her sisters cannot afford to buy half a dress a year. Why? Because this is the only way by which these poverty-stricken neighbours can get anything at all. Dives, noble fellow, makes work for them by his extravagance. Without this they would starve.

But the real villain in the piece is not Dives, but Society itself—that is, you and me. We would all like our very needy neighbours to be able to use their work-power and their skill in making houses and clothes for themselves instead of adding to our already ample supply. But I, who am one of the lucky rich, cannot see any way of bringing about this desired result except by ordering Jones, who is one of the unlucky poor, to make a house or a coat for me in the dim hope that somehow, some day, this will bring him nearer to getting a house and clothing for himself.

The result of this crooked benevolence is of course ridiculous. New wealth is created, for the wrong person; Jones has a fraction of his needs satisfied (temporarily), but does not get his house; and I am more swollen than before. But I have this satisfaction. My society pats me on the back for a benefactor, and, with a respectful eye on my fine house and clothes, lets it be known that this is the sort of citizen it wants.

This is sometimes called the shopkeeper's fallacy. That is a libel. A shopkeeper may harbour it with some justification. Dives has none. If I make a living by selling diamonds I can plausibly argue that (things being what they are) rich people must buy them or I shall perish. But Dives can plead nothing plausible, except that he likes display and ostentation and conspicuous evidence that he is a very successful fellow. He finds the shopkeeper's fallacy useful. And, strangely enough, he sometimes persuades himself that it is really a truth. When, in the depression, a well-known authoress boasted publicly that she had done her bit for the unemployed by buying a dozen or more expensive dresses which she did not need, she was not playing upon our credulity: she was perfectly serious. It is the old story. At least half of our beliefs keep their place in our minds because they are in line with our interests. There is no opiate so effective for deadening our critical faculty as self-interest and class-interest. Did Hobbes exaggerate when he said that reason is and must always be the servant of our emotions—including of course, our desires?

The argument may be summed up very simply. All wealth is neutral: its quality comes from the use we make of it. A cup of water which saves the life of a lost wanderer in the desert is magnificent wealth. A bottle of exquisite wine in the hands of a man who is already full of wine is deplorable wealth. It is generally true that the quality of wealth degenerates as we follow it up the social scale from the poorest owner to the richest.

The reason for this is obvious. All wealth loses its power to help life, and loses it rather quickly, as the quantity of it increases in the hands of any individual or group of individuals. Every such loss means the devitalizing of wealth, or the partial destruction of the quality of goodness which it might possess. It means in plain terms turning wealth into illth. The world cannot afford this loss so long as half its inhabitants are underfed, underhoused, underclothed, and needlessly sickly. We have devised a fairly successful system for producing a fine quantity of wealth. But this system is flagrantly unsuccessful in securing that the fine quantity shall also possess fine quality. It is no part of my argument to urge that the system should be discarded in favour of some compulsory system of planned economy. But those who think the system is satisfactory as it stands should really think again. And it cannot be beyond our ingenuity to devise something less shockingly wasteful.

So far I have been thinking chiefly of the relation of wealth to the welfare of society. What of its relation to the individual? Or, as Plato would put it,

what does it do to the soul of a man? We should, of course, expect our religious teachers to settle this question for us. But most emphatically they do not. Perhaps their congregations will not allow them to be outspoken. Certainly they seldom go beyond safe denunciations of excessive devotion to wealth, to which we can all subscribe with equanimity. If your riches increase, they will probably tell you that the Lord has greatly blessed your undertakings, which is consoling but misleading. Scientists, whom it is now more fashionable to respect, are sometimes more explicit. Wealth, Dr. Alexis Carrel tells us, is as dangerous to man as ignorance or poverty—or, one might add, as gluttony. But science has not yet told us how much wealth is safe, or where the danger point lies. Meanwhile, our greedy world is quite convinced that we cannot have too much of the good thing, wealth; and this is the teaching to which we all listen.

It is reinforced by specious arguments. In the nineteenth century many intelligent people maintained that large private fortunes were invaluable for the support of art and culture and (God help us!) philanthropy. But that argument now hides its face in the light of more accurate history and modern social developments. Today comfortable people fall back upon the argument that a goodly amount of private property is really necessary for the full development of personality. This is so plausible a lie as to deserve more careful attention. What is meant by personality is seldom clear. But it is generally

agreed that it is a product of the influence of our environment, and particularly our social environment, upon the core of impulses, desires, and abilities with which you and I are born. That is to say, personality develops in a process of "pull devil, pull baker," in which the baker represents, at its best, the attractions of culture and civilized living, while the devil within us is the bundle of desires which makes of each one of us a being greedy for satisfactions of sex, hunger, vanity, domination, etc. Unfortunately, the lures offered by the baker are confused. In the society from which we absorb our standards and aims, example counts for much more than precept, especially when the example contradicts the precept. Precept tells us that we can be virtuous even if poor. Example tells us that, unless we manage to surround ourselves with a reasonable amount of the nice things which wealth will buy, our personalities will be starved. We will not be able to express ourselves either in pretty things or in refined activities. Our cultural development is checked.

The answer to all this was of course given nearly two thousand years ago: "Consider the lilies of the field." But the contrast between Solomon and the lilies no longer appeals to us. We don't want to look like lilies—especially common ones. We would rather look like Solomon. We don't really admire lilies. If we did, neither women nor men could possibly wear the hats they do wear. We don't even want to look beautiful. We want to look expensive. And that is what wealth does to personality. It vulgarizes it; it

distorts good taste; it destroys the love of simplicity which is the kernel of beauty; it smothers the desire for quality under the weight of desire for quantity.

If private possessions have anything whatever to do with the right development of temperament and character, then all the world's wisest teachers have been wrong. Not religious teachers only. Socrates and Plato, the Cynics and the Stoics, were as emphatic as St. Francis of Assisi and other Christian saints. According to the former, preparation for the good life demands complete banishment of wealth, and above all of private possessions. There is only one essential for the development of a good personality, and that is an environment of wholesomeness and simplicity, in which every breeze which blows shall waft into the souls of the young thoughts of beauty and truth and goodness; and this environment must be free to all, as free as the air and the sunshine.

We have not got such an environment anywhere in the world, in spite of our wealth: or is it because of it? And meanwhile we go on desiring wealth, nearly all of us nearly all the time, as if it were a magic key to all imagined goods. What else can you expect? How can most of us help thinking of wealth as a blessing in a society in which poverty is so definitely a curse? The environment in which our personalities develop is expressly designed to waft the desire for wealth into our souls. Education for life, education for virtue, for love of truth, beauty and goodness—where are these to be found? In school and college, from infancy to maturity, we are "educated" not to live

but to make a living; not to be good but to make good in the competitive struggle for money. And behind it all is the firm belief that this is the secret of happiness. Possession of wealth is the one sure means to a life worth having. The man in the parable who filled his barns and then sat back to enjoy life was a very sensible fellow. He chose the only way to make sure of security, comfort, and enjoyment. That he lost his soul does not now frighten us. Does science recognize a soul?

Progress

THE concept of progress is quite simple—up to a point. It means moving forward from a less to a more satisfactory condition. But the word "satisfactory" raises a cloud of obscurities. A satisfactory condition is sometimes easy enough to define and test; but sometimes extremely difficult. And unless it can be defined and tested it is really meaningless. If what you want is good health, you can test your advance by the diminution of pain and disease. If you desire better material equipment, it is not hard to measure the efficiency of your automobile and your plumbing. If you want harmony, or what the psychologists call adjustment, among the different elements of your being and between these and your environment, the measure of harmony can also be tested, in a way, by the diminution of friction and the smoother success of your efforts as an individual seeker after satisfaction and as a member of a group. Similarly, progress in science, or increase of knowledge in particular fields and of ability to achieve results, can be measured with reasonable certainty. But if, when you speak of progress, for yourself or for humanity generally, you are thinking of advance in goodness or righteousness, then the test is anything but easy. And increase of happiness or of general well-being is almost equally hard to test or define.

Popular concepts of progress are apt to conceal these difficulties by emphasizing particular elements of a satisfactory life, especially the cruder or more materialistic elements. It has been said that when most people talked of progress in the nineteenth century, they thought of a world growing larger, louder, and richer. Accretion, not growth in quality, was the mark of progress. There are also some sociologists today who really seem to believe that progress simply means getting more and more of what we want. I have referred in earlier chapters to the common assumption that wealth and science are the twin pillars of a satisfactory life, and that increase of wealth and advance of science are the twin agents of progress. This assumption is too plausible to be dismissed lightly. History seems to support it. There could have been no advance from the brutish existence of primitive man without increase of material wherewith to equip a better life, due in turn to increase of knowledge and inventiveness. And it would be perverse to maintain that the fulness of life now within the reach of the most civilized people could exist without the complex paraphernalia which industry and science have provided and continue to provide in fuller and fuller measure. At the moment, it is true, the civilized world is not enjoying its blessings. But we refuse to believe that the present tragedy is due to anything except the wrong thoughts and wrong desires of a minority which can and will be suppressed in future. This may be true. But is it not more certainly true that, if we rid the world of the whole-

sale murder which is war, it will not be done by more wealth and more scientific discovery, but by more goodwill to men, more true co-operation in the search for a good life, and less, not more, desire on the part of everyone to get the maximum of wealth and power for himself? Bluntly stated, this means that we must put a new interpretation on fulness of life, and revise our concept of happiness. My life is not full when it is crowded with an endless procession of sensations; nor is it happy because I have the means to satisfy an ever-growing retinue of desires.

Most thoughtful people readily admit all this. When they talk of progress in general, it is safe to assume that the concept in their minds includes the idea of moral advance as an essential element. They mean that we are growing better as well as stronger. Even the most materialist thinkers have usually thought of progress as a general advance in social virtue as well as in the power to enjoy life; as a general increase of our ability to live together as good neighbours, not as determined seekers after greater and greater satisfactions. Indeed it has been said that a blind belief in this all-round progress of humanity was the one superstition which the nineteenth-century rationalists allowed themselves, an illustration, perhaps, of the fact that no one can live without a faith of some sort. Their belief followed from their trust in what L. T. Hobhouse later called "the increasing dominance of mind." This increase was considered inevitable; and therefore human beings must become more reasonable, more sensible,

more sane and far-seeing, as well as more clever and capable. This supply of progressive individuals would insure progressive societies and a progressive humanity. The instrument by which this happy advance could be pushed forward was of course education. Faith in education was a kind of auxiliary superstition of the early rationalists—remarkably like faith in free trade among the early economists. It is still one of the chief articles of faith among intellectualists generally. The saying, "Education may not be able to do everything, but there is very little which it cannot do," is still part of the creed of most intelligent people who believe in continuous human progress.

There are some flaws in the argument. Before we can put our trust in the increasing dominance of mind, we have to ask, "What kind of mind?" The rationalists and intellectualists have not left us in much doubt. "To perfect human nature is also to *rationalize* it," is the expression of faith of W. G. Everett, the modern American philosopher. It might equally well have been written by James Mill. And the statement indicates very clearly that the hope of human progress depends upon the development of the logical or scientific intellect in as many people as possible. But now ask a simple question. Would we be happy about the beneficence of progress if it depended upon the increasing dominance of—let us say—the Nazi mind? And if not, why not? It is eminently rational, scientific, clever, and very well educated. Why is it not to be trusted?

I have already drawn attention to the fact that the scientific intellect, like science itself, is entirely neutral. It is an instrument capable of being used for evil or for good. The scientific man, as such, is not interested in aims or values: these are the affair of the purposive mind, by which science and the application of science are always directed. At this moment many of the best scientific intellects everywhere are busy devising more efficient ways of killing their neighbours: that is the task allotted to them. The more efficient killing is chosen as an end by the purposive intellect for very different reasons. Half the world wants to kill in order to destroy and dominate others: the other half is forced to kill in order to protect and save others. At the same time, thousands of scientific intellects are straining to discover more efficient ways of saving life—also under the direction of the purposive mind which desires (more permanently we hope) to make it possible for all of us to live more healthily and more abundantly. It is fairly clear that we cannot attach the label of progress to both these activities of the scientific intellect. It is equally clear that we can say with confidence that the purpose directing the saving of life is more progressive than the purpose of destroying it. Or, more bluntly, that science led by lust for power moves hellward, while science led by love of neighbours moves heavenward. Science allied with covetousness is a menace to society; science linked with caritas is entirely a blessing.

Is not this also the case with education, the

trusted instrument by whose help we are all to become surer agents of progress? Organized education usually takes the form of instruction in particular subjects, scientific and cultural, with present emphasis upon the former. With what purpose? To make us more competent in the struggle for existence, or for success or achievement or ability to gain the satisfactions we desire? But how shall we say that this is good or bad? What term shall we apply to the very efficient education of the enthusiastic young militarists of Japan? Or, to be fair, to the education of many ambitious money-makers in other countries? If your son John has matriculated with honours in mathematics and science and literature, does that make you confident that he will now march forward to a finer and nobler life?

The simple fact is that under the influence of the confident optimism of the believers in the beneficent dominance of mind we have been led into a grave danger. We have fallen into a dream, a soothing dream of vistas of ascending life led on and lit by the bright light of knowledge of what we are and whither going. The dream goes on only because we are not awake; not conscious of the depths of ignorance which surround the highest peaks of knowledge. The dry light of reason has illumined half our universe—the half from which power is drawn. But it leaves in darkness the other half—the part from which goodness is drawn. The century of change is rudely awakening us from our dreams. The world of today

is displaying, side by side with high intelligence and elaborate education, destructive vices on a scale never before seen. The fact that it is also manifesting, in some quarters, magnificent virtues of self-sacrifice and heroism is the one thing that keeps many of us from despair. But these virtues do not spring from the dominance of mind, or from any scientific knowledge. They come from the souls of men who see the right and hold out their arms to it, without waiting to ask, "Can science prove that this sacrifice is sensible?"

Returning to the general concept of progress, we must note that its clarity is obscured by two simple but often forgotten facts. The first is this. It is never possible for human beings to advance in all directions at once. Specialization is forced upon us by the strict limitation of our energy, and of our conscious attention. In this regard progress differs fundamentally from growth. It is one of the many marvels of growth that, so long as it is unconscious, it proceeds evenly in all directions compatible with the specific form and function of the growing animal or vegetable. But as soon as any glimmer of choice or purpose appears—as it may do quite early in the growth of a human animal—then some avenues of advance begin to be neglected and others emphasized. A school-boy may advance in athletic ability and fall behind in power of mind. Some element of choice has entered in: athletic prowess offers for him a more attractive goal. Or it may be that his inherited structure is more suited to success along one line than along the

other: and he is dimly conscious of it. In adult life, when the energy of growth has waned, we must select some avenues of advance and neglect others. We cannot do everything at once: we cannot concentrate upon more than a few things. Our choices as individuals depend upon a host of factors, among which the goals exalted by our immediate social group are probably the most important. And these in turn are influenced by the established aims of our society as a whole.

But the advance of society is also checked by the limits of energy and attention and interest. It is also the case that every coherent and enduring social group becomes warped in the direction of particular goals. Its development is therefore specialized along lines determined, as in the case of individuals, by numerous obscure factors, among which social and religious beliefs established in the group, its past experiences, and perhaps the innate characteristics of its members, are the most obvious. It may be unscientific and thoroughly dangerous to speak of the soul of a people. But when we consider the marked differences between—let us say—the Prussians and the French, the Irish and the Scots, the Catholics and the Jews, the Hindus and the Moslems, we seem to be faced by opposing characteristics and attitudes so deep-seated as to deserve the terms inherited and innate.

Now it is obvious that in most of such groups change will not be welcomed in any directions which conflict with these settled characteristics. The groups

have a very long life behind them; and, like most elderly people, they are set in their ways and in their thoughts. In many political groups and in nearly all religious groups, stability is the one thing prized. If progress means change, let there be none of it. The assertion of the Lord Chancellor of England a century and a half ago (the first Lord Eldon) that he could not conceive of any change in the British constitution which would not be a change for the worse may seem to us rather extreme. A subsequent historian remarked that it is incredible that such a man ever existed. But there is nothing incredible about it. Lord Eldon was typical, if not of many individuals, then certainly of many political and religious sects. And herein lies one of the great dilemmas of social progress. Change is always at work, whether we like it or not. No living thing can stand still—not even religious dogma or conservative political principles. For a time, perhaps for a very long time, change may be restricted to rather trivial details—to this or that improvement of method or procedure within the structure regarded as sacrosanct—a structure, be it noted, which almost invariably functions as a sheath for the protection of a privileged minority. But if progress means advance toward a fairer, and therefore a new, way of living, with better ideals and practice, then in most groups it can only come by revolution—a method generally considered detestable. But can it be denied that most of the vital changes in human history have been revolutionary? Christianity was a revolution; the

Reformation was a revolution; nearly all steps in the establishment of political freedom or the curtailment of unfair privileges have been made by revolution. And when, as must happen, the sacrosanct structure of principles of living begins to be felt as a prison or a cage, there must be some sort of revolution, to open the door to a new advance. Happy is the group that has enough of the democratic spirit in its bones to keep the revolution bloodless!

But who shall say that the change when it comes is also progress? The one sure thing is that it will be called so by those who have wanted it and have striven to get it. That is quite in accordance with the most meaningless of the many modern definitions of progress. If the increase of power to get what we want is progress, then every successful grabbing of power or assertion of self is progress. But there is a surer test. For a society, change deserves to be called progressive whenever it opens wide the door to the means of living well—not quite the same thing as the means of living wealthily or with abundance of all sorts of satisfactions. And for the individual, progress is real whenever change opens wider the door, of heart and mind and soul, to the means of living a fuller and better life—again not quite the same thing as the means of living a life replete with all desired satisfactions. And for most individuals, as for societies, such a change must usually take the form of a revolution: an awakening, certainly, and a conversion to a new way of living.

I am assuming here that progress may fairly be pre-

dicated of societies as well as of individuals, in spite of the fact that in the truest sense, only the individual is real. For every organized society such as a nation is very much more than an aggregate of the individuals composing it. It is at the least a coherent nexus of individuals, organized for living together in significant ways and for definite purposes. It possesses an enormously complex structure, embodying whole systems of belief and thought and principle quite outside the grasp of any single member. You and I may come and go, but our nation goes on—not independently of us, since everything we do contributes something to its character and its well-being—but independently of our little span of life. It cannot change unless we change, nor progress unless we progress. It would seem, therefore, that it is not unreasonable to suppose that, if progress is a reality anywhere, it may be a reality for societies, and perhaps for humanity as a whole.

But here we are brought up against the second fact which at once complicates our concept of progress and militates against our faith in continuous social progress. The human race is very old, and the settled societies which chiefly compose it have, in most cases, centuries of experience and achievement behind them. But the vital elements of every society—the living citizens who now *are* these societies—are always very young. Their average age is generally less than fifty. One is at first inclined to say that this does not matter. These young citizens do not start the race of life from scratch. The whole vast

heritage of tested experience and accumulated knowledge is theirs from birth; they go on from where their parents left off. The very atmosphere they breathe is permeated by principles of good living and canons of good taste which give much of its meaning to civilization; they also have available an amazingly fine inheritance of knowledge and power to make life fine. Every adult today is potentially a giant where his ancestors were pygmies. He is equipped to deal competently and confidently with a world which baffled his forefathers. Surely this must mean progress?

No. This is the material out of which progress might be made. But how do we use it? How are we likely to use it? The answer depends upon another question. How far does our wonderful heritage fill us with a love of fine things, and above all with the will for a better life? Can we answer this question with any optimism?

The undoubted heritage of the knowledge which is power, an instrument for good or for evil, is supposed to be guided by the equally undoubted heritage of proved principles of good living. But it must be remembered that this latter heritage is never more than a heritage of suggestions, coupled with habit-channels which we may or may not continue to follow. The suggestions are embodied in the religious and moral codes handed down to us; but these do not ensure that we—the new generation—will be either religious or moral. They are rather like the texts which used to be hung on nursery walls. The

children could not help learning them; but they could avoid obeying them. And just here lies the menace of youth to progress. Each young generation, if fully alive, wants to innovate, to experiment with its inheritance, and so press more and better wine out of the vineyard of life. So it should, you will say: how else can progress come? So it should; if only it were fit for the task. But once again—is it ever fit? No one will deny that youth is far more capable than age of unselfish enthusiasm and reckless idealism, of extraordinary loyalty also to an ideal or to a leader. The recent history of Russia and Germany is evidence of this. It is probably true too that youth, in the sense of the rising generation, has never before been given a fair chance. Always the dead hand of tradition and the live hand of authority have belonged to the elders, and have been used to check the dreams and aspirations of youth. If these malign influences were withdrawn might not youth lead us into a better world?

Your answer to this question will almost certainly depend upon your age, unless you happen to be one of the peculiar people whose optimism thrives on broken hopes. My answer will not find favour. I do not believe in the progress of humanity or of any great society as a whole, for the very reason that humanity is always young, and always being born. Because of this, no generation ever has time to become good or even to reach the negative condition of goodness. If I assert that every individual is born with the dire handicap of original sin, you will

probably laugh at me. But if I say that every individual starts life as a bundle of imperious desires—as a greedy and desirous creature—you cannot laugh, for you know from your own experience that it is true. It is fashionable to refer all concupiscence to the two sources of sex and hunger. Certainly the ramifications of sex impulses form one of the most dangerous and disruptive influences in social and individual life; and the desires grouped under the head of hunger, including desire for gain and power and all covetousness, permeate and poison many social relationships. To get these desires under control is a lifetime's task; and most of us find life too short for the job. In society as a whole—in any large society yet realized—they have always been rampant and still are rampant. Here and there some very small groups have controlled them—for a short time. But in a survey of human history so far only an optimist can claim that any society has so disciplined these desires as to be fit for the rule of purity and love. We may boast of the influence of religion, and the boast is not an idle one. But he must have a very shallow concept of religion who would assert that there has ever been a Christian nation or any other form of religious society on a large scale. There may be many or few individuals who really pattern their lives after the teaching of Christ or Krishna or Buddha. Their very real progress may spread in some degree to wider circles, but it has never spread yet to a circle wide enough to justify us in saying: "This people is a religious people, with

its feet firmly planted on the path of true progress."

If this is at all a true account, then it means that progress belongs, and for the present must belong, to individuals within society and only to them. And here we are on safe ground. Some, perhaps many, individuals do assuredly progress in the truest sense. They learn to control their desires—even to obey the Tenth Commandment; they learn to think of their neighbours' needs continually, to live in virtue and charity. They are not likely to "plume themselves on their improvement," but they certainly give the lie to Emerson's pessimistic assertion that "no man improves." And if we take a broader and—shall I say?—less puritanical view of real progress, then we may certainly admit that many individuals in most societies make progress both in appreciation and in practice towards higher standards of sympathy and gentleness and tolerance and devotion to clean and wholesome things.

But there is nothing new about this progress. The best individuals of today are but following the examples of countless good people in past ages. They are realizing in practice the wisdom that has been in the world for many centuries. It is even doubtful whether there can be any originality in virtue. There may be new applications of golden rules, and that is progress enough. Real innovation seems to be reserved for other fields. There are certainly new discoveries in science and in the application of these discoveries. And this may lead to progress if the guiding principle is true. But in the conduct of life

discovery of new and better ways of living, of new and better aims and principles, is exceedingly rare. The most original thinkers are seldom as original as they seem to be. A Bernard Shaw or a Nietzsche may appear to pull new ideas out of the empty air. But the air is saturated with the thoughts of countless predecessors. The innovators of today seldom do more than rearrange a few of the ideas wafted into their minds—or just contradict them. Most of us cannot even do that. Eddington has said that the inside of our heads is like a newspaper office. This is flattery. It would be truer to say that the inside of most heads is like a magpie's nest, full of oddments which have come there, not because they were specially bright and attractive, but because they happened to be lying around. That is the sad thing about our learning. In youth we must take what is given. Later we continue to take what the professional purveyors of ideas think is good for us—politicians and preachers, the writers of newspapers and magazines, the selectors of "best" books—because we have within us no tests of value of our own. There are fashions of thought as arbitrary as fashions of dress; and most of them are equally ephemeral and worthless. Serious discussion and criticism do of course exist, in select groups. But the great mass of us do not think, still less meditate. The result is that change is common but progress rare. Emerson's analogy of a treadmill is not very far from the truth.

But in this "century of change" innovations are common enough, in matters which may or may not

be important. This is most obvious in standards of taste in art, poetry, music, recreation, dress, and manners. In the past forty years astonishing changes of taste have been imposed upon the younger generations. The young people have usually welcomed them when they appeared: new things are often better things to the young. But *they* did not invent or choose such oddities as swing or the rhumba or purple finger nails. The Greeks of old were taught that custom is the king of all men. You may substitute fashion for custom without weakening the truth of the aphorism for most of us; and new fashions are commonly the invention of a very few eccentric people. We need not stop to consider whether changes of this kind are progressive or not; the question is perhaps unanswerable and perhaps also not worth answering. But when similar changes of value—or shall we call them changes of emphasis?—occur in morality and conduct, then it is terribly important to decide whether such changes indicate progress or the reverse. It is also terribly difficult. In many families and larger circles the Bible, like church-going, has passed out of fashion. This need not mean that religion has disappeared from such circles, nor that lower standards of morality have been accepted. The lives of many rationalists refute any such suggestion. But what has been called mythical religion has certainly lost its hold on very many young people. The texts embodying a very fine morality, the verses throbbing with a passion for righteousness, are no longer instilled into their minds

as a matter of course. For most of them there is no "Jewel five words long, That on the stretched forefinger of all time Sparkleth for ever." They are far more free to choose their principles and their values. Does this make for greater goodness? Who can say? It may be that the values instilled by texts and collects and sermons had rather shallow roots. It may be that these failed to make an indelible impression because the teachers and other professed believers have not been conspicuous for any passion for righteousness. It may be that for most of us older people the religion of conviction has degenerated into a religion of habit. But no one can question the danger of the change. Freedom and free choice are good; but will this freedom be justified by its fruits?

I am probably guilty of the stubborn prejudices of old age. Most assuredly I am not very competent to judge the many novelties of behaviour and even of deliberate conduct so evident among many young people today. This is a dynamic age; and it has been truly said that life in a dynamic age is one continuous and kaleidoscopic experimentation. This may be a condition of real progress. But in some departments of life experimentation is admittedly dangerous. Most thoughtful people agree, for instance, that you can no more fool with sex than you can fool with drugs or dynamite. As has been wisely said, unless it is combined with the protective activities (as it is in married life) sex is about as dangerous as a floating mine. In the present century restraints upon sexual gratification have been enormously weakened; first,

by the invention of efficient methods of birth control and the discovery of quick remedies for the most terrible venereal diseases; secondly, by the strange but fashionable doctrines that self-restraint is dangerous to healthy development and self-discipline an unnecessary nuisance—unless, like training for a race, it happens to be justified by quick rewards; and thirdly, by the increasing impermanence of marriage, which gives a direct stimulus to the desire for change so characteristic of sexual desire. Perhaps we should add a fourth contributory cause—the influence of co-education as a stimulating factor in the too early development of the sex interest. But it is probably premature to make any positive assertions about so controversial a matter.

In some other departments of behaviour experimentation is also producing menacing results. Abuse of alcohol—frequent and excessive drinking, to put it bluntly—has certainly increased, in some circles, among young people, girls as well as boys. This cannot possibly be as bad as is suggested by many novelists on this continent; otherwise the effect on mortality and population would be felt as quickly as it was felt in London during the orgy of gin-drinking in the middle of the eighteenth century. But it is common enough in certain sets to alarm parents, and indeed, to alarm most sober citizens.

It is fair, however, to remember one outstanding fact, often overlooked by pessimists. Side by side with circles or groups or sets in which licence has degraded freedom, there are the far greater masses of

self-restrained, self-disciplined, and sober young citizens who have no intention whatever of playing the game of life without rules. They believe in the fundamental principles of conduct which they have learned from persons whom they respect and from sources which have appealed to them as fine and true. It is probable that in the great majority of cases the principles which they accept, and their firm loyalty to them, are directly derived from religion, and the authority behind them is therefore unquestioned. It is probable also that in other cases, where adherence to orthodox religion no longer exists, the source of the accepted moral principles is still a religious source. Materialists and atheists never free themselves from the all-prevading atmosphere of beliefs and attitudes which many centuries of religious faith have created for them. That is their heritage, whether they like it or not. Only the permanent can change, say philosophers. Certainly change is meaningless unless it grows out of firmly planted and vital roots. The new thought of the freest of freethinkers is never his own creation. It grows in the soil prepared for him by all his orthodox ancestors. It may be an improvement: if there were no unorthodoxy, would there be any progress in standards and ideals? I think it is Bergson who has suggested that moral progress involves moral creators who see with their mind's eye a new social horizon—a better world, so much better that, if we tried it, we should refuse to go back to the old one.

But there is always one grave difficulty when the

religious sanctions of morality are repudiated. Where shall one find the authority which must, for most of us, lie behind the principles which we shall obey? It may be true that in the first flush of enthusiasm for a new creed there is no need of authority. No faith is so fiery as that of an original nonconformist. But his followers, his children and grandchildren, are not like that. The "say so" of their unorthodox parents is never final for them; and with an inherited germ of nonconformity within them they are more likely to innovate than to acquiesce, to invent yet other new principles for themselves than to accept given ones. And their innovations certainly do not grow out of any firmly settled roots, as did those of their parents; nor are they guided and restrained by any principles upheld by unimpeachable authority. Are they not apt to follow the whims of shifting interest and desire? Little wonder that every established religion frowns upon change and has little interest in progress.

I doubt whether it is possible to overrate the importance of some accepted and unquestioned authority to control our thoughts as well as our actions. I am thinking of course of the needs, not of young people only, but of those of us (the vast majority) who are not at all profound thinkers. Admit if you will that for a philosopher the categorical imperative of Kant or the logic of totality of Bosanquet may be as binding as a steel chain. But for the rest of us (I speak from experience) something more obvious is required. Just as we need the authority of law to curb the exuberance of some of our

lawless desires, so we need a much more tremendous authority to make absolute the principles of conduct to which we want to be loyal. Without that authority, which precept is most of the world likely to follow, the law of love, or the law of prudence?

For all of us the conclusion is plain. We needs must strive for progress, else we begin to die. We needs must believe in progress, else we lose all our goals. And by all means let us plume ourselves on our progress, so long as we are very sure about the value of the goals we are nearing. It is a fine thing to advance in learning, in strength, in the confident handling of difficulties, or in any chosen line of worthwhile achievement. It is a fine thing—if only because our self-respect demands it. But it is a poor thing if it means that we are content to ask "How am I getting on in life?" and forgetting to ask "How is life getting on in me?" It is a poor thing, both for individuals and for society, if our principal achievement is the amassing of stuff to feed our vanity or the increase of power to feed our greed.

Knowledge and Truth

IT WOULD be pleasant to accept the common doctrine that there is only one kind of truth and that all knowledge is of the same order. But it is not hard to show that this doctrine, however valid it may be *sub specie aeternitatis*, cannot possibly hold good for human beings. I hope to show that there are at least two very different kinds of knowledge acquired in different ways and by the use of different faculties of the mind; and further, that if we attempt to bring all knowledge under the domination of the scientific reason we shall find ourselves compelled to deny any validity to many of the truths which are essential to good living.

But first let us examine the scope of accurate scientific inquiry. I have no intention of impugning the validity of well-established scientific truths. Of course they are not final truths: that would be impossible unless we knew everything. We do not need to prove relativity nowadays. Many of the established laws now accepted in any science will be revised, perhaps contradicted, before many centuries have passed. The axioms of Euclid may be self-

evident, but may not apply to all experience; and in some applied sciences, such as medicine, changes are relatively rapid. Nevertheless one has only to look around our present world and its activities to realize how absurd it would be to deny the practical validity of innumerable scientific discoveries. The astronomy which guides our ships is not false because space is curved; the chemistry which furnishes our high explosives holds good even if the atom is more unstable, perhaps more "cussed," than we thought. We may agree with philosophers who tell us that science never understands what cause and law really mean; we may agree with some scientists who admit that all science really "rests on faith" and "is ultimately riddled with contradictions." But our reliance upon scientific knowledge remains firm and defensible in spite of such fundamental difficulties.

My whole object in this chapter is to show that there is a very big field of experience in which scientific methods are not applicable,—a field in which no truth can be discovered if science is our only agent of discovery.

Consider the obvious requisites of scientific inquiry. The very first of these is accurate definition of the subject matter. The principle was laid down once for all by Plato in the *Phaedrus*, and has never been questioned. "On every subject there is but one mode of beginning for those who would deliberate well. They must know what the thing is on which they are deliberating, or else of necessity go altogether astray." The definition need not do more than denote

accurately the thing to be discussed; but at least it must do that. And science does not limit its definitions to the sensible phenomena of the material universe. Mathematicians define a point, which has no material existence, or unknown quantities called x or y which have no existence at all until they are finally found, or an infinite series which never can exist in its entirety. But every science denotes by careful definition exactly what thing or idea it is going to examine.

Here we meet at once one of the chief difficulties about the application of scientific method to the subject matter of human conduct. Plato describes it perfectly in the dialogue already quoted. "When a man uses the words iron or silver, do we not all understand by them the same things?" "To be sure we do." "But what happens when he talks of justice or virtue? Do we not all start off at once in different directions, and quarrel both with one another and ourselves?" I have already noted in earlier chapters the extraordinary difficulty of defining, even for purposes of denotation, such ultimate values as God or reality or perfection or goodness or even happiness. And simpler goods, such as love, beauty, or liberty, cannot be defined except as the definer at the moment happens to see them. In our discussions of these topics, do we differ very much from Humpty Dumpty, who said, "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less"?

This, I think, is inevitable, because the content of the thing mentioned is always a personal content

existing in an atmosphere of sentiment. If I attempt to define it, will you accept my definition? No, you will not. The moment we begin our discussion it will be your meaning which will fill your mind, and not mine. And even that meaning changes as we proceed. In the Platonic dialogue already quoted, Socrates pretended to define, but certainly did not define, the love (or Eros) about which he was talking. He might have defined it as devotion to a particular person who also arouses your sexual desire. That is what erotic love usually means. But how much more or less are you going to read into this—especially if you happen to be "in love" at the moment? And what do *you* mean by devotion? Or, if you wish to discuss a very different kind of love—let us say Divine Love—you cannot even define this simply as our heavenly Father's care for us His children without running into the difficulty that, for not a few people, a father's care does not at all suggest what you want it to suggest. The content of the experience for which the word stands is an emotional content, never the same for any two people, and dependent upon the life-experience of each individual.

Again, it has been well said that all moral facts differ from scientific facts in that they invariably depend for their meaning upon the social *milieu* in which they exist. Their significance cannot be separated from our particular social relations, habits and practices, our social needs and hopes and fears; upon the very fact, in short, that we are a society of this or that kind. Consequently their significance

changes, little or much, with every change in the social medium. Even goodness itself was not the same for the Athenians as for their neighbours the Spartans. It is not the same today for the Germans and the British, the Japanese and the Americans. Can you imagine a scientific discussion about heat or light or gravity in a world in which these things changed their meaning according to the nationality or even the social position of the scientists?

In the second place, all science demands that the object with which it deals shall be abstracted or isolated from all the mass of particular detail in which every concrete object is embedded. No science examines anything in its entirety, that is, in all its relations to other things. This means that science is not interested in what we call real concrete things; and this is strictly true. For any real object or event is unique, as well as infinite in the complexity of its relations to other things; and science is interested only in recurrences or types which are amenable to generalization. When the geometer talks of a straight line, he does not mean any line which anyone has ever seen; he means a line which exists only in thought, and which can best be described not as a line at all, but simply as the straightness of a line. Just so, when the biologist examines the nature of a dog he is not interested in your dog or mine but in the common "dogness" of all dogs, and the special qualities of your dog which endear him to you do not interest him in the least—as a scientist. It may be objected that this is not true in the case, let us say,

of a good physician, whose interest is undoubtedly concentrated upon each individual patient. But this is simply an example of the application of scientific knowledge to individual cases. The chief object of all knowledge is power; and the power can only be used in the world of particular concrete objects. But even in the application of his science a physician is rarely interested in those qualities of his patients which lie outside the range of his knowledge. I have once—but only once—heard of a doctor who confessed that he could never cure Mr. A. because the latter did not believe in immortality.

Thirdly, all science demands impartiality. Unless you are completely free from bias or prejudice, from any likes or dislikes in relation to your subject, you cannot be a good scientist. I do not mean that if you dislike mosquitoes you cannot be a good entomologist, or that a fondness for dogs and an antipathy to snakes will disqualify you as a biologist. But if you are strongly attached to a particular theory, or have an antipathy to a particular mode of inquiry, or are predisposed towards a particular conclusion, then your excellence as a scientist is so far diminished. This is part of what underlies the scientist's perfectly sound insistence upon complete objectivity, that is, a passive receptivity in relation to any evidence which may be presented. But has anyone ever been impartial about things good or bad in conduct or in life? And if he were impartial, could he be considered a satisfactory human being? In politics, in social ethics, indeed in all departments of life, every single

thing that matters is intertwined with our emotions and cannot be separated from them. Shall we have a scientific discussion of cruelty or free love or slavery or atheism? But the moment the subjects are named the content of our minds forces us to prejudge the issue.

You may say that this is also true in a less degree of the subject matter of science. Even a strict scientist cannot help associating heat and cold, decay and death, with his feelings. That is completely false. To any competent scientific man everything he examines is quite neutral. No phenomena possess any quality of pleasant or unpleasant, ugly or beautiful, good or bad, or any characteristic whatever which involves his feeling. Scorching heat and paralyzing cold do not exist for the physicist; only measurable differences of molecular motion. The horrible associations connected with high explosives do not enter the chemist's laboratory; only quantities of energy.

Fourthly, scientific thought is not in the least interested in purposes, ends, or values. It could not be, without losing its impartiality. This is admitted by most scientists. Eddington has perhaps stated the fact most clearly: "The problem of knowledge is an outer shell underneath which lies another philosophical problem—the problem of values.... It cannot be pretended that the understanding and experience gained in the pursuit of scientific epistemology is of much avail here; but that is no reason for trying to persuade ourselves that the problem does not exist."

And finally, science has no truck with any metaphysical entities. True, many scientists use the terms "cause" and "force," and some even use the words "instinct" and "vital principle." But the use is strictly unjustifiable. John Stuart Mill was perfectly right in trying to dissolve cause into mere succession of events, just as some of his successors tried to resolve instinct into an accidental result of purposeless trial and error. This did not really make sense; but it was at least consistent. An important result follows which is seldom recognized. Since God and will and purpose are all left out of the business, everything, including the activities of human beings, is dealt with simply and solely as part of a natural process which has no particular meaning. In this natural process everything follows what has gone before by an inevitable compulsion. Determinism is absolute. The words of Omar Khayyam apply universally:

> Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
> What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

Indeed, determinism is so absolute as to leave no room for even the shadow of a shade of interference by any agency whatever, whether you call it God, or will, or choice. It is obvious, therefore, that human life and action, so far as science explains them, can have no meaning. They are just an insignificant part of a vast meaningless process.

And so the conclusion is forced upon us that the scientific method cannot be applied to the conduct of life as we understand it. There cannot be a science

of morals, any more than a science of religion; and only a very bold man would claim that there can be a science of politics. But does this mean that there cannot be a science of society, or sociology?

It is more than a century since Comte coined the name "sociology" and insisted that this science of society was the coping stone of all the sciences. Since then a growing number of intellectualists have applied themselves to the study of society by more or less scientific methods; and many of them claim that both the subject matter and the results obtained justify them in calling it a true science. There are many critics, of course. Some, like Poincaré, have objected, very plausibly, that "sociology is the science which has most methods and fewest results." Others have insisted that scientific sociology should be combined with anthropology, within a strictly limited field. And some, rather unkindly, have suggested that the marked verbosity of modern sociologists has been adopted as a screen to conceal from simple students and the public the extreme thinness of the harvest of their researches. But perhaps the most significant criticism of the claims of sociologists has come from rationalist believers in the omnipotence of science, such as Bertrand Russell and Alexis Carrel. The former has denied the possibility of a science of society because of the extreme complexity of the subject matter. It is doubtful whether complexity alone is a barrier. Some established sciences, such as biology, have an amazingly complex subject matter. But this is no obstacle, provided only the essential

elements of this subject matter can be defined and abstracted from all irrelevant details and limited to what is strictly pertinent. And this is possible on one condition: your subject matter must not be dependent for its very meaning upon elements which you are compelled to omit. The biologist can meet this condition, but the sociologist cannot. The biologist can examine the organic life and activities of a mollusc without having to consider its religious beliefs or its hope of a future life. But the sociologist can omit nothing. It is not possible to explain the really significant life and activities of the human beings who compose—or rather, who *are*—society without taking into account everything which is hidden within their heads. For they are not intelligible at all except as complete entities dependent for their significance and their reality upon all their thoughts and hopes and fears as well as all their relations to their very complex social environment.

It is on these grounds that Carrel rejects the claim of sociology to rank among the true sciences. "The human being," he says, "is too complex to be apprehended in his entirety." And further, "In man the things which are not measurable are more important than those which are measurable." But Carrel goes rather too far in dismissing sociology and economics as pseudo-sciences. Economics is certainly a true science, so long as it keeps within its accepted limits and treats men and women, not as human beings, but as animated robots impelled by a single motive and interested only in a single set of activities.

Because of this abstraction it has rightly been said that the good economist does not deal with real men and women at all. Sociologists are usually more ambitious. But sociology too can be a true science, provided it observes the distinction, upon which I have already insisted, between conduct and behaviour. That is to say, it must confine its attention to the activities of individuals and groups which may fairly be regarded as reactions to known stimuli, existing either in the environment or in the constitution of individual minds. This is a wide enough field for any science, for it includes everything which may fairly be explained by reference to known causes, ranging from the prick of desire or the habit-thoughts of individuals to the folkways and "cakes of custom" of societies. In this way alone can it find those recurrences which, as Whitehead says, are essential to science, and which enable it to obtain knowledge potentially universal in its application and therefore a fair basis for prediction. But conduct in the true sense is not amenable to scientific treatment, for the very essence of conduct is conscious purpose, and (to quote Whitehead again), "It is impossible to treat purpose on the level of fact." For "Purposes are *inherently* dynamic and changing." And further, of all consciously purposed actions we must admit "that it is the *spirit* of the action that counts, as well as the action itself, and is often vastly more important." And that "spirit of the action" is never an observed fact, but at best a very shaky inference from the action itself.

How shaky the inference must always be can be judged from the extreme difficulty of our own analysis of our own motives. We act upon the basis of experience, we say. But that is not so. We act upon the basis of our changing interpretations of experience within our little minds. We are aware of our guiding purposes, we say. But as often as not some little whim or fancy supplants our purpose and leads to actions which we are too vain to ascribe to their true source. Has an outside observer any chance of discovering the causation, or the significance, of the acts?

The scientific sociologist will doubtless retort that he does not need to know all the oddities of individual motive. It may be the case that John Smith and his wife make a success of their marriage because they both have a strong sense of duty, while William Brown and his wife are equally successful because they both have a strong sense of humour. But the important social fact is that both couples are examples of the objective social phenomenon of stable matrimony, and this is what matters both for science and for society. All scientific knowledge is general, and its generalization eliminates individual differences and peculiarities. You are not debarred from attaining to the knowledge which leads to prevision and so to power (Comte's famous goal of "savoir pour prévoir pour pouvoir") by the fact that no two individuals are ever quite the same. The important thing is to discover wide similarities or identities. And this is where the indispensable instrument of statistics

comes into play. You can apply this instrument almost without limit so long as classification is possible. And the individual members of society can be grouped into large and small classes almost without limit.

True enough. But there are two difficulties. All classification depends upon well-defined differentiae which are manifested "objectively." By taking one or more such differentiae as the basis for your classification you ensure that each class shall consist of a known or unknown number of individuals, all of whom are identical in reference to the stated differentiae. All dead men are exactly alike—with regard to absence of life. So are all married people, with regard to the fact of marriage. But at once you see your two limitations. What really matters most in human beings is not their identity with others but their differences: their uniqueness, in fact. As a married man, I am quite uninteresting. As a contented married man, I am more interesting. As a really good husband, I ought to be an object of deep interest to most people. Again, the important differences cannot be used as scientific differentiae because they always involve the kind of quality with which science cannot deal. You have only to consider for a moment the absurdity of making a class of "good" people, or "contented" people, or "religious" people. Would you, with all your knowledge of yourself, put yourself in the class? Hence the very strict limits of the statistical method. It can tell you how many criminals there are in your country—but not

how many sinners; how many church-goers—but not how many Christians; how many marriages end in divorce—but not how many are a mockery of marriage. And its grasp of social causation is correspondingly limited.

We may sum up this rather prolix account of the limitations of a social science in this way. Science requires a manageable material, limited by definition, abstracted from all irrelevant matter, measurable in regard to causes and effects, completely neutral so far as our emotions are concerned, capable of impartial observation and verification, and amenable to the reasoning of pure logic. Every one of these requisites is denied to the subject matter and processes of the purposive intelligence. It is of course true that, as purposive agents, we do both observe and reason. But we observe without accuracy, and reason without impartiality. We observe through a glass darkly—the glass of our prejudices and desires, our hopes and fears, our likes and dislikes. We reason with the queer logic imposed upon us by our aims, dragging us always towards foregone conclusions. Verification is seldom attempted, and it is usually impossible. The saying of Solon, "Call no man happy until he is dead," is true enough in this sense, that we can never be sure of the rightness of our conclusions until the far-off results are felt. We do make some attempt to harmonize our conclusions into a consistent scheme. But it is a predetermined scheme, forced upon us by the illogical sediment of all our experience. The whole process is not an

intelligent process. If the conclusions are right for our lives, that is because our vital attitudes are right. Degrees of intelligence seem to make little difference. The most intelligent people—like Germans—may attach themselves with fanatical certainty to conclusions, and therefore to principles, which we believe to be diabolically wrong. Much scientific knowledge is no safeguard. A Francis Bacon or a Herbert Spencer is not more likely to be right than a Lincoln or a Socrates. The Delphic Oracle called Socrates the wisest of men. He insisted that this could only be because he knew that he knew nothing. As far as scientific knowledge was involved, he was probably right.

But if not science, what else is there to guide us? If not the scientific instrument of logical reason, what other instrument have we in our hands? A partial answer is not difficult. When a Lincoln appears in the political world, we do not say that he possesses more science than other men or is a master of logical reasoning. We say that he possesses the gift of practical wisdom. And this seems to depend upon a number of things. There must first of course be integrity of character, involving simplicity, directness, and freedom from the distorting influence of self-interest. This is in harmony with the principle, accepted by many philosophers, that only the good man can be wise. Secondly, the practically wise man must be steeped in humanity, and possessed of something approaching a passionate interest in the welfare of human beings. For it is out of the depth of his own

humanity that his wisdom flows; and that well must be fed constantly through channels of sympathy with the struggles and failures of others. There is thirdly an immediate awareness of harmony or discord in actions and in proposed combinations of actions, motives, and aims. This is perhaps analogous to the sense possessed by the best musicians which detects instantly any impurity of tone or note, and recognizes at once the truth or falsity of any composition. There is of course also a rational side to it, and logical thought accompanies it, as it accompanies all processes of intelligence. But the logic is of the kind which Bosanquet described as the spirit of totality, the logic which enters into art as well as into all philosophy, and implies a recognition of the truth implicit in or demanded by any complete situation. This logic has been called the clue to reality and the clue to all value. We should run into unnecessary danger if we described this sense of practical rightness as instinctive or intuitive. But it certainly possesses one characteristic of intuition: the recognition of truth is immediate, and not the result of any reasoning process.

Now it may safely be asserted that, just as all normal human thinkers possess scientific intelligence, even though we are not adept in the use of it, so all normal human agents possess purposive intelligence, even though very few of us reach the excellence of practical wisdom. Part of the reason for this has been discussed previously. We allow all sorts of principles and values to be insinuated into our minds

all through life: perhaps we cannot help ourselves, especially in youth. But we seldom take the trouble at any stage to revise or improve our store of values. We positively wallow in situations and actions which bristle with contradictions. We vociferously applaud all kinds of political, social, and even religious principles, and never attempt to make our conduct agree with them. We accept ideals—often very fine ones—and lay them up in a napkin to be produced as evidence of good intentions at the Judgment Day. But practical wisdom comes by constant vigilance, constant revision of principles in the light of the spirit of totality, and above all constant thought about the implications of values, little or big. It has been said that much profound meditation is necessary in order to make our principles soak into our bones. It is certainly true that nothing good which we know or think we know can ever become an energizing force in our lives unless we think about it again and again.

But we are still taking our values for granted. What guarantee have we of their validity? By thought and meditation we may ensure their harmony with one another, and free our attachments, and perhaps our conduct, from serious inconsistency. We may also have the satisfaction of knowing that they are approved by all good people—the people we believe to be good. But that gives no valid assurance of their truth; still less does it point the way to the discovery of new truth in the moral universe. Where

then, shall we find any sure test of the rightness of values and principles?

There is a pragmatic test of values, accepted by even the most materialistic science, which is by no means to be disregarded. The mores of any human group, and the principles and values associated with the mores, have taken whatever form they now possess as a result of age-long adaptation to the pressures of environment and the necessities of life. Experience is a ruthless but effective teacher, and individuals or societies have had to learn her lessons or suffer pain or death. It is also reasonable to assume the existence in man of a faculty capable of drawing inferences from remembered experiences of pleasure and pain. The ceaseless exercise of this faculty has resulted in an accumulation of rules of behaviour and assumptions of values based upon the pleasure-pain experiences, and labelled good or bad, noble or ignoble, solely as a result of those experiences. And the rules and values have a literally vital validity in that they cannot be disregarded without danger to life.

It must be admitted that this theory has two flaws. At the end of a long life, Thomas Huxley confessed that this explanation failed to explain the undeniable phenomena of persistent altruism or disinterest—the keynotes of the highest ethic. And it is obvious that, as a test of value, the theory is useless in relation to new values consciously elevated to positions of the highest importance in a rapidly

changing world. This is today the crux of the whole matter. We live and work for the future; most of our ideals belong to the future; and the world's welfare depends upon the validity of ideals, social and individual, which are emerging today. Will a brave new world inspired by these ideals be happier or better than the present one? No scientific analysis can answer that question. Future experience will doubtless give an answer; but future experience is not at the disposal of science today. Nor can science answer some more specific questions. For example: which is more conducive to pleasure—to live with a firm belief in an all-powerful God, or to live free from all such trammels of credulity? Or, to take a question of social welfare: does a Capitalist system of industry produce more or less pleasure than a Socialist system? Clearly in all such cases, quite apart from the insuperable difficulty of defining the causal elements involved, there is the difficulty that you cannot state, much less measure, the pertinent effects. They are innumerable, and, so far as they lie in the future, unknowable.

We turn therefore to the two other sources of enlightenment, namely, revelation and intuition. The former does not require any discussion. If religion includes the firm acceptance of truths revealed by God and made accessible to us by a Bible or a Church, then we have here a final authority for the values which we call good. Difficulties of interpretation will of course remain; but if you are not

only a believer but also honest, the tests of value will be clear enough for you.

Intuition of course raises many difficulties. We mean by it some form of direct knowledge acquired without the careful processes of scientific reasoning and observation. And we may admit at once that the intellectualist's case against it is a strong one. According to him, to believe in intuition is just one more form of dangerous obscurantism, at least as dangerous as blind acceptance of religious dogma. It is an open door to every kind of wishful imagining. Now imagination has its uses, no doubt, even in science. It is a pointer whose indications are often useful, but only when rigorously tested and checked against known facts. Intuition is imagination unchecked: to the rationalist and intellectualist it is nothing else. It must be remembered, however, that in the judgment of most philosophers and many of the soundest scientists, science itself rests upon faith, and the logical reason works upon the basis of assumptions which must be accepted but are never proved. These *principia*, like the basic values of the practical intelligence, seem to depend upon some kind of direct vision, and therefore involve the intuition which has been so vigorously condemned. What then, is this intuition?

Let it first be noted that we are here concerned with intuition only as a faculty which guides and informs the practical mind. We may therefore regard it as a faculty which sees and recognizes the reality

of goodness, the values which have absolute worth. This limitation appears to be accepted in some definitions of intuition. It has been defined as "the faculty by which we recognize ultimate values"; also as "the unreasoned mental guide to betterment or progress." But these are question-begging definitions. It is safer to be content with some more neutral definition, such as that suggested by K. W. Wild: "Intuition is an immediate awareness by a subject of some particular entity, without such aid from the senses or from reason as would account for such awareness." Here the emphasis is upon the immediacy of the knowledge and the direct awareness of the knower: and it is of course assumed that the knowledge is knowledge of reality and therefore really true. This account is in harmony with the views of such very different philosophers as Emerson and Bergson. The former calls intuition "the flower of the mind," "the primary wisdom," "the spontaneity which is at once the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence of life." It is therefore "the Trustee" of both goodness and truth. Bergson, hardly less lyrical, calls it "the power of vision which pierces the darkness of the night in which the intellect leaves us." In a more restrained mood he explains that in the evolution of life three faculties of knowing have emerged: first, in the animal world, instinct supreme, with a fringe of intelligence still to be developed; secondly, in the human world, highly developed intellect, the great

problem-solving instrument, to which man naturally turns in the difficulties of life; and thirdly, beyond intellect, a fringe of intuition still waiting to be developed, although in a few cases, chiefly those of mystics and saints, it has been developed and used for its proper object, the discovery of moral certainties and supreme values which are admittedly outside the scope of intellect.

Bergson's view is remarkably close to the doctrine of Plato, though I am not aware that he acknowledges the resemblance. In the sixth and seventh books of the *Republic*, Plato posits the existence in all men of a power far transcending reason, which is capable of finding its way directly to the secrets of reality. But this power of direct vision remains dormant in the vast majority of men, in whose souls it is covered over and held down by the mire and weeds of human desires. It needs long years of discipline to awaken it—mental and moral discipline of a kind which few can face. But when in the rare soul freedom from desire and purity of purpose have been attained, then the power becomes active and penetrates to the very heart of reality—which is also the Good. Then only does the soul recognize goodness in all its forms without any shadow of uncertainty. But Plato makes very clear the condition imposed upon those who would attain to the power of intuition. Since the vision is the vision of the good, the seer must himself be good. Perhaps that is why all our revelations of moral values have come through people whom their

world has called saintly. The true seer is always a saint; nothing less will serve. In Biblical language, only the pure in heart can see God.

I suggest that this is the only form of intuition which is both defensible and safe. No doubt to all materialists it is foolishness, and to most intellectualists it is mere imagination. But their contempt does not carry great weight, since they themselves can offer no rock of certainty whatever upon which we can rest our ideals and our values.

One final word. I have implied a sharp distinction between dogmatic religion and intuition as sources of our knowledge of moral values. If, as we are often compelled to do, we emphasize the word "dogmatic," then this distinction must be accepted. But if we understand by religion the striving for closer harmony with God, or Reality, or the Good, then it is clear that no such distinction can stand. All great seers are religious, and are our guides in the road to religion. Their intuitions are the light on our path. They all seem to give substantially the same message, differing chiefly in emphasis upon this or that aspect of the truth they see. And they stand out from the greater crowd of speculators or guessers or would be teachers by the sheer force which their direct knowledge imparts to their words. As Bergson has said, they may repeat the same truths, but the message they write is written in letters of fire.

Happiness

Is THERE any need to discuss the value of happiness? Do we require any arguments to induce us to make happiness our goal? Is it not true that all of us desire happiness all the time, and as much of it as we can possibly get? This indisputable fact is the foundation of the ethics of Utility, as was pointed out long ago by the most persuasive advocate of Utilitarianism, John Stuart Mill. Therefore it follows that happiness is the one universal end, the one supreme good, the sole criterion of worth. Our actions are good only if and when they tend to increase happiness for ourselves and everyone else. They are bad just in proportion as they tend to diminish happiness and increase its opposite. Morality is as simple as that. There is only one catch about it, which even Mill regretfully admitted. As an end, happiness has this defect: if we deliberately seek it as *our* end and persistently pursue it for ourselves, the effort frustrates itself and leads to certain disappointment. For the more ardently we pursue happiness the less likely we are to catch up with it. And that is called the paradox of happiness.

What does all this mean? Are we just juggling with words which have no precise meaning? What is happiness? Obviously it is a state of individual

consciousness, and is therefore differently envisaged by every conscious individual. Obviously also, it is closely related to pleasure, to desire, and to satisfaction; but these concepts rather confuse than clarify the issue. It is probably true that the only motive of all rational activity is desire for something; and whatever it is that we desire, we certainly want the satisfaction of that desire. And the satisfaction of all desires, unaccompanied by any dissatisfaction, must be happiness. Is that the proof of the universality of the desire for happiness? If so, it does not advance our knowledge in the least, and is even false. The universality of the desire for happiness and the reality of happiness as the supreme goal must rest on a firmer foundation than that. Among the most ardent seekers of true happiness are a goodly retinue of people (like the Sannyasins and Munis of the East, and some religious devotees in the West) who begin their quest by turning their backs upon desire and satisfaction of desire in any ordinary sense, and forgetting that they possess a desiring self at all. For these, happiness is incompatible with wanting anything whatever for themselves; for the first requisite of happiness is to lose the personal self in perfect union with Reality—a condition into which the desires of the separate self cannot enter. And for these people, and for them alone, there is no "paradox of happiness." But most of us do very definitely think of happiness as bound up with satisfaction of our desires; and for us the paradox remains—to thwart us.

We also associate pleasure with happiness, although many of us may hesitate to identify the two. But what is really the relation between them? The pure idealist will not admit any close relation. When Socrates began his inquiry into the nature of the real Good, one of his listeners diffidently suggested that the Good might be pleasure; but he brushed aside the suggestion as unworthy of serious consideration. Utilitarians cannot do this, nor can most simple people who are neither pure idealists nor deeply religious. And common sense is on their side. As a minimal satisfaction in life, pleasure is really pleasant. It is an essential part of the enjoyment of life, without which happiness would be rather flavourless. But even some rationalists, who logically identify happiness with pleasure, have felt that their position is weak. It is obviously dangerous to accept every pleasure or combination of pleasures as good. Like desires, some pleasures may be as dangerous as unexploded bombs. True, not all pleasures are connected with desire, or even tend to stimulate desire. Some of the finest pleasures come to us as a joyful surprise, unsought and unexpected. But on the whole the strongest pleasures are preceded by strong desires, and the experience of these pleasures tends to generate and augment the desires beyond our easy control. The very common result is not increase of happiness but the exact reverse. It is all very well to emphasize the value of disinterested desires or the desire for the increase of the pleasure of other people. But anything so altruistic is not

easily harmonized with the inevitable self-seeking which accompanies the natural motivation of most individual agents through the prospect of their own pleasure—not somebody else's. This was the difficulty so disturbingly realized by Thomas Huxley at the end of his long and very rational life.

A more plausible escape from the difficulty of identifying happiness with pleasure is found by asserting boldly that pleasures differ in kind; some are pure and good, some very much the reverse. And true happiness is associated with the purer and finer pleasures; the wise seeker of happiness will reject all others. This was the position taken by Mill in his attempt to make Utilitarianism completely plausible. Now of course it is true that pleasures differ in kind. No one but a fool would say that the pleasure of listening to a fine symphony is the same in kind as the pleasure of getting drunk, or that the pleasure of helping a friend has the same quality as the pleasure of winning a bet. But this way of escape is not open to any adherent of the ethic of utility. Mill had no right whatever to fall back upon it, nor has any rationalist. For it clearly assumes that there is some criterion beyond pleasure or satisfaction to which appeal may be made in determining the worth of the pleasure. But if quantity of pleasure is your final test, you are entitled to arrange pleasures in the order of their bigness or intensity or desirability, but certainly not in the order of their fineness. You may weigh one pleasure or combination of pleasures against another; but you

have no right to exclude from the scale any pleasure which you happen to think is of poor quality. For that means an appeal to some test of the worth of pleasure other than the quantity of pleasure as such. And according to utilitarianism there can be no such test. Mill of course knew this perfectly well; was he not the leading logician of his day? The fact that he refused to be bound by his own logic shows that even the wisest rationalists are seldom rational when their deepest prejudices are involved. No rationalist can bear to admit that there may be some criterion of worth or goodness which is not amenable to the scientific requirements of proof, measurement, and accurate definition. Mill was no exception; but he was splendidly inconsistent.

However, the question whether pleasures differ in kind is not an important one. If we want to understand what is really worth doing or being in life, we quickly realize that we merely confuse the issue by asking what kind of pleasure accompanies the action or state of being which we shall agree to call good. Like Socrates, we shall find it wise to leave considerations of pleasure out of the argument. And a little more careful analysis of the motivation of desire shows why this must be so. It does not really mean anything to say that satisfaction or pleasure or happiness is the universal object of human desire. We desire particular objects, which differ according to our mental and physical condition, our attitude to life, our tastes and capacities. Some objects have no special character—for example, a drink of water

desired when we are thirsty. Some have tremendous significance—for example, an injury to our neighbour when we are covetous or angry. True, the objects of desire are not always very definite, since so many desired goods are felt rather than apprehended by reason. But this does not detract from their reality nor lessen their power as motives. The emotion aroused by the ideal of purity or the desire for freedom may change a life or start a revolution, even though none of us can define it with any accuracy and all of us would probably give a different definition of it if we tried to define it. But both purity and freedom are real objects of desire, and differ radically from other objects—let us say, pleasure or comfort.

But our judgment of the worth, both of actions and of the motives which prompt them, is clearly determined by our estimate of the fineness or shabbiness of the objects sought. Some men will march to almost certain death to preserve the freedom of their people. We rightly call them heroes. Some will plunge into icy water to save a drowning dog. We may call them fools, but we call them fine fools—like Parsifal. In these cases it is childish to say that the agents are following the lure of their greatest satisfaction or pleasure. They are following the shining light of something superlatively fine, something compelling to them because it appeals irresistibly to an element of fineness in them. And of course, the farther the goal is removed from any thought of

pleasure or satisfaction for ourselves, the higher is our estimate of it.

What criterion are we applying here? Obviously it is not a simple one, but is composed of many elements. First and foremost stands the element of disinterest or unselfishness. We honour a hero because he forgets himself entirely and thinks only of others. We admire devotion to a cause for the same reason, even though we may not greatly admire the cause itself. Our respect and liking go out to any character in fiction, as in real life, who stands out as an example of self-forgetfulness. But our standard of judgment contains much more positive elements than this. Every human being carries with him a pattern of conduct by which he judges the actions and characters of others. That is our norm of goodness. It is seldom made explicit: few of us could say what it really contains; it is of course different for each individual, and, like conscience, it changes and grows as long as we are fully alive. Most people would no doubt agree that such qualities as loyalty, courage, affection, kindliness and generosity are essential elements in this pattern of goodness. But the world appears to contain a large number of so-called civilized people whose pattern is very different. Further, there is no guarantee that your pattern or mine is correct. We believe in it, and we rely upon it implicitly to guide our judgments of good and evil. We may have a bible to appeal to in support of our trust in it. But that is hardly a

scientific proof that it is right or true. One cannot but envy the Utilitarians with their simple measuring rod of the pleasure or pain effects of all conduct, and therefore its rightness or wrongness. Their only trouble is that the full effects are generally too obscure, too distant, and too complex to be measured.

But our pattern of conduct, however imperfect it may be, points the way to a principle which we may safely substitute for the principle of greatest happiness. I refer to the principle of harmony. In his search for the essence of right and wrong, Plato suggested that the right is "a kind of harmony," while the wrong is always disharmony. But the question "harmony with what?" is the real crux of the matter. Whenever we make a list of the goods worth striving for, we find that they not only differ in importance, but also seem to demand connection with something beyond and above them which shall, as it were, guarantee their validity. They must not only "hang like pearls upon their string," but must depend, pearls and string alike, from some absolute and supreme good. This is why ethical thought has always sought for a *summum bonum:* if that is found, then the harmony which unites all goods is complete. We have only to apply the logic of consistency to make sure that this or that lesser goal has the quality of goodness.

Capitalism and Value

It is the fashion among writers on capitalism to dispense with a definition of the term. Even so elaborate a work as Henri Sée's *Evolution of Capitalism* leaves you to guess at the meaning, and Tawney's equally elaborate treatise on *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* gives no definition whatever of either capitalism or religion. It is perhaps excusable for journalists to follow such distinguished examples; but we can hardly claim their excuse.

Like most words ending in "ism," the word denotes a system of thought or activity possessing certain necessary characteristics and resting upon certain definite assumptions. It is always a delicate task to interpret these characteristics and assumptions without prejudice. Perhaps it is an impossible task. Tawney illustrates the difficulty admirably. His one passage which suggests a definition is as follows: "If capitalism means the direction of industry by the owners of capital for their own pecuniary gain, and the social relationships which establish themselves between them and the wage-earning proletariat whom they control, then capitalism had

existed on a grand scale, both in modern Italy and in modern Flanders. If by the capitalist spirit is meant the temper which is prepared to sacrifice all moral scruples to the pursuit of profit, it had been only too familiar to the saints and sages of the Middle Ages."

Here you have first a suggested definition of capitalism as a system, and secondly a suggested interpretation of its dominating characteristics. And the latter begs many questions. We may be unable to avoid this danger but at least we can be frank about it. And, therefore, following Hobson (whose *Evolution of Capitalism* is hardly mentioned by either of the writers whom I have named) I would define the system of capitalism as the organization of business upon a large scale by employers or companies of employers possessing an accumulated stock of wealth wherewith to acquire raw material and tools and to hire labour, so as to produce an increased quantity of wealth which shall constitute profit. So far we are on safe ground. And we are also safe if we go on to assert that among the characteristics of such a system we include (what is really implied in the definition) the pursuit of personal and not social gain as the dominant motive; and the treatment of a proletarian class as instruments to be used in the pursuit. But beyond this we cannot go. We may talk about the capitalist spirit; but we have no right to suggest that it means anything more than a combination of the profit motive with enterprise; and such a combination does not imply

anything unscrupulous or immoral. If it did, which of us all could hold up his head? But I want to lay special emphasis upon one of the invariable characteristics of capital, namely, the use of hired labour. This alone does not make a capitalist system; but it is perhaps its most important characteristic in relation to value.

Let us begin our inquiry by considering a simple economy, such as an English village of the fifteenth century or Plato's idyllic community before it became swollen by luxury and complexity. The shoemaker, let us say, made a pair of shoes in five days, not for his own use but wherewith to buy something he had not got. The carpenter made a table also in five days. The shoemaker was glad to buy the table with his shoes and the carpenter willingly took the shoes in exchange for his table. In such a transaction, the Just Price was asked and obtained on both sides, that is to say each gained equally by the exchange. You will here observe three things. First, the exchange was not only a gain but an actual increase of value for both the exchangers. Secondly, the profit motive was operative throughout with no bad effects. Thirdly, both parties were capitalists, though on a very small scale. Both owned the means of production in addition to their labour power and skill—the necessary tools and a place in which to work (fixed capital), and a stock of material, as well as enough food for self-support while the work was in progress (circulating capital or capital which must be replaced after each single use). Money

may or may not have entered into the transaction. If it did so enter, it would make no difference except a more exact measurement of each article produced. The whole transaction is entirely satisfactory, and so far contains no germ of evil. It is possible that either of the manufacturers might attempt to exploit the other and depart from the principle of Just Price and equal mutual gain. But in a single community, the remedy was simple. Everyone had a fair idea of the effort and skill required for each manufacture; the smith might deserve a little more reward for each day's arduous work but the shoemaker and the carpenter were pretty much on a level. If either tried to extort more than his due, public disapproval would correct him, or in the last resort, a boycott, and the substitution for his services of those of the corresponding manufacturer in a neighbouring village. Thus competition was in the background, ready to be used as a salutary mode of defence.

It is easy to see why, with some such picture in mind, Adam Smith was an enthusiastic optimist in the cause of free labour, free exchange, and free enterprise; and also why he regarded the motive of individual profit as an instrument of the goodwill of Providence. He was perfectly right—in a world before the industrial revolution had begun; and it did not really begin till ten years after his *Wealth of Nations* was written. It is also easy to understand many of the conceptions naturally adopted by Adam Smith's own followers. Two of these have played a part of incalculable importance in subsequent history.

One is the labour theory of value. In our example, the connection between the value of the goods and the amount and quality of the labour needed to make them stands out as an obvious and true fact—so important that we can hardly be surprised that the dependence of the value upon the satisfaction derived by the buyer was rather overlooked. Moreover, the labour was measurable—at any rate in hours; but the satisfaction was not. Almost exactly a hundred years had to elapse before economists discovered that satisfaction could be measured, and with more accuracy than labour. So the labour theory of value became firmly established and is to this day the kernel of socialist doctrine. The other conception (not now so popular) was that of enlightened self-interest as the ideal motive force for all economic activities. This, too, stood out as both obvious and true. Without the self-interest, neither work nor exchange could proceed satisfactorily. Or rather, work of a sort might proceed under compulsion or possibly from altruistic motives (what we now call service); but healthy and beneficial exchange most certainly could not. And without exchange, wealth loses most of its value.

What has happened to invalidate the conceptions and assumptions which seemed so plain to the good people who built upon Adam Smith's doctrines? First, and most momentous, the workman's tool was supplanted by the machine. Now it is all very well to say that a machine merely means a glorified tool. It means much more: it means also a robbed human

being. For the essence of a machine is that it takes the direction of the tool out of the hand and mind of the human worker, and thereafter directs it as we say, mechanically. A sewing machine takes the needle from the hands of the skilled seamstress and directs its every movement thenceforward, leaving no scope whatever for the skilled needlework of the fine sewer. And from that hour the value of that particular human skill declines or disappears. That is the first and greatest theft of machinery—the theft of the craftsman's skill.

Next the machinery is an "economy" because it turns out more product with less effort. This, of course, is its greatest advantage and a benefit to a toiling humanity. But this does not alter the plain fact that, in giving this benefit, it lessens the value of the human effort which we call labour; and so far it is guilty of a second theft. And if an inanimate power is harnessed to the machine, the theft is all the greater.

Again, a machine is both bigger and more complex than a tool, and, therefore, more expensive. This simple fact has momentous social consequences. In simpler industrial society, the individual craftsman could be an independent owner of the necessary capital, for a small sum was usually enough to purchase a kit of tools and to hire a place in which to work. Capitalism had no terrors for him and no sinister meaning. But he could not (except very rarely) own machinery and its necessary equipment costing from ten to one thousand times as much as

his tools. And so he suffered the third theft: that of his capital and status as an independent owner of the necessary means of production.

Thus the introduction of machinery—without evil design or fault on any one's part—caused a very disastrous change for human workers, which we may without exaggeration call an inanimate spoliation or theft of three things of very great importance: the value of their skill, the value of their labour, and the value of their capital ownership. There were, of course, some compensations. Machinery itself created new skills and gave them value; it put an end to some forms of labour whose value to the labourer was more than questionable, since he was soon killed by the strain and effort; and it linked him to new organizations within which—though less independent—he was able often to make a better livelihood and perhaps find a more varied life. But the spoliation of his powers and prerogatives remained. We must also remember that the losses were made inevitable by happenings which accompanied the introduction of machinery. It is generally admitted that capitalism cannot thrive without a defenceless proletariat at its disposal. It is certainly true that the handworkers can refuse to be dominated by machinery or submit to its spoliations, as long as it is within their power to live a self-sufficient life outside the range of the machines. That is to say, they can remain free from the factory domination provided a different life is still open to them. This alternative exists so long as they own

or have access to land, for in that case they can maintain their village life with its simple but sufficient organization of industries and exchange. But, in England at any rate, this alternative was largely destroyed just at the time when the machine industry was being established. The industrial revolution was accompanied by an agrarian evolution; seven million acres of land previously at the disposal of the small cultivators—in great part at any rate—were enclosed into larger farms and estates; the "people" became the "masses," compelled by sheer necessity to submit to the harness of the new machinery, which was being erected at great speed in what politeness has called the new factory towns, but truth compels us to call the new factory slums. And so capitalism is established, in the true sense of a system of production of wealth wherein the implements of production are too big and too expensive to allow widespread individual ownership, and the small people are compelled to wear the livery of servants of the machine instead of remaining masters of the tool.

Now it is important to note that thus far no one is to blame. There is no purposed tyranny or oppression. The inventions and the resultant machines had to be utilized: as wealth was wanted, it would have been (and still is) too stupid not to use them to the full. They had to be owned and managed by somebody; and the only people who could own and manage them were the individuals who were lucky enough to have sufficient money to buy equipment

and had sufficient enterprise to undertake some risk and some effort—both of which were often very considerable. If we urge that these individuals should have refused the ownership and insisted that society as a whole should possess it, we are simply urging that both society and its members ought to have been different from what they were—which is not helpful to sound judgment.

But, the method of capitalist production once established, there followed other results in which natural necessity and individual culpability are inextricably mingled. The growing system gave rise to consequences at which Adam Smith would have shuddered and many good people did shudder. I am not going to dwell upon the familiar horrors of the early factories and factory towns. They could have been avoided, as Robert Owen showed; and the callousness and greed of capitalists were in large measure the cause of them. It was not the system which was to blame but the human misuse of the system. But for our inquiry, we must consider some less obvious consequences. Two of these are concerned with what we may call the degradation of value.

Take first the principle of Just Price—something so sound and so precious that the Church for centuries took great pains to preserve it. The principle was very simple. Trade and exchange for gain are lawful only when they are consciously based on mutual advantage. You may buy or sell anything when you are honestly convinced that the price asked

or given represents an equal gain for both parties. If not, you are an extortioner. In simple industry (and the Church at its best never wanted anything else), the principle was not hard to follow, as I indicated in the example given at the outset. Behind it lay the fact that a known number of hours of work with a recognized degree of skill constituted the production of each good; and public opinion, custom, and law ratified a common-sense estimate of the worth of the effort and the skill. Other factors, of course, entered into the valuation of certain articles, especially those imported from other countries and dealt with in special markets. But these transactions of big commerce were regarded with suspicion. Trade got its bad name partly because the traders abandoned the principle of the Just Price. In modern manufacture and exchange, the first result of the capitalist system was to destroy the foundation of value upon which fair exchange was based. When the workers lost their status in the simpler economy, there remained no possible way of estimating the worth of their skill, which was fundamental in the valuation of the goods produced. They were in no position to assess their own valuation; they no longer had common opinion or custom or law to which to appeal; however they worked, their day's toil had no value whatever except what the machine owner chose to offer for it. And so the bottom dropped out of fair value, and a Just Price became an absurdity. The principle of *caveat emptor* (what a satire on Christianity!) took its place; goods

might fairly be sold for the highest price which any consumer could be induced or forced to give. And labour might be bought for the lowest price which any labourer could be induced or forced to accept. It was usually hard on the mass of consumers, who have rightly been described as persons of dull intellect who do not know what they want. But the chief hardship fell upon the common people as workers. That is to say, as people who had to buy whatever they could get with the one thing they had to offer in payment, namely, their labour. And in that transaction, *caveat emptor* was outside their power. They might not like the bargain offered, but they had to take it or starve. And thenceforward goods went into the market with no basis of value behind them. They might be cheap or dear, loaded with extortion or free from it; that would depend upon whether and for how long the seller "could get away with it." It is interesting to note that economists have never liked to face this emptiness of modern value. For a century and a half most of them have clung fondly to cost of production as the long-run determinant of value, this cost consisting in the labour and sacrifice of the producers, especially the actual workers. They are only now beginning to realize that the theory has no solid meaning, since the valuation of the labour is itself dependent upon the selling price of the goods—as every farmer has discovered to his cost—and upon nothing else whatever except good luck, or public opinion, or the power (held only by scarce workers, like professors) to

assert their own valuation just so long as the community thinks it needs them. In other words, your power and will to work are worth just nothing unless you are in a position to say to employers, "If you don't appreciate me, I shall do something else and then you'll be sorry." To put this point in a nutshell, the Just Price of goods rested always on a Just Price of labour; and under machine production labour has lost its Just Price. Until the goods made are sold, God alone knows what the labour of making them is worth or whether the employer has paid a fair price for the labour or not.

The second step in the degradation of value followed inevitably from the first step. When labour, and indeed all efforts and sacrifices of the "makers" of goods, were deprived of their determination of value, nothing remained but that all value should be determined by the market. And this really means that the dominant element in the determination is the demand of the buyers which will vary with three influences only—the strength of the desire for the good, the scarcity of the good, and the wealth possessed by the demander. And these three alone are the basis of value in the modern world. I must forestall one objection at this point. Some will say that, even if value has lost its relation to human effort, its "reality" is maintained so long as it is closely related to human needs; and that this relationship is preserved by modern value since it is implicit in the demands of consumers. I must ask you to suspend your judgment for a while on this

point. I think it will soon be clear that you are hugging a fallacy.

Now the important thing to note is that not one of the three elements mentioned has in it any quality of good; rather, each of them contains much more of evil than of good. Intensity of desire is another name for dissatisfaction; if it takes the form of real want, it may be the beginning of death. Scarcity of things wanted may be good if the things are known to be bad for us; but it needs a violent paradox to assert that scarcity of goods can be anything but bad. Possession of more wealth than other people possess may or may not be good for the possessor; we will leave that question to the moralist and the preacher. But unchecked possession has always tended to run to extremes of wealth and poverty which common sense has always condemned as bad for society. We are thus faced with this result: modern capitalism is compelled to strive for the increase of values, some of which may indeed be good by a happy accident, but many of which are fairly certain to be bad, since the causes of their value are themselves predisposed to badness. And by bad we mean simply the reverse of beneficial to the individual and society.

Many people will say that I am going beyond the absurdities of Ruskin in my condemnation of value in the modern world. Well, I will only ask you to observe and ponder what the last few years have made plain. Traders and owners have found their "values" crumbling in their hands—why? Because

goods have become so plentiful that value disappears with the disappearance of scarcity. And, since the bottom is knocked out of everything, if such a dreadful thing as real plenty appears, they are driven to advocate and practise absurdities which are irreconcilable with even the faintest gleam of common sense. Thus, thirty million citizens of the industrial West are near starvation (unemployment is the modern form of famine), and we are gravely told that it is because of our over-production of wealth. Every day some poor devil asks us of our charity to give him the price of a cup of coffee—while the civilized country which supplies most coffee is, under government direction, burning twelve to twenty thousand bags of good coffee every day. The feeding of the vast army of the hungry is becoming too heavy a task to be borne, and at the very moment we are told this, the government of the richest country on earth is attempting to force its farmers to stop growing wheat, to leave their land idle, to destroy their tobacco and cotton. At long last, an almost too kind Providence has put into our hands the power of growing and making all that civilized people can possibly require for their life's needs; we do not need a technocrat to tell us that today, with our present resources, and with far less than the normal day's labour, we can provide every man, woman, and child with an abundant and satisfactory livelihood. And at once our responsible politicians and business leaders clamour for the disuse of machinery and the curtailing of inventions, lest

God's plenty should destroy the scarcity upon which value depends. If this is sanity, I am proud to be called insane. You will notice, further, that the modern meaning of value compels a rather odd attitude towards the thirty million of our brothers who are near starving. Put bluntly, they no longer count in regard to wealth and value. They have in fact no relation at all to the world of economic value—except as an awkward burden to be carried grudgingly or got rid of in some way. They cannot increase value by increasing scarcity because they cannot buy a cent's worth of anything—unless you or I first give them the cent. Plenty stares them in the face, but it is not wealth for them or for us, just because they cannot purchase it and we do not want it. But we, who have still got money to spend, have all values in our hands, and we are forced to destroy the plenty somehow in order to keep our values. Once more, if this is sanity, what in Heaven's name is madness?

Now you will see why I warned you not to jump to the happy conclusion that we may still consider value related to human needs so long as value depends upon man's desire for satisfaction. This conclusion is false. Value today has no necessary relation to human needs, but only to the desires of those human beings who are not needy. In proportion as you or I draw near to need, in that proportion we lose the relation to value; and when we become quite destitute—walking embodiments of stark need —we cease to count at all. Our need weighs exactly

nothing in the scales in which value is judged—except so far as the charity of the not needy may step in and give us a very slight influence. But that is not business, but philanthropy. It is in fact a contradiction of the normal processes of value-determining, a contradiction of the fundamental principles of the existing system of wealth-making. For, as a practice, it destroys the individual initiative, the vigorous enterprise, and the freedom of work and reward upon which the system is built.

It is necessary to harp upon these results because, if sanity is to return, we must face our absurdities. We may perhaps sum up the matter in this way. Since time began, we have struggled with a scarcity economy, in which naturally the values which constitute wealth derive their qualities from scarcity on the one hand and human toil on the other. Man's ingenuity, cleverly utilized by the capitalist system, has changed both the economy and the basis of value. First, it knocked out the relation of value to human toil, leaving supreme the relation to scarcity and demand. Next, it produced wealth so fast that the scarcity economy has been turned into a plenty economy—a totally new phenomenon to which we are entirely unadapted. But, despite this momentous change, we cling to the time-old concepts—especially of value, which can no longer be left to its dependence upon scarcity and the desires of the fortunate without leading us into paradoxical absurdities. These absurdities are now too glaring to be tolerated. Modern business cannot make good unless it devotes

much of its efforts to destroying both economy and wealth. We are fast approaching the time when clever people (as now) will be inventing new economies daily, all of which the business world will have to buy up and sterilize as fast as they are invented in the interest of the value of existing wealth. The man who invents a device for saving material or power will not be a benefactor but the reverse; and the man who discovers a new and better wheat or cotton plant will be a thoroughly dangerous pest. What business will do with the government departments so carefully organized to do just these economical things, it is hard to say. They must be suppressed somehow. But all this involves a perfectly hopeless task. Economy is in our blood. To save effort if we can, to improve processes, to increase the good quality of things, and to make the best use of all resources—these are part of the instinctive behaviour of all sane people. It is still part of our basic morality to consider it a virtue to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; and it is just as much a virtue to make one blade do the work of two. And the common sense of humanity simply cannot tolerate such a practice as first working intelligently to produce a million bags of coffee, or pounds of tobacco, or bushels of wheat, and then setting to work deliberately and solemnly to destroy half of them—not because no one needs them, but because they have no "value."

Now I want to make it plain that all this is not the fault of the capitalist system. That system has

been in operation in connection with some human activities since the beginning of civilization; it was operative on a fairly large scale in the commerce of Tyre and Sidon and Carthage and Rome, and of the Italian cities of the Middle Ages. But its operation was on the whole confined to commerce; and in that field it was very efficient in the work of increasing the sum total of wealth. When the industrial revolution was effected, it spread inevitably from commerce to all industry; and it was quite remarkably successful in the task for which it was needed, namely, the quick development of new resources and the multiplication of wealth by that means. Certain bad effects accompanied the success —notably, the degradation of many labourers and the degradation of value. But the former was the result, not of the capitalist system but of the new machinery which it was called upon to utilize. And the latter—upon which I have chiefly dwelt—was in great part the result of the wealth itself and of the multiplication of that wealth far in advance of man's power to use it well. In other words, we have always had a wrong conception of wealth, and a wrong attitude to it, and as wealth increased, the results of this wrongness have hurt us more and more. You may say, of course, that capitalism is a form of oligarchy apt to degenerate into tyranny, and therefore dangerous. But the world is by no means sure that democracy is better or safer. And we may be fairly sure that any system will be a failure so long as it accepts the false assumptions which at

present underlie all systems. These false assumptions may now be stated categorically: (1) that increase of wealth is *in itself* a good thing; (2) that wealth can be good if its value is dissociated from human effort and human need; (3) that self-interest is a safe or a good motive if its goal is the increase of self-satisfaction by means of wealth; (4) that competition is good except as a corrective and stimulus to be used rather sparingly; (5) (corollary of (3), above) that the profit motive has any worth in human activities, if the profit sought is the increase of false values.

Underlying all these false assumptions is a false meaning of value. Wealth means valuable things; but for the business man and the economist alike, valuable merely means salable or marketable. (This implies that the things are desirable—again in the bare sense which does not at all mean that the things are worth desiring, but simply that somebody must desire them or else they could not be salable). Taking this single quality of salability, the economist disregards all other qualities and treats value thereafter solely as an affair of quantity. This is perfectly intelligible, since on no other basis can you make economics into a science. But common sense and moral sense have always been rather shocked by so bloodless a definition. Quite rightly; for if wealth is to be considered as a social phenomenon, other qualities connected with value must be taken into account. Particularly must you consider whether the wealth is harmful or beneficial to human

beings. It is all very well for the economist to regard both Bibles and bottles of gin as wealth—differing only in the fact that the bottles of gin are usually more valuable than the Bibles. The social economist cannot stop there. He must consider the harm or benefit to society connected with these two items of wealth, and his estimate of their value will rest upon that consideration.

Now this quality of harm or benefit may enter into the so-called valuable things in two ways: it may be involved in the making of the things, or it may be involved in the use made of the things when produced. Even today, certain goods come to market stained with human blood, or tainted with needless suffering; are we to say that they have just the same value as clean goods produced by happy industry? Many goods go out of the market to do grave injury to the users; still more are squandered in harmful display or luxury, contributing nothing to life except increase of vanity and self-indulgence; and even more are relatively wasted because they pass into hands of consumers who are already too well supplied to be able to get much satisfaction out of them, while to others who are empty-handed, they might be the means of living well instead of existing wretchedly. These are two forms of a now unacknowledged quality in wealth value and may be distinguished as the quality which is derived from the mode of production of goods and the quality which is derived from the use made of goods.

A full consideration of the former of these two

qualities would be beyond our present scope. I have attempted to deal with the matter elsewhere. Here, it must be enough to indicate certain conclusions which have already been suggested. In a simple economy, the cause of value is spread all through the industrial process. Consequently, the creation of value belongs to every part of the process equally: you may say that the causal chain of value runs right through the process, and runs both forward and backward, from producer to market and consumer, and from market and consumer to producer; from efforts and sacrifices to ultimate utilities and from ultimate utilities to efforts and sacrifices. All have their part in the creation of value. This is really implied in the Just Price, which must take into account equally all that the producer has put into the work of production and all that the buyer or consumer gets out of it. I have admitted that the accurate determination of any such value must be hopelessly unscientific: it is an affair of feeling, common sense, and instinct. But there is in it a reality to which most of us still cling: it is the reality which gives weight to the otherwise indefensible argument that labour is the cause of all value.

We are today compelled to discard any such account of value, and to acquiesce in the market determination and nothing else, denying any causal relation of quality or quantity of labour to quality or quantity of value. But the denial of causal relation—moving from effort and sacrifice to value—

does not mean that there is no opposite relation. It merely means that the valuation of the effort and sacrifice depends upon the value subsequently given to the product in the exchange. In other words, you can say nothing about the worth of the effort or the sacrifice until the market has determined what is the value of the product. And since this market value may be anything from zero to a very large amount, there is no intelligible relation between quality and quantity of labour or sacrifice and the reward it will earn. It may be the case that, if you are fortunate, harder work and more intelligent effort will increase your reward, usually within very narrow limits. But this depends upon several sorts of luck. In general, you cannot possibly pretend that, nowadays, big or little rewards imply big or little effort or intelligence or skill. A ball player, a golf professional, or a film star may earn twenty times as much as I. I readily admit that they have much more skill than I at hitting a ball or making their faces attractive. But I have more skill than they in certain pursuits known as intellectual; and possibly I work as long and as hard as they. But at the moment, the market or the bulk of consumers much prefer their product to mine; therefore, the value of their work is twenty or thirty times higher than the value of mine, and their reward proportionately greater. It is the same with sacrifice—a word generally used by economists (with some unconscious humour) to denote saving and investing money in order to earn the reward of interest. But this element

of sacrifice is peculiar. The matter seems to involve sundry mistaken assumptions. When anyone scrapes and pinches in order to provide a small income for his family or himself in later days, there is a definite sacrifice. But (quite aside from the saving by rich people) saving is not necessarily a sacrifice at all. It is characteristic of all intelligent people that they live largely in the future. Planning for the future, mapping out the future, striving for the realization of that future—all this is part of the joy of living to thinking people. And if—as it usually does—it involves saving of money, or deferring some expenditure from the past to the future, this is part of the scheme on which happiness depends. All of us who are intelligent users of life would do this whether we were going to get interest or not. Even the longing for security would insure that. Consequently, if in my plan of my life I save a few hundred dollars, I am not going to pretend that I have earned any extra reward or contributed anything to value. If society gives me a premium on my saving, it can only be because my saved dollars happen to be of use to it. And what it will pay me depends just upon that and nothing else. If increase of money capital is no longer useful (and there are signs of this), I shall get no reward; and this will affect my plan of life hardly at all.

But even if interest were the reward of sacrifice involved in saving, there is still no obvious relation between the amount of the reward and the amount of the sacrifice. If business wants a thousand dollars,

it will, of course, pay the same amount for it whether it is saved at the cost of great sacrifice or at the cost of none at all.

Consequently, we are driven to conclude that it is impossible to bring into economic or market value any of the quality which depends upon the human cost of producing the value; and this in spite of the persistent belief of most socialists that that quality *is* inherent in value (so far as the labour cost is concerned) and can be proved to be the true basis of value. This is today a mere illusion; and all attempts to prove it otherwise have failed and must fail. But the belief that wealth-value ought to include such quality is sound enough. Only no way as yet has been devised for bringing this about without altering the whole method and assumption of modern industry and exchange. It should, however, be noted that civilized society does now attempt to prevent the complete disregard of the quality of value derived from the quality of production of wealth. It forbids grave abuse of life in the manufacture of goods by numerous laws to protect the workers. It is no longer the case that all our cotton goods are heavy with the overwork and crippling of children, our finest clothes soiled with sweated labour, and our matches stained by "phossy jaw." But these efforts are negative. The only positive attempt to induce this form of value into wealth is the establishment by law of minimum and standard wages; and this is, of course, a very definite interference with the course of free industry.

The quality derived from the use made of goods appears to offer a more hopeful view. To begin with, it is so obvious that a loaf of bread in the hands of a starving man represents a value very different from that of a loaf in the hands of a man who can do nothing with it but let it go bad, that we are most of us prepared to accept Ruskin's definition of real wealth—valuable things in the hands of the valiant or in the hands of those who can really make good use of them. And, if so, we must admit that an incredibly large proportion of the wealth produced is deprived, through misuse or disuse, of much of its real value. This must be the case wherever want and excess of plenty exist side by side. The social significance is equally obvious. No one will seriously maintain that there is equal value in three mansions owned by a rich man who can only inhabit a fraction of one of them and in three blocks of dwellings which might be erected at the same cost to house a hundred slum dwellers. Moreover, the incorporation in wealth-value of this quality derived from use is not a very difficult matter. We cannot prevent some people from wasting wealth and so robbing it of part of its value. But society can, without a revolution, curb the power of anyone to destroy value by owning too much. And most societies are in fact doing this increasingly by taxation of various kinds.

Now the questions which interest most of us today are whether this degradation of value is the fault of the capitalist system, and whether, if so, it will be avoided by a different system. The capitalist system

was itself a result of the necessity of making the most efficient use of new opportunities and methods of wealth-making; and it is fairly certain that the opportunities and methods and their consequences were the villain in the piece. I am not concerned to defend capitalism. But I have pointed out reasons for an estimate of causes and effects which does not directly involve capitalism nearly as much as is generally assumed. The desire for wealth in the sense of a passion for individual gain, ownership, and accumulation, has brought its own nemesis. The more nearly it has gained its end, the more it has involved us in intolerable difficulties and absurdities. Whether the good elements in the capitalist system can be preserved without these difficulties is a question which I cannot pretend to answer. By the good elements, I mean, not merely the efficiency, which, up to a point, has been beyond doubt, but even more the freedom to choose one's activities and choose one's satisfactions which, though by no means realized by all, has enabled many to plan their lives in harmony with their own conception of progress. Nor am I attempting to decide the merits of rival systems of economy. If (as has not been obvious hitherto) their first aim is to restore value to its true meaning and to diminish the passion for mere multiplication of satisfactions, either for all or for some, then they will deserve to succeed and perhaps will succeed as far as defective human nature allows. But it must surely be clear that no open sesame belongs to any system or method as such, since the

establishment of true estimates of value calls for a change, not of system, but of us who use the system.

Put in another way, the fault lies in the whole of our attitude and practice with reference to the production and use of wealth. The system or method adopted will make little difference so long as our desires are concentrated upon greater and greater quantities of the means of satisfaction without regard to the real goodness or badness of the satisfactions produced. For the most dangerous achievement of the past century (during which these bad practices have been unrestrained) has been the sacrifice of quality to quantity; and the achievement has been so successful that the degradation or neglect of quality has vitiated most of our life; in other words, it has materialized life in the interest of more and more—of everything. Even the pursuit of knowledge and truth has been degraded: only quantitative truths are now sought, while the search for quality is regarded as a waste of time. And this is the very essence of materialism, for it means the disappearance of philosophy, religion, and art, and of all care for the things for which these stand. All such attempts and practices must bring their own nemesis. They have done so under the Capitalist System; they will do so equally under a Communist or a Fascist System. And so long as they persist, religion and art and philosophy must be in revolt against them—as indeed they are, whenever they are strong enough to repel the hypnotism of the false gods of wealth. If they do not revolt, they are already dead or dying.

Labour and Value

"LABOUR is the cause and creator of wealth and, therefore, of the values which constitute wealth. Consequently all values should belong to labour." "Labour is the measure of value. Consequently all values should be estimated in terms of labour." Since long before the days of Karl Marx, these doctrines have been the basis of most socialist theory, and are still regarded as fundamental. I wish to suggest some considerations with a view to testing their validity.

We are met at the outset by the difficulty of definition. To define value is at this stage impossible. The economic definition—value is whatever anything will fetch in the market—is clearly too narrow. It rules out all discussion of our present topic. I am assuming that common sense demands a wider meaning; but exactly what meaning cannot be defined in advance. We may trust that it will emerge in the discussion.

A preliminary definition of labour may be attempted. Clearly we must define the word with our eyes upon the marks which distinguish it from other factors, especially enterprise. Consequently, any definition must emphasize the fact that labour is paid an agreed wage or salary, is engaged for a

specified time and for more or less specific duties, and is not independent but under orders or under direction from a higher authority which *is* independent. In other words, labour means the whole class of hired and paid workers. Now, to Adam Smith and Ricardo, and even to Karl Marx, such a definition involved few difficulties. Adam Smith had never heard of a wage-earner receiving (like the late Sir Henry Thornton) one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He could not have believed in his existence, even if he had heard of such a being. To him, the labourer was a person who moved things about or "manufactured" things for a wage of from six shillings to forty shillings a week. And the distinction between enterprise and labour was clear enough; it was the difference between master and man. You were either a master in your own workshop or mill or office or farm, or you were a labourer working under a master in the mill or on the farm or in the counting-house. And as the vast majority of labourers were workers with their hands, the concept of labour referred chiefly to the actual manipulation of material, the physical job of bringing the raw material to a condition of utility—under the orders of masters whose share in the manipulation was only incidental.

For us this clear distinction is blurred. It is not easy to fit a Thornton into a category of labourers. There is no way out of the difficulty, except by taking the common-sense attitude and sacrificing exact logic to it. After all, the socialist doctrine of

labour does in effect so refer to the labourers who really do the hard or heavy or monotonous, or perhaps skilled, tasks, which they are told to do: the labourers who are the natural material for labour unions. When you say that all value should go to the labourers whose toil has created it, you are not really thinking of Sir Henry Thornton as one of the worthy claimants, but of a different sort of functionary with whom he is classed solely for reasons of logical consistency. And we may perhaps take the same view and regard these extraordinary wage-earners as freaks or eccentricities. They ought to be masters or employers: they have strayed into the class of labourers by mistake.

Now, let us examine the statement of labour's claims with reference first to some of its underlying implications. The statement that labour is the cause of value is clearly fallacious. It is exactly like saying that attendance at lectures and working in a laboratory are the cause of knowledge. The cause of knowledge is quite different. It is curiosity and the desire for power. Man has wanted to know things, and has therefore embarked upon sundry activities which have promise of satisfying his desire. These processes are the efficient means of acquiring knowledge; but they are not the cause of knowledge, nor do they give to knowledge any of its quality of worth. So with wealth and value. The cause of these is man's desire for satisfactions which he has not yet got. The labour which appears as one of the means of realizing

this desire is incidental, not causal, in relation to the value created. So we quickly stumble upon one fallacy in the labour theory of value. It is the fallacy of confusing the efficient cause with the final cause.

Again, the theory fails to distinguish two very different things—labour which is unpleasant and labour or effort which is not unpleasant at all. The theory is fortified in our minds by the thought that labour means hard and unpleasant toil—sweat, in fact; and that, therefore, this is the obvious and universal element in the process of value creation, which ought to reap the full reward. But the unpleasant quality in labour is again only an incident—though a rather common one. It is by no means universal; still less is it essential to value; and value is created better and faster when it is not present. The analogy with the increase of knowledge is once more valid and useful. Great advances in knowledge may or may not be associated with arduous and prolonged effort. It is true that Darwin worked very hard for thirty years to discover the modern theory of evolution; but Newton is said to have made his much greater discovery of gravity by lying idly in an apple orchard; and Archimedes made an almost equally great one during the pleasant process of taking a warm bath. So with the creation and increase of wealth and value. We have no measure of the amount of effort which James Watt and Edison expended in making their incredibly great additions to value; but we know that they both

enjoyed most of their work; and it is very certain that the values which they created had no intelligible relation to the toil or effort involved.

So we stumble upon another rather serious fallacy. It is the fallacy of imagining that labour is meritorious because it is unpleasant: that it involves hard and disagreeable effort, and therefore deserves a proportionately great reward; and further, that the quantity of this effort is somehow related to the quantity of value created. I shall attempt to show later that this is almost a reversal of the true position. If you accept my very hasty exposure of these two fallacies, you may be ready to follow me in taking a very big jump to a conclusion. It is this: that value is not determined from behind at all, but only from in front; or that its quality of value is not at all derived from anything in the process by which it comes into existence, but solely from something which is, in fact, subsequent to the process of creating a value, although in idea prior to it. More fully: just as knowledge gets its quality of worth wholly from the satisfaction of curiosity and the increase of power, which appear only when knowledge is gained, so wealth gets its quality of value wholly from the satisfaction which it actually gives after it has been created.

But before going on let me avoid a too complete alienation of the socialist's sympathy. Let us admit that the total separation of the value of wealth from all the processes of its production ought to be regarded as an absurdity. We live in a world in which

for countless centuries most men have had to spend nine or ten hours a day producing their food and one hour in consuming it; in which even today one half of humanity is in this position, and even the luckier half must still labour for eight hours in order to spend perhaps three hours in the enjoyment of the wealth produced (the rest of their days being taken up with interests which do not depend upon wealth at all, or in negative pursuits such as sleep, talk, or mooning).

Is there not an obvious absurdity in saying that the value of the wealth whose production occupies so much larger a share of life than its enjoyment has nothing to do with the effort or mode of producing it? If we must accept this position are we not forever sacrificing a value which wealth ought to possess? On the whole the intuition of all socialists has been perfectly right; what the worker does or suffers, what happens to him in the labour of wealth-making is an element which should be counted in the final valuation of all wealth. The Christian socialists asserted this in their tirades against cheap clothes; Ruskin and Tolstoi asserted it even more emphatically from the conviction that the good work of production was a great part of the vital element in wealth itself; the artistic socialists, like William Morris, asserted it because to them the quality of sound workmanship could not but appear in the beauty of the things made. And indeed the plain facts of life assert it everywhere. The farmer who has put muscle and mind without stint into the

growing of his harvest of corn or fruit cannot but see in those goods a value quite different from that placed upon them by the "inhuman market"; every craftsman who has put his best into the making of his specialty feels a just bitterness when he sees his creation degraded in value by the competition of machine-made goods which have no soul in them; and every child, or man, or woman who succeeds by honest effort in making anything whatever knows that that thing contains value not to be found in any shop goods.

Let us, then, admit that if the economic life is really one and not an affair of compartments, if the wealth process is really a continuous one, running right through from the first step in production to the last effect of consumption, this value cannot be separated from anything which is put into it by the labourers who help to produce it. And if you like to add considerations of social justice or of general social well-being to support your case, you can certainly strengthen your argument. And I for one am on your side from first to last. But we are now dealing with things as they are, not as they might be or ought to be. We are talking about wealth and value as they actually are in the world today, not only in the economist's conception but in the business of life; and so long as we are facing these realities and analysing them, I must hold to my assertion that economic value is not in fact determined at all by the efforts or the processes involved in the making of it.

But you must note that in making so much concession to socialist ideas, we are not in any way agreeing with socialist doctrine applied to the conception of value as it now exists, or on the terms which socialists accept. Although I admit that the valuation of wealth ought to be connected with the efforts and processes of making it, I will not admit that the values or the wealth which we accept as good in the world today are so connected; nor will I admit that they ought to be connected with effort or labour as generally interpreted by socialists and others at the present time. For the whole point of the sound socialist argument to which I have just referred lies in the fact that we accept labour as itself a good thing "provided it is not slave labour," whereas ordinary socialists, like most of us, regard labour as an irksome and unpleasant thing which must be allowed its full claim on the values created just because it is irksome and unpleasant. This is also the basis of the cost of production theory. Cost means disagreeable effort or sacrifice; and as both are necessary to wealth production, the value of wealth must somehow be related to the quantity of effort or sacrifice, or the amount of reluctance which has to be overcome before we can be induced to make the effort or undergo the sacrifice. In both cases you are led to a false theory of value, untenable on other grounds, but also vitiated from the start by the false premise adopted. Since this is a matter of supreme importance in the estimate of value I must dwell upon it a little more fully.

There is a well-known philosophic principle that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. If you accept this principle, you must also accept the corollary that you cannot get anything good out of what is bad. Proverbial philosophy seems to contradict this: we are accustomed to talking about good coming out of evil and happiness resulting from pain. The proverbial philosophy is, as often, confusing very different things. In our imperfect world we are frequently unable to appreciate what is good until we have waded through a large amount of evil; and many of us have so little experience of positive happiness that we are fain to welcome the neutral condition of removal of pain as being itself pleasurable. Also, most of us are compelled to learn what is good by first making many mistakes; but the mistakes are not the cause of the good, but a hindrance to be put out of the way as soon as possible. And, in like manner, many of us cannot find any satisfaction anywhere unless we first have an unhappy feeling of dissatisfaction: we are like a man who can only enjoy a bath when he is positively uncomfortable with dirt: but the dissatisfaction is not a cause of the happiness, but only an indication of the very low level at which we live in regard to happiness. In other words, we spend so much of our time in filling up the recurrent holes of dissatisfaction that we seldom rise beyond the level where genuine satisfaction begins. But if anything really good exists anywhere, it is because somewhere elements of good have existed and come together to cause it; and if real happiness

exists, it is because it has grown out of seeds of happiness sown in a not dissatisfied consciousness.

Assuming this to be true (and I ask you to make this assumption with more confidence than I ask you to make any other) then it must be true that real value cannot be due to non-valuable things such as disagreeable effort and painful sacrifice. Now you may go farther and say that, if the effort of production is really unpleasant, it diminishes rather than increases the value of the wealth produced. And a little thought will show you that this is actually the case, though it is difficult to prove because we are not accustomed to think of value except in the crude market sense. That is to say, we think of it in terms of quantity, not quality; it is perhaps the most tragic result of modern industry that it has exalted quantity at the expense of quality, and we have accepted the degradation of quality as an affair of little consequence. But even in regard to quantity it is generally admitted that sweated labour is not really effective or cheap and that labourers who enjoy their work turn out more than those who do not. And whenever quality can be tested directly, you find that value is in all cases enhanced by the pleasantness of the work and lessened by its unpleasantness. If I found it irksome and unpleasant to write this essay, you would find it much duller to read than you actually do; and you all know the difference between willing service and unwilling, and between the results of a labour of love and a labour of compulsion. A whip

held over your back may make you work faster but will never make you work better; and of all people, socialists ought to admit this. For that reason they ought to be ready to abandon the thoroughly false idea that value can be equated with the unpleasantness or irksomeness of labour.

On philosophic grounds, then, we are bound to be suspicious of any attempt to extract true value out of its dependence upon labour regarded as an evil: suspicious therefore both of the labour theory of value in its usual form, and of cost of production theories which class all labour among the disutilities or costs which enhance value simply because they have to be overcome by money payments, and those money payments are reflected in the market price. And, since for the present we cannot get away from our habit of regarding labour as a disutility, we are bound to seek the cause of value somewhere else—not in what lies behind but in what lies in front of production; not in quantities of disagreeable effort or sacrifice involved in the production process, but in the final end which is the motive and cause of all that process. And, of course, that alone is where you can find it (at present). It lies ultimately in the desire for a good or better life; more directly, in the hoped-for good which lies beyond the production and to which the production is directed. If we state this conclusion in economic terms it appears to me that we throw the explanation of value wholly into the side of demand. We are left with two causes of value only: want and scarcity, that scarcity being on the

whole independent of the amount of effort involved in production. This means discarding the time-honoured theory of the determination of value by the costs of production—a dreadful thing to do (even after Cassel) in so cavalier a fashion.

But we are taking the high road of philosophy, for the moment. And in our view the explanation of value by reference to demand, and to the desire for good things which is implicit in demand, clearly points in the right direction, and must be emphasized so long as we regard labour and sacrifice as irksome and unpleasant or bad things. But we are not going to follow any economist far without quarreling. *He* takes any and all wants which assert themselves, and value depends upon the strength with which they are asserted, or the pseudo-strength (of money) with which they are backed, in relation to the scarcity of the means of satisfaction. And in his view value rises or falls exactly in proportion to the pressure behind the wants and the pressure of the scarcity opposed to them. And, of course, since strongly-backed wants are often neutral or bad, and since scarcity of goods is not a good thing but a bad thing, it follows that the economist's values are a jumble of good, bad, and indifferent. Many are tainted at the source by the badness of the wants or the badness of the scarcity. And the order of the values is often turned upside down by the fact (paradoxically regarded today as a misfortune) that many of the best goods are now so plentiful as to have very little value. The philosopher finds value only in the

satisfaction of good wants, and the more plentiful these satisfactions become, the greater the total value. That is why the philosopher insists that economics will never be sound until the science is changed from an economics of scarcity to an economics of plenty.

But we must put our philosophy into closer relation with economics. Coming back to the relation of value to labour, I wish to show two things: first, that the deeper concepts which I have suggested are really applicable and operative; secondly, that the socialists have missed the road and are wasting their energy by concentrating upon an indefensible labour theory.

Consider for a moment the Marxian theory of labour value and surplus value. Like all economic doctrines, it can be understood only by reference to history, since all economic theory has been an attempt to explain what *has* happened, and to apply that explanation to either a justification of practices existing in the present, or a justification of practices which we think ought to be substituted for these. Now, although Marx did not publish his first volume of *Capital* until 1867, he and his friend Engels had formed their views and developed their interpretation of history by the time Marx came to England in 1848. Consequently the history upon which Marx chiefly depended was that of the earlier part of the industrial revolution in England, and that of preceding centuries. Herein he really did find strong confirmation for his theories. The labour theory of

value seemed to stare people in the face—as even Ricardo discovered; the theory of surplus value also—as you see if you read Nassau Senior's unfortunate defence of the sweating manufacturers. As applied to still earlier times the confirmation was even stronger; indeed both theories do seem to fit the facts before the industrial revolution. The whole peasant class (for many centuries more than four-fifths of most populations) was engaged in a continuous struggle to keep itself alive. By its toil it created most of the wealth existing; but from year's end to year's end it toiled to meet its essential needs without becoming appreciably better off. The reason was that, if and when it created any surplus which might have raised it to a higher level of satisfactions, that surplus was taken from it in the form of dues, rents, and taxes—a direct spoliation by the powerful drones who were the lords of the land and the tyrants of the people. The cattle driven to the castle, the leather or wool used to clothe the rich—all these were part of this stolen surplus. The labour classes therefore could not rise above the low level of satisfying imperative needs. Such luxuries as they might enjoy—especially leisure and recreation—had to be devised without the help of economic goods. Where we today go to the pictures and pay a quarter for it, they had to set up a Maypole and dance round it; where we purchase the recreation of watching a ball game or a horse race, they had to play at skittles (which they made themselves), or watch a dog fight (between their own dogs). They had beer to drink,

it is true, and that looks like their solitary luxury. But it was not so much a luxury for them as a necessary article of mildly stimulating food.

I think you may best describe this common condition of the peasant labourers by saying that the only wealth they possessed was wealth of neutral value. For I wish to make the distinction now between wealth or means of satisfaction whose value lies in its power to fill up a constantly recurring hole, and wealth whose value lies in its power to give satisfaction over and above that level—that is, positive value. The peasantry (and most labourers) had for many centuries had to work hard to get enough to fill up the recurrent hole of sheer want; or, if you like, to restore the vitality exhausted by their toil. Positive value begins only when this real cost of production is met; and in their case positive value was skimmed off for use by their masters as fast as it appeared. This positive value may clearly be called surplus value (though not quite in the Marxian sense), for it can appear only after the necessary wants are satisfied. And Marx was doubtless right, in reference to earlier centuries and to part of the nineteenth century, in asserting that most workers were robbed of this surplus value—not necessarily, however, by employers, but by the powerful classes who held the mastery.

Further, you do not go far wrong in asserting that the neutral values retained by the labourers were wholly created by their labour. But you cannot make this assertion with reference to the positive values,

which are always in the nature of a surplus. Whenever such a surplus appears (no matter who takes it), it is due to something other than labour; to unusual beneficence of Nature, to improved processes and inventions, to better organization, and to exchange. Labour never makes it. And, consequently, in regard to what I call positive or surplus values, the labour theory is not applicable; and, further, the cost of production theory is not applicable either.

It is easy to illustrate this in the matter of increase of wealth by exchange. How is it that, when two products are finished, so far as the labour of producing them goes, the value of both may be increased by the simple act of exchange? The answer is that, in all exchange, you draw value directly from what I previously asserted was the true cause or fount of value, namely, our desires for fuller and better satisfactions. When the shoemaker has finished a pair of shoes (which have a quite problematical value so far, since he does not need them), and the carpenter has finished his table (of equally problematical value), both things are in suspense in regard to value until the two men endow each the other's production with a new value (independent of any labour cost of production), drawn in each case from the desires of the men. In this way, the shoemaker endows the table with a new value, and the carpenter endows the shoes with a new value; and neither value has anything to do with the labour cost of production.

Possibly you will criticize me here by insisting, as

most economists do, that the labour of production continues right up to the exchange, and includes this; and that I was wrong when I spoke of the shoes and the table being finished when their makers had completed them. Their "production" was not finished until they were placed in the market. Have it your own way, by all means; but it does not affect the argument in the least. The important element in the final determination of value is the act on the part of the purchaser of deciding that he would like to possess the goods displayed in the market and will offer such and such a sum for them; and not even an economist can call this act "labour" or "productive effort."

Nevertheless, though this particular surplus value is not caused by productive effort, we shall all agree that it should accrue as a gain to the producer. In a simple economy it does so accrue; but in a simple economy exchange is on so small a scale that the gain amounts to very little. And as soon as exchange expands, it becomes a specialized function which is usually taken out of the hands of the labourers and carried on by speculators possessing both capital and mobility. So this item of value is also skimmed off—this time usually by the capitalists—who may or may not also be employers. And this spoliation, of course, continues in modern industry. The actual makers of goods (the manufacturers in the original sense of the word) very seldom get the benefit of the value added by exchange. But we cannot make much of of this argument, for two reasons. First, though the

"workers" do not get this gain, they also escape the losses which exchange may involve. And, secondly, the processes of modern industry have become so interlocked and interdependent, that it is impossible any longer to analyse the reward of labour (or of any factor) into the specific elements of which it is supposed to be composed. When a worker gets a wage, that wage is simply a part of the whole complex of values which appear in the valuation of the final product. The only accurate statement is that, in the share of the produce-value received by each factor, there is some fraction of every element which causes either neutral or positive value; and that, therefore, the wage includes not only part of the results of the labour and effort of production, but also part of the results of the exchange, of invention, of generalship or organization, of luck and ingenuity, and of economies, both internal and external.

The only question which is worth asking is, "Is this complex share of labour big enough?" It is a waste of time to ask what particular elements of the total value are due to labour and should, therefore, be paid to labour. And this simpler question is partly ethical, partly social, and partly economic. So far as it is economic, it must, I think, be answered by the consideration of the effect of higher or lower wages upon the total efficiency of labour. Is it advantageous in the interests of greater and quicker production, in the interests of industrial peace, and (a quite recent consideration) in the interests of a

stable market, that the salaried classes should be well paid? The attempt to work out a marginal net product for labour is doomed to failure from the start, by reason of the fusion in modern processes of production of all the different elements which enter into the creation of value. The attempt always ends, and must end, in the determination of labour's share by scarcity of the particular labourers in relation to the demand for the product. The attempt to calculate labour's share by the cost of production theory, according to which the necessary payment of labour can be ascertained by calculating how much must be paid to labourers in order that enough of each grade may be kept at work in a condition of efficiency, so that the production of needed supplies may continue, has never been satisfactory and is becoming less satisfactory every day. In the early nineteenth century it led to the subsistence theory of the wage—part of the iron, or brazen, law of wages. This was humanized by the (quite arbitrary) establishment of minimum standards of health, decency, and efficiency; but the assumption was still made that more and yet more labourers (like more capital) were needed. Every labourer, therefore, had a value, as a needed producer; and that value being unascertainable until it was revealed by the sale of the produce, it was more convenient to say that his value was his own cost of production. This being settled (on the whole arbitrarily), industry could go ahead and fix the values of products by reference to the fixed cost. But the starting-point is illusory. It was assumed

that the labourers must live and multiply, and, therefore, continuing industry must pay the costs of both processes. But has labour any ascertainable cost of maintenance or reproduction? In the East it was about a penny a day for a long time; in England some years ago it was supposed to be about six shillings a day; in the United States even more. A century ago it was about one-fifth of this, and industry throve, with population increasing. From a purely economic point of view (that is with regard only to the most economical production of wealth) it is probable that the first forty years of industry in England in the nineteenth century came nearest to the ideal condition. It was in other ways a rather horrible period; but the labour cost of production was adequately met in the only sense which we have here to consider. The labourers worked extremely hard; enough of them lived long enough to breed successors—many more successors than ever before; the employers, or entrepreneurs, produced wealth with amazing rapidity. If anything, the labourers were paid rather too much, for they were enabled to increase in number too rapidly; the employing classes would have acted more economically if they had paid a lower wage and spent the balance saved upon the improvement of factory conditions.

Considerations of humanity put an end to this very efficient process; and ever since we have been occupied in building up artificial standards of living, based upon our shifting definitions of what constitutes a decent livelihood. But any reference to a necessary

cost of labour is no longer in order: it is impossible to say what any kind must cost, for we have not now any real knowledge of what is actually required for life, or decent life, or efficient life, for anyone. Consequently, we set up some material standard (possibly including a gramophone and a Ford car) and say that all labourers shall receive at least that amount. Then we go on to say that this is the basic cost of production, and in the long run must determine the selling price of the goods produced. But what really happens is different. Employers, being shrewd enough to realize that nothing can pin prices independently of demand, set about to find ways of dispensing with labour and substituting every kind of mechanical device and efficient organization. The result is a rather rapid reversal of the old order. Until recently, no one denied that labourers—the more the better—were essential to industry; therefore the labourers must be maintained. Today the position is changed. To the plea of the labourers (or many of them), "We must live," modern industry seems to be retorting with the cynical answer (sometimes given by heartless Poor Law officials in older days to paupers): "We don't see the necessity. Some of you are wanted, of course, but not all of you, and certainly not as many as were formerly necessary. You are becoming a glut on the market; don't expect us to pay all of you anything." Thus the essential connection of labour with production is made more obscure than ever; and the relation of labour as such to value ceases to have any definite meaning at all.

It is interesting to note one of the latest attempts to grapple with this new difficulty. Roosevelt's plan was designed to force labour into an artificial relation to production. This will, for the moment, raise the price of the goods produced, since an arbitrary cost is imposed upon producers. But not for long, unless the policy is so expanded as to forbid employers to "economize" with labour as they are otherwise bound to do. And it is noteworthy that the authors of the scheme do not emphasize the fact that prices will rise because of the arbitrarily increased cost, but urge the advantage of the higher prices which will result from the increasing purchasing power of the labourers. In other words, labourers had better be paid a wage, not because of their services to production, but because they are a potential market for goods, and must be paid in order to become an actual market. This is a recognition of the fact that value is determined from in front, not from behind. Whether the recognition is embodied in a wise policy need not be considered here.

We are now running into another aspect of the question of labour's relation to wealth, which calls for much more careful consideration. I have so far been content to show cause why we should be chary of attempting to trace value to labour. But if, as you must, you abandon the claim of labour to be the creator of value, you have by no means finished with the question. Adam Smith and Ricardo (if not Karl Marx) knew perfectly well that value depended upon something quite different from labour. Why then

did they even partly ally themselves with the doctrine that labour is the cause of wealth, which is wealth only because it possesses value? The reason is fairly clear. They were thinking—as every socialist is thinking—of the creation of the stuff in which value inheres, rather than of the value which is attached to it. In other words, the justification of the doctrine lies in the fact that labour does indubitably create the things without which there would not be any values. Labour makes the coats or builds the houses, which subsequently appear as objects possessing value. And this hard fact remains, in spite of the other fact upon which I have dwelt, namely, that their possession of value when "created" depends upon two factors quite independent of labour: on the one hand the desires of consumers for satisfaction, on the other the discernment or cleverness (or good luck) of the enterprise which directed the labour, or the invention which made it effective. In this limited but still tremendously important sense, the claim of labour is valid. The toil of the labourers does indeed make the stuff of wealth, whether it appears in the form of goods or in the form of services.

But we now run into the second of the two difficulties which I mentioned at the outset—the difficulty of estimating the changing significance of labour in the process of wealth production. As it is my aim to show that modern industry brings with it an accelerated process of *devaluation* of labour, and that this process is the cause of our chief difficulties today, I must spend some time in explaining the

changing significance of labour in relation to the creation of the actual stuff of wealth.

In Adam Smith's day, and for a century after, the importance of labour in wealth production was rather increasing than diminishing. In earlier days its importance had been unquestioned. Labour alone made and grew things. Each labourer was expected to make enough for himself and just a little over; but there was no other source of the stuff of wealth except labour and Nature. The first uses of capital were applied almost wholly to commerce; and commerce (especially of the kind in use during the two or three thousand years preceding the industrial revolution) did indeed bring into some countries masses of wealth unconnected with the creative labour of those countries. But this predatory commerce was, by the end of the eighteenth century, giving way to the legitimate commerce in which once more the stuff of the wealth obtained was directly connected with the stuff of wealth made by the labourers at home. Commerce and exchange became based upon this stuff, and merely changed its value by the act of exchange. And modern industry was, of course, based upon this kind of commerce, in which the product of the toil of the labourers is the essential element. The rapid growth of commerce therefore meant a proportionate increase in the production by home labour, and a proportionate increase in the *importance* of that labour. It was natural, therefore, that, for many years, the cry was for more and yet more labour, to turn out more yards of cloth

and calico, more tons of iron or coal, more exchangeable goods of every kind. Meanwhile the earlier inventions barely kept pace with the need of more tools for more labourers to use in the manufacture of much more stuff. Labour was displaced by machinery—only fitfully, and always to be re-absorbed in a position of growing, not diminishing, importance. Fears about our population faded away; it seemed impossible to have too much labour, provided it was not exorbitant in its demands for its share of the product. This was the condition in England and other industrial countries in turn during most of the nineteenth century. If it was not the heyday of labour, it was at least the heyday of labour's real importance. And then a change began—not marked until the present century, and not fully noticed even today. And the change involves, quite definitely, the progressive devaluation of labour, or the diminution of the importance of labour as such, in all the processes of wealth production—even in relation to the creation of the stuff of which wealth is formed.

Perhaps I may best introduce this point by emphasizing some other events in the early history of production. In the early days of primitive industry and primitive husbandry, the wealth produced was almost entirely neutral, in the sense that it satisfied sheer needs, the recurring needs of animal life, with little or none of the positive satisfactions which we associate with civilization. This wealth was closely related to human toil, which might fairly be regarded as its creator; and its quantity was, on the whole,

proportionate to the quantity of the toil expended—apart from the varying generosity or niggardliness of Nature. There was no surplus—or very little, and therefore no surplus value to exploit. Exploitation, of course, there was; but it was open, bare-faced, and of a different kind. Those who had enough power and daring stole the land from the workers, or enslaved their bodies, or carried off their cattle and their women. As civilization grew, positive wealth became common, in the sense of satisfactions of wants above the level of sheer needs. Labour and enterprise, assisted by other factors, both communal and individual, produced surplus values; and, as new methods, first of commerce and then of industry, appeared, new and more subtle forms of exploitation sprang up, first in commerce, in which the exchange surplus was appropriated by the earliest capitalists, and later, in manufacturing. In the latter, modern methods of depriving ordinary labour of part of its direct production were known and applied much earlier than is usually supposed—and this in the case of free labour, quite apart from serfdom or slavery. It would be difficult for the villainy supposed to accompany contemporary capitalism to learn anything from the eminently respectable Roman historian who, when his friends complained of the grave expense of farming in the malaria districts of Italy, because of the heavy mortality of slaves, advised them to use free labour in the place of slaves, since the death of the former cost nothing, while the death of a slave meant a heavy expense.

Finally, as the surplus increased, exploitation spread to everything. Nations and classes and individuals robbed where they could or devised subtler methods of appropriating the surplus. And the history of civilized wealth-making is not a pretty one. Today there is no need to use the cruder methods of exploitation. A natural process is doing smoothly the work previously done clumsily, though successfully, by purposed greed and oppression. Day by day the stuff of wealth which labour admittedly produces, is losing its place of first importance in relation to value. The important thing is the manipulation of the stuff by other forces than labour—forces which on the whole may be classed as "mental." In the passage of any financial good or proposed service into the realm of final values, you now find an increasing number of operations with which labour as such is little concerned, and over which the labourers who make the goods have no control. One need only instance the whole science of marketing, with its tremendous elaboration of advertising and salesmanship. Whatever we may think of it we must call this a series of mental operations in which ingenuity, aided by a kind of science, plays an intriguing game for high stakes, which are sometimes won as much by luck as by cleverness. You may say that the subordinates in the game are also labourers. But as such they have little share in the stakes won, and their presence does not alter at all the fact that the great bulk of labour's production is subject to a process in which the labourers who

made that production have no part. Services are subject to an even more distorting process. The largest group of services ready for consumption are those of the "artist" and "performer" class, including singers, actors, painters, writers. In most cases the finished services have little place in the world of values, unless and until they are managed by agents (including impresarios, editors, film magnates, etc.) whose whim is often the deciding factor of value, or are connected with the modern processes of reproduction by which, independently of his "labour," the value of anyone's service may be multiplied a thousand times. It may be stretching a point or straining a compliment to call these processes mental. No one has yet discovered what goes on in the brain of a movie boss. But I must use the term to make clear my meaning, which is that the "stuff" of services, like the "stuff" of goods, now stands for little in itself, and must be dependent more and more on processes other than labour for whatever values it may ultimately possess.

Now, the point I wish to make is this: as positive wealth and surplus value have increased, so their connection with labour has diminished. So far as the increase depends upon exchange, the connection, as I have pointed out, has always been negligible. But in manufacturing of all kinds, and in husbandry only a little less obviously, the influence of factors other than labour has become more and more important; until today the creation of positive wealth and all principal service values depends

mainly upon agencies which have very little relation to labour—unless we choose to distort the meaning of words by including in "labour" every flash of insight which daily transforms the process of wealth production, and every clever idea which converts products into values. Consequently the "skimming" of surplus value which has undoubtedly continued is not a "skimming" of labour's production, but of value produced by the brains of inventors and thinkers and planners—and the public at large.

Today, the direct relation of labour to quantity of wealth-production and amount of value has almost disappeared. Labour is but one of a number of essential factors, and its importance is fast diminishing. That is to say, modern wealth-production is leading to progressive disuse or devaluation of labour as such, and one of the significant consequences is the complete breakdown of any and every theory of wages. A single singer or actor, who a few years ago was able and glad to earn a reasonable wage from the citizens of a single town, may now sing or perform to the whole civilized world at once, and receive tribute from all listeners. But there has been little or no change in his labour. In a year or two it is likely that a single professor will lecture to students in all the universities in the English-speaking world at the same moment. What his reward will be, we cannot tell: it is perhaps safe to say that it will be much less than that of the singer or actor. Meanwhile all the unwanted performers or professors will be quickly or slowly drifting out into the dark night where there

is neither work nor wage nor any share of value. The problem to be met, therefore, is not, "How shall we get and train and equip more and better labour in order that it shall make more wealth?" but, "What on earth are we to do with all the unwanted labour, in a world in which wealth values increase better without their labour than with it?" For the requisite proportion between the amount of labour and amount of value is now moving backwards. In many fields, addition of labourers, even the full use of existing labourers, means a rapid decrease of values, not an increase at all, in consequence of the resulting diminution of scarcity. In other fields there is no place for new or existing labour, and if a place is found for it then its presence merely clogs the wheels of value production.

We sum up all this amazing change under the convenient name of technological unemployment. The phrase may be adequate, but it has the drawback of all glib phrases. It hides a mass of disregarded facts of supreme importance: it is safe to say that not one in a hundred of the people who use it is at all aware that behind it lies a complete revolution of our industrial life. For technology means the application of thought to any or all the processes involved in making or doing anything—especially making the things we want which we call wealth. It is not a new thing; it is as old as human industry itself. It was technology when some ingenious person discovered that the soil could be broken up more quickly by using a wooden plough pulled by an ox than by using

a spade. It was technology when, more than two thousand years ago, some clever man discovered that some things could be made much more efficiently in a factory than in separate cottages; it was technology when the Greeks discovered the principle of the lever and the screw, or when Newcomen discovered that steam power was more efficient than horse power for pumping out coal mines. But the strange thing is that nearly all early technological discoveries led nowhere. They were isolated bursts of ingenuity—spasmodic flashes of cleverness which died down without lighting the way to other flashes. The plough stood still for thousands of years, without any improvement worth noting. The factory method died out or was suppressed. The inventions of the Greeks did not act as a stimulus to more and better inventions till twenty centuries had passed. Newcomen's engine was sterile for seventy years. In other words, technology moved so slowly and fitfully that it created no problems. But then came a change: it was as though the fashion—or the disease?—of technology suddenly seized upon the world—first among the practical and ambitious British, then among all civilized peoples. Invention followed invention faster and faster; ingenuity bred ingenuity; each new device had a hundred children. And today the thing is in our blood: we can no more stop or restrain it than we can stop the desire for the power and the wealth which it gives. One thing alone could check it, or perhaps two things: a return to the dullness and mental lethargy of early days, or the

cessation of the desire for an increase of wealth. Since neither change is exactly likely, we must accept our fate, which is that we have to face effects of technology which come so rapidly and are so complex and cumulative as to resemble a series of revolutions eating deep into the structure and tissue of all our life.

Consequently, when we use our glib phrase of technological unemployment, we must remember that the term covers a growing mass of tremendous difficulties, dislocations, and sufferings, the most obvious at the moment being the devaluation of labour as a force. We might conceivably adjust ourselves to the dislocations—if only they would be slower. But they cannot be slower; they must inevitably come faster, since increasing millions of people are now wide awake, seized with the idea of improvement, intent upon speed, economy, discovery; vying with each other in an all-absorbing contest to make things and do things more efficiently, more cheaply, in greater quantity, with less effort.

Don't imagine that our difficulty is merely the displacement of labour by machinery; it is something far more subtle, more complex, more deadly, for it is the displacement of labour by cleverness. And it is cleverness in its myriad forms which is destroying the plausibility of the claim of labour to the wealth produced. For countless centuries labour could say, with fair truth: "I am the efficient cause of value, for I am the one element which is found essential and of supreme importance in all production." But to-

day cleverness has stolen the claim; it is cleverness, not labour, which has the right to say "I am the maker of value: labour is my servant, useful still, but useful only in a diminishing degree. I can dispense with its services where and when I will—not entirely, of course, but to an ever-increasing extent. It is I, not labour, that am now the efficient cause of wealth."

This is what I mean by the devaluation of labour. This is why I suggest that most of us—including revolutionary socialists—are still talking in terms of a decaying past. Not only do some still talk of labour earning the just reward of its efforts, of the willing worker getting his sure share of value in proportion to his energy and willingness; but the rest of us, who may see through these ancient truths the modern sophisms, still harp upon outworn conceptions of the causal relation of labour to value. For this reason I have been at pains to show that there is no such relation nowadays; in arguing for it the socialists are flogging a dying horse. It is not my task to point out the living issues upon which they should concentrate their attention; but in regard to labour and its reward it is worth while noting that the only relation now deserving attention is the causal relation of luck to reward. And if that is true, then indeed the old system is in process of disintegration, and a radical revision of old ideas and old methods is rather urgently needed.

It has been urged that the ever-increasing multiplication of services will absorb the unwanted labour of the future. But there are several objections to this

plea. First, the new processes are destroying the need for direct services even more rapidly than the need for ordinary labour in production. With regard to the "higher" services, perfect reproduction—with unlimited range in space—is fatal to most professional services of performers, entertainers, artists of all kinds—even of preachers, teachers, and others. Add to this the fact that the masses are attracted by known names and can only become familiar with a very few such names, and you will realize at once that the tendency must be for the world to be served by a few dozen outstanding persons in each field, the rest (often containing the best, since notoriety is largely accidental) being left out in the cold. The only escape would be through a very strong growth of individuality among all consumers, each of them insisting upon being the judge of quality, and so being the patron of artists and performers of his own choice. And will anyone say that this is likely to happen in the near future?

With regard to the "lower" services, mechanization of the actual processes is fatal to most of them. In the days of horse-carriages you had to have a man to look after your horse, if not to drive you about. Today, our carriage takes care of itself, and the process of using it is so simple that most of us prefer to drive it ourselves. In the days of brooms and dusters, the housewife longed for a servant's hands to do the necessary work of sweeping, cleaning, washing, fire-tending, and cooking. Now she can have mechanical devices which will set her free for

all but a couple of hours' work a day. True, new services are invented. Beauty parlours appear in every street; new ministers of health and recreation appear, from masseurs to bridge instructors. But at once invention sets to work to supersede them. The secrets of hair-waving and complexion building are delivered by post, with (it is assumed) the suitable apparatus. Machines are provided which will rub or pummel you to death—if you wish, and if the electricity holds out. And the whole science of contract bridge is obtainable by all, direct from "the world's greatest card analyst," with no expense save the purchase of a daily paper.

In the second place, is it certain that we shall go on indefinitely wanting more services? Sensible people are beginning to discover that most of the truest interests in life and the most satisfying recreation consist in doing things for one's self. And as one of the big problems of the future is, admittedly, the use of leisure-surplus, it seems fairly clear that the line of progress is away from dependence upon other people's services, and towards dependence upon one's own efforts—in which alone real development and real interest can be found.

Also it is worth noting that dependence upon the service of others is always and has always been a mark of stupidity, linked with snobbery and false estimates. A primitive chief or potentate—or his imitators—may think it grand to have every movement performed for him by servants. Today even the stupidest king would prefer to move himself

from before a roasting fire, rather than wait for a servant to come and move him. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, on the whole, you can test a person's intelligence today by his readiness—not to do everything, but to do more and more things for himself; for the wiser people are beginning to discover that, though it may not be true that if you want a thing done well you must do it yourself, it is usually true that if you want a thing done enjoyably you must do it yourself. We exclude, of course, those services which are either exhausting, monotonous, or repulsive. These are the fitting field for organized and mechanical services, to be attended to by specialists whose work, though diminishing in quantity, will probably be a permanent part of any reasonable economy.

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